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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 464.—JULY, 1920.

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Art. I.—LORD BEACONSFIELD.

*The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.*  
Vols v and vi. John Murray, 1920.

IF Sidonia was right in deeming that adventures are to the adventurous, Mr Buckle would pass the Sidonian test; for it was a notable adventure to take up the story of Disraeli's life midway, to complete the canvas half filled by another hand. Mr Buckle's achievement is the more meritorious inasmuch as the ground plan of the Biography was not his own, that the material was vast and unravelled, and that some measure of censorship has been imposed by persons whose claims could not be denied. Under such conditions Plutarch would have failed to compose a perfect biography, or Lockhart a great book.

Before Lord Morley began to write Mr Gladstone's Life, he discussed with a friend what form the perfect biography should take; and it was agreed that, in defiance of convention, a book in three volumes, the first of which should be an appreciation, on the lines of Lord Morley's own Cromwell, and the other two a selection of Papers and Correspondence, would satisfy the most fastidious taste, although a publisher for such a work might not be easy to find. Mr Buckle has been faced with no such problem. For him the task was plainly set, and he may rest satisfied with the result. He has reconstructed for those who never knew Lord Beaconsfield that strange figure of a Jew of Aragon, which Disraeli loved to think he was, clothed in the robes of the most ancient order of Christian chivalry

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In the two final volumes there is revealed, by judicious selection from his own inimitable letters, a wonderful picture of a weary but indomitable fighter, struggling against physical infirmities, who 'wrought in brave old age what youth had planned.'

Lord Beaconsfield left his papers to Lord Rowton, the Monty Corry of these volumes, his much-loved and devoted private secretary. A charming personality, of serious purpose, faithful in all things, Monty Corry's eminently practical habits and training unfitted him for literary effort. He was never able to bring himself to grapple with the formidable bequest. He got so far as to obtain from Queen Victoria the loan of Disraeli's letters to his Sovereign. These were copied, and after Lord Rowton's death the originals were returned to King Edward and handed by him to the Keeper of the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle. They have been used with tact and discernment by Mr Buckle. But the numerous boxes full of unsorted miscellaneous correspondence remained at New Court, in charge of Lord Rothschild, and were ultimately given to Mr Monypenny much as they were left by Lord Beaconsfield.

The choice of a biographer was difficult. There were two men qualified above all others by eminence in literature and politics. Lord Morley, had he been free from the trammels of public life, would have revelled in the congenial task. Although a political opponent, his literary and artistic spirit yearned to handle so great an opportunity. Reluctantly he put the temptation aside. And Lord Rosebery, whom Disraeli liked and admired, and more than once tried to capture, could not be induced to make the sacrifice demanded of him. When Mr Monypenny was finally selected, he visited Windsor Castle in order to discuss, with one who had charge of the Queen's official papers, the plan of the Biography. He was aware how handicapped he was by his youth, his sojourn in South Africa, aloof from English public affairs, and his want of acquaintance with the political and social world in which Disraeli had always moved. But it soon became evident that no mistake had been made, and that the young journalist's judgment and insight were on a level with his literary capacity. His untimely death threw the biographical enterprise once

more into confusion. The choice of Mr Buckle was happy. Although he was too young a man to have known Disraeli, he could remember Lord Beaconsfield. When almost a youth he had, to the amazement of the journalistic world, been chosen to sit in the chair of Delane. For a good many years, with ability and with a high and disinterested sense of duty, he had edited the greatest newspaper in the world. His functions threw him into the inner ring of political life. His knowledge and judgment qualified him for the task he undertook, and has so successfully carried through to its conclusion.

It is one of the most curious of life's little ironies that one who had been editor of 'The Times' should have been selected as the biographer of Lord Beaconsfield. For Disraeli was never a favourite with the Thunderer; there were moments in his life when 'The Times' harassed him with venomous hostility. Rarely could he do right in the eyes of Delane. The two men were cast in different moulds. Delane was as typical an Englishman as Palmerston. Physically, morally, intellectually, Delane and Disraeli were at the opposite poles. Even when, in his later years, Lord Beaconsfield was seen to stand for theories of government and for British aspirations that were congenial to Delane, 'The Times' never gave a whole-hearted support to the man whom all his life Delane had mistrusted. 'Who,' wrote Lord Beaconsfield, 'shall rule the country, the Queen's Minister, or Printing House Square?' 'Never mind "The Times,"' he said on another occasion, to Lady Chesterfield, 'I will beat even your Times, which I know you are always afraid of; "The Times" may scold, it may rave and rant—but it will not daunt me.'

Delane was well aware of this attitude of defiance, to which he was not accustomed. The 'tricky politician' who had been described in the 'Quarterly Review,' by one who was to become his colleague and successor, as dishonest, a mere political gamester, characterised by baseness and perpetual political mendicancy, had no attraction for the ebullient editor of 'The Times.' Even if the Prime Minister occasionally made good points for England, he was not to be forgiven his origin and early peccadilloes.

Differences of political opinion are susceptible of adjustment, but differences of political temperament are

fundamental. Gladstone's personal dislike of Disraeli was temperamental. Gladstone, said a careful observer in 1870, looked a true-born Englishman, with noble clear-cut profile, a piercing eye and an unconstrained manner. Disraeli, with curly black hair, dark skin, prominent under-lip and determined fiery glance, looked like a fire spirit confronted with the spirit of the ocean. 'It was evident when he began to speak,' he adds, 'which was the more interesting man of the two.' Disraeli's Aragonese mannerisms, his clear monotonous voice and cold demeanour, repelled, with a physical repulsion, his impassioned adversary. Wilberforce, trying at one moment to be all things to both men, piqued, it is true, at the loss of the See of Canterbury, while he saw 'Gladstone as ever great, earnest and honest,' could only see in Disraeli 'a master of selfish cunning and unprincipled trickery, a mere mystery man.' Yet, now that 'Dizzy' stands self-revealed in Mr Buckle's volumes, this judgment seems inept, and this comparison between the two statesmen crudely unfair.

Mr Buckle now brings us to the period of Disraeli's life, when at last the English people yielded him their confidence and gave him a majority in Parliament. Confidence indeed had been of slow growth. For a quarter of a century the party of which he was the real though not the titular head had been in opposition. His racial qualities, endurance, and patient tenacity—that supreme knowledge of how to wait—had stood him in good stead. And his party reaped the benefit of his Maccabean courage. The personal antipathies of his followers gradually vanished, and suddenly the party that has been called the stupid party appeared to understand their Sphinx. Yet his political opinions were manifest. Although he once said to Dicky Doyle, 'Owing to circumstances I have had to talk a great deal, but nature made me a listener,' his inclination had from his youth up forced him into the arena of literature; and in his political tracts and in his autobiographical confessions, cast in the original form of the political novel, Disraeli had over and over again revealed his political soul. The policy that he lived to carry out, and to inaugurate for his successors, had been clearly exposed in the trilogy of novels, 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' and 'Tancred.' In the history of

our nation no political mind shows greater consistency. He was flexible and accommodating, as every leader of a party should be, but from his political ideals he rarely swerved. Yet in 1867, when Lord Derby's retirement was imminent, the veteran Prime Minister wrote to Lord Malmesbury, 'As to Disraeli's personal unpopularity, I see it and regret it'; and it was problematic whether the Conservative Party would follow their titular chief. An Eton boy who was in the habit of spending his summer holidays at Lowther Castle, and who had acquired the precocious habit of keeping a Journal, noted in August 1867 that old Lord Lonsdale—the Lord Eskdale of 'Coningsby'—whose fine judgment Disraeli had extolled, thought Disraeli's chances forlorn; and his doubts were shared by the prominent Tories who were his guests.

Nevertheless, in the early days of the following year, the Queen, when Lord Derby retired, solved the problem by sending for Mr Disraeli. She herself had a load of prejudice to put aside. The Prince Consort had disliked Disraeli. The Prince looked upon Peel as a noble English gentleman and broad-minded statesman, who had been slowly beaten to his knees by this satanic Jew. The Queen rarely reversed her husband's judgments. She had, two years before, accepted Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer without much demur, mainly because the holder of that office was not brought into contact with the Sovereign. Among Disraeli's personal conquests that over the Queen was the longest deferred. He has been accused of flattering her and of subservience to her lightest wish—pliancy Mr Lowe called it—but the secret of his success did not lie in subservience to the monarch but in masculine appreciation of her sex. He once explained to a young acquaintance his method. 'I never contradict; I never deny; but I sometimes forget.' But though his memory at convenient moments failed him, he remembered in his dealings with the Tory Party the maxim of his own Vivian Grey, 'Make them fear you, and they will kiss your feet.'

Thus in 1868 he became, in Mr Buckle's words, the titular head of the Conservative Party, as he had been for long its vital force. To the Liberal Party throughout the country, so deep was their mistrust, his elevation came as a shock. Mr Gladstone was confronted with the

moral paradox of his rival's attainment of the prize. His teeth were set on edge, as Gathorne Hardy observed. In this race for power the metallic had beaten the fluid mind. In a few months they were destined to change places. On becoming Prime Minister Disraeli was faced with the eternal problem of Irish misgovernment. For the next thirty years that unhappy country was to be the battle-ground of politicians in a fix. Disraeli throughout his long life never set foot on Irish soil; Mr Gladstone, whose Irish policy was destined to disrupt parties and divide kingdoms, was once a whole fortnight in Ireland. This example of reserve has been followed by their successors in the post of Prime Minister, with the notable exception of Mr Balfour.

When Mr Gladstone began, in a series of Parliamentary Resolutions, to lay his axe to the Upas tree, he commenced by denouncing the Established Church of Ireland. Disraeli immediately joined issue. His intention, so he said, was to govern Ireland in accordance with the policy of Charles I and not that of Cromwell. He warned the House of Commons that, after a period of great disquietude, doubt and passion, 'events may occur which may complete that severance of the Union [between England and Ireland] which to-night we are commencing.' He justified, from the Roman Catholic standpoint, the attempt that he foresaw would be made by the Papal power to obtain ascendancy. Would the Protestants of Ireland submit? he asked. 'Is England to interfere? Are we again to conquer Ireland? Is there to be another Battle of the Boyne?' In prophetic words he foretold March 1914. Although Disraeli pretended to see nothing more in Irish discontent than the effects of a damp climate and a lack of amusement, the English constituencies took an opposite view; and a General Election in the autumn of 1868 gave Mr Gladstone his chance and his revenge. An unusual amount of patronage had meanwhile fallen to Disraeli during his short tenure of power. He had filled the Archiepiscopal See of Canterbury, the Sees of Peterborough and London, and the Deanery of St Paul's. It was due to the knowledge and insight of the Queen rather than to Disraeli that the appointments of Tait and Magee were made.

Disraeli's crude attempts during the year 1868—never

repeated—to use Church patronage for political purposes were foiled by the Queen, acting, as she often did, upon the sane advice of Wellesley, the Dean of Windsor. Disraeli, however, was permitted to select a Viceroy for India and a Governor General for Canada. And, on relinquishing office, he had the gratification of obtaining the Queen's assent to bestow the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield upon Mrs Disraeli.

The electoral defeat of Disraeli reopened the schism in the Conservative Party. Hatreds revived and mistrust blossomed afresh. During the years that immediately succeeded he took no pains to conciliate his followers. He had, during the months of his Premiership, established a firm hold on the regard of the Sovereign. She had condescended to send him flowers from Osborne. The cult of the primrose had been unconsciously inaugurated. He retained the confidence of his old chief, Lord Derby, to the end of that statesman's life. He had attached to himself the tepid affection of Lord Derby's son, for he never neglected the House of Stanley. But his ecclesiastical policy, which he explained as tending to induce the two parties in the Church to cease their internecine strife and to combine against their common enemies, the Rits and the Rats, had failed, and he had alienated the powerful mind of Lord Cranborne. Nor had he, at this time, captured the confidence of Cairns, the most virile intellect of the Conservative phalanx.

Disraeli was accused of indifference, untimely reserve, a lack of political offensive, and lukewarm leadership. The current explanation given by his biographer was that he deliberately adopted Fabian tactics as the most suitable in the first days of political disaster. The more probable reason was a certain sulkiness of temperament in moments of defeat, and his reversion to the literary passion of twenty years before. He became absorbed in the composition of 'Lothair.' The novel was written with secrecy; even the faithful Monty was not told. The sensation was phenomenal. It was not limited to Europe. In spite of contemptuous criticism—the novel was denounced in the 'Quarterly Review' as an outrage against good taste, as dull as ditch-water and as flat as a flounder—its sale was enormous, and the effect upon Disraeli's ever-disordered finances highly satisfactory.



The Quarterly article was written by Hayward, a bilious essayist, whose venom had increased with age. But Lord Houghton followed up the attack with acid reprobation. The Conservative Party was bewildered. All the submerged prejudice against Disraeli floated again to the surface. It was remembered that the Sidonias had secretly adhered to the faith of their fathers. One of them even had been 'an Archbishop of Toledo, but had retained his faith in the Unity of the God of Sinai and the rites and observances of the Law of Moses.' Although Mr Canning had dabbled in verse, no Prime Minister had been guilty of writing so trivial a thing as a work of fiction, which the critics, including a Bishop, had denounced as vulgar nonsense. Why could he not, if he wished to scribble, make contributions to the controversy about 'Vaticanism,' like his great rival?

In this and many ways the face of the world was changing. Our old enemies the French had been crushed out of the European polity. A great military Empire had risen in Central Europe. Although there was a King in Rome other than the Pope, that Pontiff was once more claiming infallible jurisdiction over British subjects; and Cardinal Manning, his agent in England, was increasing his influence over the common people. It was true that Catholics admitted that they feared the damaging satire of 'Lothair' far more than magazine articles on the Vatican decrees; but these men were using Jesuitical wiles to discredit their satirical foe. Still, no one who lived then can doubt that 'Lothair' damaged the hold of Disraeli over the Conservative Party. The chasm widened between him and his colleagues. In the lobbies of the House of Commons and the drawing-rooms of Mayfair the future leadership of Lord Stanley, who had now succeeded his father as Lord Derby, was openly advocated. Meanwhile Mr Gladstone's Government held undisturbed possession of Parliament. Measures of first importance were passed into law. The nation was choked with legislation. The Opposition was powerless and, according to the views of Disraeli's critics, ill led. Discontent with his leadership culminated in February 1872, when at Lord Exeter's house at Burghley, the wisecrackers of the Party nodded over the failure of their leader; and his old colleagues, with the exception of Sir Stafford



Northcote, but including Lord Cairns, met to disavow his leadership, and to plump for Lord Derby as his successor.

Although it is probable that no one ventured to give Disraeli the details of the cabal against him, he was not left for long in ignorance of its purport. Within a month his Achillean spirit burst into flame. A reception of unexampled warmth from the London populace as he proceeded to St Paul's to commemorate the restoration to health of the Prince of Wales, showed Disraeli that, if society had been adversely influenced by the critics of 'Lothair,' the people had been amused. He had become a popular favourite. His courage rose and his determination hardened. While intimating that he was prepared to cede the leadership and retire below the gangway—a suggestion that sent a shiver down the backs of his colleagues—he chose Manchester for the delivery of a speech that placed his leadership beyond question. He had himself taken in hand the reorganisation of the Conservative Party in the constituencies, and had chosen Eldon Gorst—who was afterwards to be a member of the Fourth Party—as his working organiser.

The Manchester speech was delivered to the grouped Conservative Associations recently formed, the forerunner of the Caucus, which in after years another Imperial statesman instituted at Birmingham. The Manchester speech fixed for many years to come the creed of the Tory Party. Based on an active hereditary Monarchy, an unreformed House of Peers, and an uncompromising Erastianism, Disraeli's contention was that the Constitution was the best available instrument for ensuring the progressive welfare of the people. In the forefront of Conservative policy he placed the people's health, and, transmuting a famous passage from the Vulgate, gave to his Party a motto in the phrase, 'Sanitas Sanitatum, omnia Sanitas.' He taunted Mr Gladstone's administration with violence and plunder, and accused it of encouraging sedition.

But the field of domestic politics was not the only one to be traversed. Disraeli turned to foreign affairs. After ephemeral criticisms which have now lost their interest, he gave his audience the cue to the policy with which his last Administration was to be identified. While repudiating turbulent and aggressive diplomacy, he counselled

firmness and decision. He had been the lifelong opponent of Palmerstonian methods. He warned his countrymen that Europe was no longer the Europe of Chatham and Frederick. The Queen of England had become the Sovereign of the most powerful of Oriental States. The teeming populations of the other side of the globe were certain to exercise their influence in due time over the distribution of power. The United States of America already threw their lengthening shades over the Atlantic. These were vast and novel elements. He acknowledged that the policy of England in regard to Europe should be a policy of reserve, but proud reserve; and he added his confident conviction that there never was a moment when the power of England was so great and her resources so inexhaustible.

When, a few months later, speaking of the Colonies—for they were not yet called Dominions—he maintained that self-government, when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation; when he contended that it ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial Tariff, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and responsibilities by which the Empire should be defended; he had provided his political opponents with the caricature that went by the name of Jingoism, and had furnished Mr Chamberlain with an Imperial policy.

Lord Morley's reflexion that Disraeli, when power fell into his hands, made no single move of solid effect for either social reform or imperial unity, took no account of Disraeli's claim that high statesmanship is not always based on administrative action. Disraeli was a political seer in the line of the Hebrew prophets; a leader endowed with the imaginative gifts of Burke and Bolingbroke, qualified by a political sagacity in which both were lacking; and it cannot be denied that, judged by its fruits, Disraeli's policy, whether for good or evil, left a deeper mark upon the history of his country than the legislative enactments of his political rival. If it is true, as Sidonia observed to Coningsby, that the spirit of the age is the very thing that a great man changes, Disraeli may lay claim to the title.

Meanwhile, as his popularity grew, he was threatened with a deep sorrow. His partner and companion for

thirty-three years was slowly dying. His wife's illness was long and harassing; it terminated in December 1872. To Lady Beaconsfield he owed ease and happiness. She had been the most discreet and faithful of friends throughout their married life. In his reply to a letter of condolence from Mr Gladstone he wrote, 'Marriage is the greatest earthly happiness when founded on complete sympathy. That hallowed lot was mine for a moiety of my existence, and I know it is yours.' These were not vain words. Without the companionship of a woman Disraeli was lost. These volumes are full of letters that prove it. For, although he had friends, intimacy with a man was foreign to his nature. The riddle of his sentiment for the Forrester sisters is simply solved by the application of this test. His affection for Monty Corry was deep. 'I never wanted you more,' he writes on one occasion; but he explains on another, in writing to Lady Bradford, how skin-deep this want really was. He speaks of the Duc d'Aumale as his 'most intimate friend,' and yet their orbits in life rarely intersected. In writing to Sir Nathaniel Rothschild he used sometimes endearing expressions, but they meant little more than a passing gust of affection. He was attached to Lord Barrington by many ties, but none of them strained at his heart. 'My nature demands that my life should be perpetual love,' he said in his youth. He meant the love of woman. But for his wife's companionship, there never was a lonelier man. Lady Beaconsfield, in a touching letter written years before but found by him after her death, urges him not to live alone, and earnestly hopes he may find some one as attached to him as herself.

Yet, like so many men of vivid imagination, he loved women without passion. He saw them too, as he saw so many aspects of life and politics, as he wished to see them. His serio-comic, ironically mystic mind was free from cynicism. He was curiously lacking in a visual sense of beauty, although the gorgeous appealed to his oriental imagination. He certainly preferred his peacocks to birds of lowlier plumage; and, although the tradition of the primrose has been fastened upon him, there can be little doubt that his heart went out more freely to the bouquet of roses and orchids ornamented

with humming birds sent him for presentation to the Princess of Wales when he entertained her at dinner. It was not physical charm that attracted him to his wife, who was twelve years older than he. Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford, the recipients of the ardent letters, many quotations from 'which appear in Mr Buckle's volumes, were aged respectively seventy and fifty-five. Yet he writes to them both like a lover. Perhaps the secret lies in words he uses in one of his most love-lorn epistles to Lady Bradford. 'Unfortunately for me my imagination did not desert me with my youth.' Both these ladies were great ladies of the type Disraeli describes in the novels of his youth and age—charming, intelligent, unassertive, appreciative women, always beautifully dressed, but no longer beautiful. Disraeli was no fop or fool in old age, any more than he was a libertine in youth. But he loved women and their friendship. He treated every woman as if she were a Queen, and he treated the Queen like a woman. He took endless pains—this was the secret, and a simple one, of his successes.

For some time after Lady Beaconsfield died Disraeli was miserable. His income, never adequate to his tastes, was materially diminished, for the greater part of it died with her. He left his comfortable and sunny house in Grosvenor Gate, and lived in Edwards' Hotel, near Hanover Square; and its associations with Lady Palmerston, whose house it had been when she was Lady Cowper, could not reconcile him to its dreariness. 'I have no home,' he wrote to Lord Malmesbury, 'and, when I tell my coachman to drive home, I feel it is a mockery. Hotel life of an evening is a cave of despair.' When at Hughenden he was always alone. For a whole month, he wrote to Northcote, he had not interchanged a word with a human being. He thought it a melancholy life, but he found society duller. A letter from Lord John Manners was like the sight of a sail to one on a desert isle. He spent days looking through and arranging Lady Beaconsfield's correspondence. She had kept everything; and everything meant letters from every man famous in the literature and politics of Europe for thirty years. Metternich, Thiers, Brougham, '100 from Bulwer Lytton,' he writes to Monty Corry, 'as many

from Stanley beginning with Trinity College; enough of George Smythe for three volumes, and I dare say not a line in them not as good as Horace Walpole.' The last letter from d'Orsay written just before his death, and many from Lady Blessington—what a *trouvaille* for the skilful handling of a Sainte Beuve! Where are they now?

But reaction was not long coming. On March 13, 1873, Mr Gladstone resigned. Disraeli's political acumen was as sure as his historical knowledge. He once said to Sir William Harcourt, 'You and I are the only men in the House who know the history of our country.' Judged by the test of Stubbs or Freeman this claim may have been excessive, but there is another standard. Three men were once discussing the pre-eminence of historians; two of them were Mommsen and Lord Acton, who both agreed that the palm would be rightly awarded to Macaulay. According to this curious dictum, which places historical vision on the highest plane, Disraeli's claim to historical knowledge is made good, and he applied it to the full. Thus, in effect, he declined to take office in a Parliament in which his opponents were in a majority, and he refused to be responsible for a dissolution. Mr Gladstone resumed the government. But the *hallali* was sounded in a famous letter to Lord Grey de Wilton, the candidate for Bath, in which Disraeli accused the Ministers of having for five years harassed every trade, worried every profession, and assailed or menaced every class institution, adding that the country had 'made up its mind to close this career of plundering and blundering.'

This happened in October 1873; and in the early days of February 1874, there was, as Disraeli wrote to Monty Corry, 'a panic at Brooks.' When shortly afterwards he formed his Government, it was the strongest, he said, since Pitt. The doubtful point, the adherence of Lord Salisbury, was settled. The two men, so antagonistic in origin and temperament, met and agreed. Lord Salisbury was recognised to be the most potent of Disraeli's colleagues with the exception of Cairns. Lord Derby resumed his old place at the Foreign Office. Whether, as Mr Buckle affirms, the Cabinet was as strong and capable a one as has ever taken over the

government, may be disputed. That it was compact—the Cabinet did not exceed twelve—and that it contained besides Disraeli, two men of commanding character in Cairns and Salisbury, is indisputable, Gathorne Hardy as a parliamentarian and administrator was far above the average; but Lord Carnarvon, high-minded as he was, proved himself to be by his perverseness a source of weakness to his colleagues; and Lord Derby's intellectual gifts were crossed by indecision and instability that nearly proved fatal to Disraeli and to the Government. But these perils were hidden from all men when the Ministry was formed, and they were removed before the dangerous crisis occurred which, in hands less firm than those of Disraeli and Salisbury, would have precipitated the nation into a war with Russia.

The Government was formed easily and smoothly. Disraeli consulted no one but the Queen. To those who remember the painful birth of Mr Gladstone's Government in 1880—the cabals and secret conclaves, the clash of ambitions, the pleadings and menaces employed, and the compromises demanded and obtained—Mr Buckle's pages are of profound interest. They illustrate the power of leadership in a statesman whose firmness equals his perspicacity.

Disraeli's life had reached its zenith, but the moment of his triumph became that of his decline. He had achieved the glittering successes that Sidonia had prophesied, but his health, never strong, was beginning to fail. A visitor at Hughenden found him gazing into the fire and murmuring, 'Dreams, dreams, dreams.' They had been and were still the staple of his life. But his heightened consciousness was a symptom of decaying strength. He was old and sick. So worn a man had never held the post of Prime Minister in this country. Counting by years, he was ten years younger than Palmerston when, as First Minister, he could vault a gate at Broadlands to test his vigour, or Gladstone, when he felled trees to calm his troubled spirit. But no one who saw Lord Beaconsfield during the years that followed can forget the waxen face, the glassy eyes, the infirm gait of the Minister whose aspect recalled the physical decrepitude of the resuscitated Chatham. He was happy, however, in having once more a home in



London. He had recently acquired Number Two Whitehall Gardens, a house with a quiet and delightful outlook over the river, which has since become the Offices of the Committee of Imperial Defence and of the Cabinet. So that the room occupied by Disraeli during the greater part of his Premiership was the scene thirty years later of decisions that were destined to undo the work upon which Bismarck and he had laboured. Fortunately for the great, their fame is less transient than their achievements.

Disraeli had found in the two correspondents to whom most of the delightful letters in Mr Buckle's volumes are addressed, a companionship that balanced the harassing cares of office. Above all, he had conceived for the Queen, in the autumn of her life, a romantic sentiment not unlike that which had absorbed Lord Melbourne in her spring-time. The Fairy, as he calls her with Spenserian emphasis, was the corner-stone of his policy and the solace of his ministerial days. Disraeli's letters to the Queen form a literature of their own. They are not the formal letters of a Minister to a Sovereign. They are the letters of a man to a woman written daily, sometimes oftener, with deep respect as to an intellectual equal, often intimate but never familiar. As an example in what the French call *tenue* and in literary style they are beyond criticism. The Queen's replies are equally interesting. No stress should be laid upon their style. The Queen wrote in maturity much as she wrote as a school-girl. It is the penalty nearly every one pays who speaks and thinks in three or four languages. Style is indigenous; and the best writer of a language is he who is familiar with none but his own. Going behind the form of the Queen's letters to their substance, the reader discovers what Disraeli found—a character as strong as his own, and a logical clarity of purpose before which he bent.

In the beginning of the Balkan troubles the Queen seriously doubted the wisdom of her Minister's policy. She was unconvinced of the perfidy of the Russian Emperor, whom she liked, and she was moved by the sorrows of the Christian subjects of the Sultan. But, when that policy became the fixed policy of the nation, the Queen realised, long before it became clear to Lord

Beaconsfield, that, once adopted, the policy of resistance to the Russian assault on Constantinople must be maintained to the end, and that Lord Derby's ambiguities and scruples were compromising the chance of peace.

In the correspondence between Lord Beaconsfield and the Queen, the Minister, although his letters are a literary delight, assumes a subordinate rôle. His embarrassments were manifest. Being a politician, he had to play the game of politics. It is certain, however, that, throughout the hazardous negotiations with Russia, his resolve was strengthened by the Lady on the Throne, who threatened to abdicate should her Minister prove too flexible in the hands of his nerveless colleagues.

There are still some who remember the turmoil of those years that preceded the Berlin Congress. In this country Schouvaloff was the centre of the diplomatic ring. He was typically Russian. Sprung from a handsome and gifted family, he used every artifice with a skill that recalled the diplomacy of the 18th century and the morals of the Court of Catherine. His influence at Knowsley was one of the social scandals of the time, although it was based on nothing more than an honourable but rather silly belief in the pacific influence of private intercourse. But Schouvaloff's machinations were a contributing cause to the fall of Lord Derby, whose political prospects vanished from the hour of his resignation. Lord Carnarvon—or Twiddles, as he was called in the highest spheres—was a loose gun in the ship of State. Until he was pushed overboard there was imminent danger of a catastrophe. As often before, during the time when he sat as Lord Cranborne in the House of Commons, Lord Salisbury baffled the Tadpoles and Tapers, and alarmed the Prime Minister. His handling of the Turks when sent on a special mission to Constantinople, his openly expressed hostility to their rule, his sympathy for the Gladstonian denunciations of atrocities, combined to terrify his colleagues and weaken their determination.

It was at this moment that there flared up in 'Society' that detestation of Mr Gladstone to which Lord Beaconsfield gives unduly strong expression in a letter quoted in these volumes, which, although it displayed the natural exasperation of a Minister hard pressed by



furious and unscrupulous criticism, did not represent Lord Beaconsfield's reasoned judgment. It soon, however, became apparent to the nation that it was not Turkish atrocities that were the vital question at issue. Moderate men of all parties realised that the interests of Great Britain were gravely compromised by the design of the Russian Emperor to occupy and hold Constantinople. From the moment when this became evident to Lord Salisbury he never wavered; and thenceforward his support of Lord Beaconsfield made the position of the Minister safe and the policy of the Government secure.

Although Lord Beaconsfield had lost the daily companionship of that clever lady who said with truth, that while she was aware he had married her for her money, if he had to marry her again it would be for love, he had found solace in the friendship of Lady Bradford and her sister. He began to move again in society after a restricted fashion. He liked small dinners, 'not more than the Muses, or less than the Graces.' Banquets bored him. A Prime Minister had no social precedence in those days; and he more often than not found himself sitting at dinner between two men, unless his hostess, like clever little Lady Holland, instructed a faithful groom of the chamber to place him, as he walked in last and alone, next to Lady Bradford.

He enjoyed social badinage because he loved to contrast the hidden motive with the public pretext of transactions; and he picked up scraps of gossip which, according to Lady Augusta Stanley, he 'cooked up to amuse the Queen.' He paid a few country visits, and once again he renewed his 'uncomfortable experience' at Balmoral, although his oriental blood froze in the Highlands. Unless one of his intimate friends was asked to meet him, he was not happy in country houses. He mentions in a letter how tiresome he found a certain house-party at Longleat in the autumn of 1874. One who was present, a youth at the time, noticed his prolonged silences at dinner—only an occasional flash—yet there were pleasant people present. During that visit the Prime Minister was silent and ill-humoured, and showed temper to Lord Malmesbury, his Privy Seal, whom he ordered about like a school-boy. It was on this occasion, when walking in the garden with a young

companion, that, remarking on personal attacks and political hatreds, he said, 'I never trouble to be avenged, but, when a man injures me, I put his name on a slip of paper and lock it up in a drawer. It is marvellous how men I have thus labelled have a knack of disappearing.'

But age and disease were creeping upon him, and in less than two years he suddenly quitted the House of Commons without a word of farewell. The secret of his translation to the Upper House was well kept at the time, and it is disappointing to find no reference in Mr Buckle's volumes to the inner story of that event. There is a letter extant written by Lady Derby to a friend in August 1876, and not mentioned by Mr Buckle, in which she says that 'Dizzy desired to retire altogether, and was only dissuaded by the strongly expressed wishes of the Queen.' His interest in Young England had never flagged. Before leaving the House of Commons he had noted and commented upon two members of the House who were destined to achieve fame. Of Hartington's leadership of the Liberal Party he spoke with warm commendation. He liked the blundering sincerity and honest dealing of his new opponent. 'Harty Tarty,' he wrote, 'was sensible, dullish and gentlemanlike, all good sense and no earnest nonsense.' No sooner had Lord Randolph Churchill delivered his maiden speech than the Queen was told of the new star. 'Impudent, which was a matter of small importance in a maiden speech,' he called it, remembering perhaps his own; but he added that the House was surprised and captivated by Lord Randolph's energy, natural flow, and impressive manner. 'With self-control and study he might mount.' Consummate Parliamentarian as Disraeli was, he rarely misjudged a situation or a man. He would stand in the lobby with his back to the fire, noting everything and everybody, and exchanging shots with any member, like 'Geordie Hamilton' or the 'Squire' (now Lord Chaplin), both of whom he loved, who had the boldness to approach him. Had he seen an article in the '19th Century'? 'No, my dear boy, I hate your new magazines, You will live to see the time when everybody can scribble and nobody write.' For forty years, and especially during his long leadership of his Party, he was rarely absent from the House of Commons. He was for ever

on the watch. But in those days the House of Commons, and not the Government, governed the country. 'Autres temps, autres mœurs.'

Mr Buckle paints the last five years of Lord Beaconsfield's life in vivid colours. The clever stroke by which the control of the Suez Canal passed to England, the rather ludicrous fuss over the Royal Titles Bill, and the glowing pageantry of the Berlin Congress are the final scenes of Lord Beaconsfield's career. When the Queen made one of her rare appearances, wearing for the first time her Crown as Empress of India, Lord Beaconsfield stood on her left hand holding aloft the sword of State. As Archbishop Tait remarked, 'All seemed founded on the model, What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour?'

It was forty years, the mystic number of his race, from the day when the young Disraeli had first taken his seat in the House of Commons. Now from the red benches of the House of Lords he could survey the past. An aristocracy, he once said, hesitates before it yields its confidence, but it never does so grudgingly. Now he was its leader and its master. Like any prophet of Israel, he had foretold it all. Mr Buckle's pages bristle with Disraeli's prophecies, and record their fulfilment. Tancred had been shown the vision of a young Queen crowned as Empress of India, and her widening dominion over Egypt and Mesopotamia; while fifty years before the battle of Mukden this crystal-gazer had seen no reason why Japan should not become the Sardinia of the Mongolian East. He had educated his party. Like a great Tudor King, his policy was to establish a balance between the dull Party and the rash Party. Like Fabius Maximus, by bearing patiently the insolence and folly both of the common people and his colleagues, he had proved himself eminently serviceable to his party. He had never used the arts of the demagogue, or put his head under his girdle to please the plebs. Relying upon the conservative instinct, so ingrained in the English people, knowing that the depository of power is always unpopular, and that the long reign of his critics was bound to end, he had waited. When he induced his party reluctantly to yield a measure of Reform, he won his point by explaining to them how

impolitic it is to make it the interest of any powerful class to oppose the institutions under which they live. It is difficult to determine whether he was more eminent as a prophet or a politician.

Lord Beaconsfield's resolve to go to Berlin triumphed over the opposition of the Queen, who feared for his health, and of his colleagues, who mistrusted him as a linguist. His constitution stood the test, and his French was not put to the proof. His arrival was awaited with curiosity. It was at once recognised that at the Congress only two men counted, Bismarck and Beaconsfield. Odo Russell once described the high comedy as it was played when any conflict arose between these two elderly stars. If Bismarck was foiled, he would rise from the table saying, 'I'm off to Kissingen'; while, if Dizzy could not gain his point, he ordered a special train. Georg Brandes met him in crossing the Wilhelmsplatz on the narrow path between the flower-beds leaning on the arm of Monty Corry on his way to the Congress. He noted the slow steps, and saw that over-exertion was written on every line of his face, while he acknowledged the respectful salutations of the German citizens with a weary mechanical movement.

'As I gazed into the pale and haggard face I thought of the conflicts this man had passed through, the disappointments, the agonies he had suffered, and the lofty courage with which he had triumphed over them all. I thought of his genuine sympathy with the common people and with the oppressed race to which he was never ashamed to belong, and I saw him in a more attractive and ideal light.'

The *mise-en-scène* of the Congress is described by Lord Beaconsfield in the voluminous letters he wrote to the Queen. The Dynasts of Berlin, like those of more recent days, were busy framing treaties and readjusting the parts of that inorganic organism which goes by the name of Europe. Bismarck and Beaconsfield were the dominant actors in the play, and the living world applauded their successes, while the Spirits of the Pities and the Years stood near, silently recording their failure.

The Berlin Treaty was made to be broken. Few of its provisions were intact in August 1914—while now

not a fragment remains. On Lord Beaconsfield's return he was smothered with flowers. The Queen bestowed on her favourite Minister the Order of the Garter. She offered him a Dukedom. No adulatory phrase was spared him. Society, as he once had said, kissed his feet. Did his ironical spirit travel for a moment into that wide field between obvious seriousness and downright sarcasm, as Leslie Stephen called it, where the readers of Disraeli's novels may interpret his meaning as they please? He must have remembered the struggles of his long life against the animosities and ridicule of all these fine people. 'What,' Coningsby had asked, 'is an individual against a vast public opinion?' 'Divine,' Sidonia had replied; and Lord Beaconsfield could, after the experience of more than thirty years, have found no simpler answer.

Mr Buckle's final volumes contain the portrait, at the summit of his fame, of the most picturesque figure among British Prime Ministers. They are full of this man's mystical prophesies and sagacious reflexions. There are many lessons to be learned from them. The lesson he learnt at Berlin, so he said, was that 'neither the Crimean war, nor this horrible devastating war which has just terminated, would have taken place if England had spoken with the necessary firmness.' How vain are the lessons of history and the reflexions of statesmen! Mr Buckle may be accused of eulogy. It is the fashion to decry the statesmen of the Victorian era, and to depreciate its philosophy, literature, and art. The Elizabethans in their turn suffered at the hands of the Stuart poetasters. Mr Buckle has borne in mind Newman's dictum that a just indignation is felt against a writer who brings forward wantonly the weaknesses of a great man, though the world knows that they existed. These volumes show Lord Beaconsfield, the Dizzy of the 19th century, to have been great in literature and statecraft. It may justly be claimed for him that his fancy influenced the policy of England.

ESHER.

Art. 2.—GREEK PORTRAITS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

1. *Industrium virorum ut extant in urbe expressi vultus*. [By Achilles Statius.] Rome, 1569; Formis Ant. Lafrerii.
  2. *Imagines et elogia virorum illustrium et eruditorum ex antiquis lapidibus et numismatibus expressa cum annotationibus ex bibliotheca Fulvi Ursini*. Rome, 1570; Ant Lafrerii Formis.
  3. *A Catalogue of Sculpture in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum*. By A. H. Smith. Three vols. London, 1892–1904.
  4. *Catalogue of the Ancient Sculptures in the Municipal Collections of Rome*. Vol. I. Ed. H. Stuart Jones. Oxford, 1912.
  5. *Etudes Comparatives sur le Portrait*. By Vladimir de Grueneisen. Rome: Modes, 1911.
  6. *Antike Porträts*. By R. Delbrück. Bonn: Marcus, 1912.
  7. *Greek and Roman Portraits*. By A. Hekler. Heine-mann, 1912.
  8. *Griechische Porträtstatuen*. By G. Lippold. Munich: Bruckmann, 1912.
- And other works.

DURING the past twelve months the collections of the British Museum, which, during five years of war had been all but inaccessible, have affected us in a new way, making upon us the double claim of strangeness and familiarity. As one department after another was once more thrown open to the public, we found ourselves revisiting them, partly with the delight of recognition, but also with a new feeling of discovery, much as we visit galleries abroad or even our own after a prolonged absence in a foreign land. In such a mood not only are we struck with the interest or beauty of particular objects, but we perceive more acutely perhaps than ever before what a wealth of comparatively unknown material is still hidden away in certain sections of the Museum. In the Greek and Roman galleries, for instance, where the civilisation of Greece and Rome is represented well-nigh continuously in the most magnificent of its artistic products, a certain number of objects seem to have escaped



attention, from the simple accident of unfavourable exhibition or because they are shown in a manner confusing to the mind.

The Greek portraits are a case in point. The King-priests from Branchidæ, the Mausolus—that supreme conception of an Eastern despot—the bronze head of an African found at Cyrene, have long, it is true, been famous and accredited masterpieces, while a certain number of portraits, ranging in date from the fourth to the second century B.C., have recently been rescued from oblivion and are now exhibited in the Ephesus Room in connexion with works of art of the same period and style. But, before the collection of Greek portraits, which though small is scarcely equalled elsewhere for quality, can be brought into the prominence that it deserves, it would seem necessary to break definitely with certain obsolete principles of arrangement too long prevalent at the Museum, such as the assigning of conspicuous places only to pieces of historic interest, while considering the rest, whatever their æsthetic quality, as of subordinate importance. Portraits difficult to identify are still used as mere furniture to fill awkward spaces, or else are banished to the uncomfortable gangway known as the 'Hall of Inscriptions,' where fine pieces remain perched almost out of sight on high wall-brackets. Hence it happens that many portraits of the first order are singularly little known outside the official catalogues, a bare half-dozen figuring in a standard work like Hekler's 'Greek and Roman Portraits'—not the only book of its kind to overlook excellent examples belonging to the Museum in favour of inferior replicas abroad.

It would, however, be both ungracious and unjust to offer just now any definite criticism of existing arrangements at the Museum, for in the comparatively short time that has elapsed since the treasures of antique art were brought back from the hiding-places where they were stowed during the war, neither Trustees nor Keepers can have had time in which to elaborate any new scheme of exhibition. Since many of the busts recently put back still lack their old labels, it seems probable that the present reversion to the old state of things is intended in most instances to be only temporary. If the Greek portraits remain dispersed, without much

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regard to date or style, they have at least escaped the arrangement in serried rows common to many foreign museums and adopted in our own gallery of Roman Imperial busts. Here the historical principle has been pushed to its logical conclusion, but the attempt to secure an unbroken chronological sequence often issues in insufferable monotony. In point of fact, portraits, Roman as well as Greek, suffer from faulty exhibition in practically every collection of long standing, simply because the æsthetic aspect of portraiture had not been properly realised when these collections first came into existence.

Just as museums neglect to treat ancient portraits as works of art to be placed among other objects of the same style and period, so our handbooks and histories of archæology fail to regard them as serious factors in the development of the Antique. Greek art has probably suffered in this respect more than Roman, since, in a large number of instances, Roman Imperial busts could at least be satisfactorily identified by the help of coins and medals, while, owing to the scarcity of such adventitious aids for the Greek periods, the naming of a Greek portrait has remained a perilous archæological adventure, and one which our scientific age tends to regard with increasing distrust. A distorted vision of the development of portrait art within the Græco-Roman cycle has arisen from the mistaken notion that it was principally, if not exclusively, the appanage of Rome. It is not often that one chiefly concerned with Roman archæology has to complain that Greek achievement is misrepresented in favour of Roman, yet in this instance the complaint would seem justified; and for the sake of the general history of the Antique, as well as of the more special history of portraiture itself, the balance between the Greek and the Roman contributions to the subject must be readjusted.

No one, of course, can pretend to ignore the fascination that attaches to a great portrait of which the subject, be it Pericles or Cicero, Alexander or Augustus, is definitely known, or to minimise the importance of identified pieces as providing the land-marks necessary for the dating of the rest. But to focus interest upon this aspect of the subject alone, as though we had not advanced beyond the point of view of the humanists of



the Renaissance and of the 'Recueils' of Achilles Statius or of Fulvius Ursinus, is to overlook the fact that portraiture is among the great progressive forces of art. It was, indeed, the channel, narrow and difficult at first, through which realism forced its way into the stream of convention, and helped to liberate the representation of the human form from the traditions of archaic art.

It is usual to connect the beginnings of Greek portraiture with the times after the Persian invasion, when definite attempts at facial likeness may be detected in the portraits of the *strategoi* who won the war for Athens. But, even were we to admit, with Dr Hekler, that portraiture is not a primitive art, it should yet be obvious that the first efforts in this direction are much earlier than the fifth century, and have only escaped us because of the habit, fostered by too exclusive a study of Roman portrait-busts, of attributing significance to the head alone. Hence the belief that expression and character must be concentrated in the countenance, and the failure to remember that, to the Greek, portraiture resided as much in the pose and movement of the whole figure as in facial expression—a point well made by Dr Lippold in a short monograph which draws attention to the importance of the portrait statue as opposed to those busts and heads which too long represented the measure of antique skill in portraiture.

The fragmentary nature of the material is largely responsible for the exaggerated emphasis laid on the head. Time and vandalism have so often severed heads from bodies that it is difficult to realise, in presence of the interminable rows of heads in most large museums, that the majority of these have only been made into 'busts' either by the ancient copyist or by the modern restorer. But in Greek portraiture—coins and gems apart—the rendering of the bust alone would, down to the time of Alexander, have been regarded as a meaningless mutilation of nature.\* It was the perception on the part of the

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\* The herm or pillar-like shaft ending in a head might seem an exception, but it appears to represent a survival of that early stage of sculpture in which the figure had not yet been anthropomorphised. The survival of this form is due to its value as an architectural feature.

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Greeks of the significance of the body and its movements as a means of expression that constitutes the uniqueness of their contribution to the art of portraiture, as it differentiates their achievement in this field from that of all other races—the ancient Egyptians, for instance, who, great portraitists though they were, limited likeness to the face, and retained, down to the latest times of their history, a conventional presentment of the body.

So far as we can tell, the Greek portrait-statue is of Ionian origin—one of the many gifts of Eastern to Western Greece. It would seem as if in the latter half of the sixth century B.C., at the time of the 'tyrants,' the art had been fostered in the small kingdoms and satrapies of Asia-Minor, where the two dominating Oriental models, the enthroned image of god or monarch, and the standing image of the worshipper, were interpreted anew by the gifted sculptors of Ionia. The earliest examples which we possess of this Græco-Ionian portraiture are the famous images in the British Museum known as the Branchidæ statues; and here we can at once detect the realistic spirit. These statues, which get their name from the priestly class that set them up, represent Græco-Asiatic rulers, intermingled with priests and priestesses, who are all shown seated in a rigid frontal pose. Lining as they did the last stretch of the Sacred Way from Panormus on the Latmic Gulf to the great temple of Apollo at Didyma, they have often been compared, in general character and effect, to the long avenues of Sphinxes that led up to the Egyptian temples. Sir Charles Newton, who brought the statues to England, went so far indeed as to suggest 'that they were the work of Greek artists who had been educated in Egypt.' This may be so, though the departure from Egyptian models is also manifest; every figure shows an effort on the part of its sculptor to differentiate it from its companion; and the inscription preserved on one of the male statues, 'I am Chares, son of Kleisis, ruler of Teichioussa,' is itself a proud and unmistakable assertion of individuality.

This inscription alone makes it probable that portraiture was at first regarded as a privilege of rulers who, in the half-Oriental cities of Ionian Greece, did not scruple to ape the customs of the neighbouring

monarchies of Assyria and Egypt. So audacious a step, as Lippold points out, would be out of the question at the period in any of the democratic cities of the mainland of Greece, where the notion of raising a man above his fellows by means of a portrait would have appeared at once intolerable and sacrilegious. The votive statues which excavations at Athens have yielded in large numbers, though often called images of the dedicators, adhere only to the design typical of the class to which the particular dedicator belonged; and none of the many inscriptions reveals any such assertion of individuality as the Chares of Branchidæ.

Reasons religious and political thus combined with technical inexperience to keep back the expression of individuality. Not even the 'tyrants' of the cities of the mainland ventured, like the petty rulers of Ionia, to set up their own portraits. The lofty Ionian tradition was continued in such noble works as the fifth-century Heraclitus in the garb of one of the priestly Kings of Ephesus, a fine copy of which, lately recovered in Crete, is now in the Museum of Candia. We shall meet it again in the imposing statue of the Carian Mausolus, and in much of the portraiture of Alexander and his successors, whence it passed into the Imperial portraiture of Rome; and a careful study of medieval sculpture might reveal the Ionian spirit still active there.

As is to be expected, the tendency to repress individual likeness makes itself doubly felt in the early efforts at female portraiture. Here the innovating spirit of Ionia did not avail. In amusing contrast to Chares' affirmation of himself is the unassuming inscription (now lost) that could once be read on the chair of one of the female figures from Branchidæ, who appears as spokeswoman for herself and her companions. The ladies modestly veil their personalities and are content to state that their images were dedicated *en bloc* by one Hermesianax. At Athens and elsewhere in Greece the numerous inscriptions show that the archaic Greek female statue was of a purely generic character; and, when dedicated—as was mostly the case—to a feminine divinity, it was intended, as often as not, as the image of the goddess rather than of the dedicatress. There are, in our Archaic Room, good examples both of the *Kore* and her male

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companion the *Kouros*, but they belong to another inquiry, and as portraiture need not detain us here.

The tardy recognition of woman as a subject for genuine portraiture—the way in which she was pressed back into the ranks of the undistinguished crowd that had no right to effigies of themselves—remain as characteristic of Greek art as of Greek thought, and were in part no doubt the result of the Oriental seclusion in which Greek women were kept. It required all the importance given later to woman as consort and mother of monarchs, to focus attention upon her and to make her emerge as a subject of portraiture, first, somewhat tentatively, in the Alexandrine Kingdoms of the East, and afterwards in the distinguished female portraits of the Roman Empire.

The desire to honour the great men who had been benefactors to the State, and to continue to enjoy their benefactions by securing through their images their continued presence among their fellow-townsmen, was to prove the most active of all factors in counterbalancing the fear of portraiture as raising the individual above his fellows. Outside Ionia the earliest honorary portrait-statues that have come down to us are those set up at Athens to Harmodius and Aristogeiton, known from the world-famous copy in the Museum at Naples. This stupendous conception enables us to penetrate at once to the very heart and spirit of Greek portraiture in its passionate striving to reveal its subject, not in the countenance only, but in the whole figure of the man. Of the head of the Aristogeiton the Museum possesses a fine replica, only lately identified, which has all the massive architectonic quality of an archaic work (No. 1603). But, like that of the Harmodius, it might belong to almost any male statue of the period; certainly there is nothing in the expression or features of either head to throw light upon the character of the leaders of one of the most mysterious conspiracies in all history. But the inexorable murderous movement of the bodies, the perfect unity of the action, the sureness of the movement, all combine in such a feat of grouping and of portraiture as was rarely again attempted or achieved. We can well believe that the noble group inspired Carducci's description of the forms of terror that haunted the doomed Marat:

'Marat vede nell' aria oscure forme  
 D'uomini con pugnali erti passando  
 E piove sangue donde son passati.'

Even in the Naples replica, which is not without many of the faults common to most copies, we are struck by the beauty and precision of the single rhythm that animates the two bodies and unites them in a bond closer and more eloquent than could be imparted by the conventional hand-clasp or other attitudinising common in later groups. It is curious to find the 'Harmodius and Aristogeiton' overlooked as portraiture. It can indeed be objected that the group is the representation of a deed, the commemoration of an act in which two individuals were indissolubly united, rather than a portrait of the two friends. But this is precisely what bestows upon it its compelling character as portraiture; the two men are portrayed in the act which, of all others, brought out and summed up the character of each—presented it raised, so to speak, to its highest power. With this group the critical turning-point in the history of portraiture has been successfully passed. Future portraitists, though not called upon to combine action with likeness, and preferring as a rule emotion at rest to emotion in movement, were to realise that the static condition must contain the dynamic, and that rest must imply action; that a portrait, to be of any effect, must convey all the potentialities of the model's character.

The 'Harmodius and Aristogeiton' brings us straight into the period of the Persian Wars. This was for Athens a time of quickening. The consciousness of national life—of the aims of a free Greece as opposed to a tyrant-ridden Persia (as the Greeks conceived it)—was bound to open out new opportunities for portraiture. Because Athens now became, like Rome in later centuries, a centre of attraction to the best intellects of the world, we know Greek art and history chiefly through her eyes; and, for the two centuries of her artistic supremacy, portraiture can best be studied among the effigies which she put up to her great men, or to those whom her renown drew within her walls.

At first the great men who were thus honoured were almost exclusively the military makers of the Athenian Empire. Here again the Athenian State—at once

conservative and democratic—proceeded with singular caution. The essentially Greek fear of *hubris* or boastfulness led to devoting a tenth of the spoils to the erection of monuments commemorating the divine aid bestowed on Hellas at her need; but, by the side of the gods, sole givers of victory, a place was now reserved for the mortal leaders who had been their instruments in its achievement. In the group at Delphi erected from the spoils of Marathon a portrait of Miltiades stood side by side with the gods and heroes of Attica, the first instance of a contemporary figure associated with divine beings in a national monument. Later, again, statues of Miltiades and Themistocles were placed in the Prytaneum; and by degrees most of the prominent figures who had helped to make Athens were similarly honoured. A number of heads belonging to statues of Attic *strategoi* have been recovered; but in the earlier of these works at least there is little question of portraits in our sense of the word. The features are typical rather than realistic; and, even so late as the second half of the fifth century, we can trace few attempts to reproduce individual features. The earliest identified portrait of a military leader is the 'Pericles' of the sculptor Cresilas, probably set up on the Acropolis of Athens about 437 B.C. Of the various copies of the head, the one in our Museum, never having been broken from its herm, is certainly the most instructive; besides preserving the correct turn of the neck, it has the slightly open mouth and uplifted gaze of the original (No. 549). We would give much to know the whole statue, for the head is by far the most realistic portrait of any that have survived from the fifth century.

In the melancholy that overcasts the beautiful face of Pericles—at once the central figure of the city's greatest period, and the man who fatally prepared her downfall—we may detect signs of the change that was soon to come over Athens. It is curious to read of fifth-century Athens, of the pride taken in her by her statesmen and her people, and to realise that, of those who contributed to her greatness, few besides military leaders were honoured by the State with personal effigies. Portraits other than those of great captains stand out as exceptions; the Anakreon 'singing in his cups,' for instance, known from the complete copy at Ny Carlsberg, though



Pheidian in character, already belongs to the age of transition and was presumably tolerated on the Acropolis because the poet was the friend of the family of Pericles. The great tragic poets, who contributed so much to the glory of fifth-century Athens, were not honoured with public statues till nearly one hundred years after the death of Euripides; no effort was apparently made to fix the features of any of the brilliant group of sophists that gathered round Pericles; and we have had to dismiss as 'ideal,' and as belonging to the statue of a goddess, the charming head with archaic coiffure that so long did duty as Aspasia. As for sculptors and painters, the cultured Athenians held them beneath contempt.

More gracious to her great men was the old Ionia beyond the seas. Here Anaxagoras, who had brought philosophy to Athens and had been banished for his pains, was decreed a statue even in his own native city of Clazomenæ. Herodotus was honoured in a similar manner at Halicarnassus; and Ionian prototypes probably inspired the noble 'Alcæus and Sappho' reproduced on a vase-picture of the early fifth century at Munich.

Something was needed to make Athens reconsider the values of life, and that something was the crash of the Peloponnesian war, which put a period to military conquest, and set the feet of Athens on the way of civic as opposed to imperial life. The political change had its spiritual counterpart. It was the victory over the Persians that had bestowed upon Athens her political sovereignty and raised her, first among the nations of the West, to the rank of an imperial power; but it was the irretrievable disaster to her fleet at the Hellespont in 405 B.C. that made her an eternally potent factor in the life of the spirit. As the mind of fifth-century Athens had taken bodily form in the figures of her soldiers and statesmen, so now poets and philosophers, literary men and even the merely learned, were honoured with portraits almost as numerous as those of the makers of empire in a past generation. The most significant of these in their bearings upon art were the portraits of the philosophers. The fourth century was the age, not of philosophy only, which had already produced some of its greatest men, but of philosophy as an honourable profession. All the schools that derived

from Socrates prospered, and were even basking in the smiles of the great; tyrants received and honoured Plato; Philip called for a philosopher to educate his only son; Athens erected a statue to Socrates as a token of repentance; and, wherever a school flourished, portraits of its founder and of its successive leaders were required, even among those sects whose lives and tenets were the most severe. The philosophic schools exerted upon the life of Greece from the fourth century onwards an influence comparable to that of the religious Orders upon the life of Western Europe in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; and in Greece, as in medieval Italy, artists were called upon to fix for posterity the features of those to whom men turned for spiritual guidance.

Philosophy, which is perhaps the greatest gift of Hellas to the world, gave an unprecedented stimulus to portraiture, and through portraiture to art generally. This point, which writers upon ancient art seem to have missed, is well illustrated by the Praxitelean Hermes 'with his physical perfection and his plenitude of intellect, with the features of an artist and the brow of a thinker,' a conception for which fifth-century Athens offers no parallel. The British Museum group of philosophers' portraits is of great interest, though neither Socrates—whose effigy is one of the commonest extant—nor Plato, nor again Aristotle is represented. But in the Epicurus (No. 1843) and Metrodorus (No. 1845) we have good instances of the portrait of a disciple assimilated to that of the master, much as at a later date the portraits of courtiers are influenced by the features of the king. Thus we may, I think, detect an attempt to introduce into the handsome countenance of Plato traits that recall the fat and snub-nosed features of Socrates; the likeness of Theophrastus to Aristotle in the former's one authentic bust at the Villa Albani is undeniable; the kinship between Antisthenes and Diogenes is equally clear; and examples from other schools might be given.

Of the Cynic Antisthenes we have a grand head in the Hall of Inscriptions (No. 1838)—an altogether fresher work than either of the inscribed herms in the Vatican. The original of all these copies must have had much in common with the Hellenistic head of the 'blind Homer,' and may have been a product of the same school.





CHRYSIPPUS.



EURIPIDES.

[To face p. 32.]

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On another bracket, not far from the Antisthenes, we have what is probably the best extant portrait of the Stoic Chrysippus (No. 1846). As a psychological study, this little bent and withered old man of squalid exterior and piercing eyes is a *tour de force*; the head gains immensely when we combine it mentally with the body now recognised in a seated statue of the Louvre long known as Posidonius. The original, which stood in the Athenian Ceramicus, is mentioned by ancient writers, who dwell on the philosopher's poor physique; in the statue the drapery is allowed to disclose the thin and aged chest, with the wrinkled skin loosely covering the sunken bony structure. The Greek sculptor is here boldly attacking a problem which Houdon shirked when he draped in ample folds the fleshless body of the aged Voltaire (see plate 1).

In the Bronze Room we have a good example of the seated full-length figure of a philosopher (No. 841) clad in the single cloak which was the conventional garment of wisdom even in the case of Plato, whose personal fastidiousness was the constant butt of the comedians. The charming bronze—one of the best in the collection—has been tentatively identified on the label as a portrait of Aristippus of Cyrene. We must admit that the tranquil rhythm of the composition, the reposeful attitude and the serene expression, would well suit a presentment of the philosopher of happiness whom Horace loved; but, without more evidence in support of the hypothesis than is at present forthcoming, it seems more prudent to leave the statuette unnamed. The seated portrait-statue as expressive of philosophic calm and meditation enjoyed the greatest vogue in the Hellenistic and Roman periods and finally passed into Christian art, the famous bronze effigy of St Peter in the Vatican basilica being one of the latest but also one of the most splendid variations of the theme.\*

Next in interest to the philosophers come the poets, of whose portraits the British Museum possesses signal examples. A beautiful bearded head in the Hall of

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\* I find it impossible to accept Signor Venturi's attribution of this statue to Arnolfo del Cambio ('Storia dell'Arte Italiana,' iv, p. 113 ff.). However, Venturi himself admits 'imitation of the antique.'

Inscriptions (No. 1833) affords what is almost certainly a copy of the Euripides belonging to the famous trio of bronze statues which the orator and statesman Lysurgus put up to the three great Attic tragedians about 330 B.C. in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens (plate 2). This example, which is only inferior to the better-known replica at Ny Carlsberg in lacking the line of the lost tragedy of Alexander by which it was originally identified, shows Euripides as a sinister misanthrope in studied contrast to the Sophocles of the same group, which has long since been recognised in the well-known statue in the Lateran. The Lysurgan Sophocles, amiable and good-looking, well-groomed and slightly corpulent, is pre-eminently the successful man of the world, whose honourable career as poet gives him distinguished rank among his fellow-citizens; and the pungent saying of Mr Gilbert Murray that Sophocles 'is classical in the vulgar sense of the word' might be more justly applied to this his most celebrated statue than to his poetry.

Two other two portraits of Sophocles, which far surpass in interest the official statue of the Lateran, are in the British Museum. The first (No. 1831), which shows him as an old man 'with helpless gaze, and tired and flaccid lips,' is probably derived from the statue erected soon after his death in the year 406, by his son, the tragedian Iophon. Closely akin to this is the fine bronze, brought from Constantinople in the 17th century by the second Earl of Arundel, in which we may, I think, safely surmise another version of the aged poet's features (Bronze Room, No. 847). Both works are careful studies of old age, and show the many-sided effort of fourth-century portraiture. The collection also boasts two replicas of the head of a seated poet, one with ivy wreath (No. 1830), the other with a fillet (No. 1851), a complete copy of which passed of recent years from the Villa Borghese to Ny Carlsberg. As so often happens, the head seen apart from the figure loses much individuality, the poetic temperament being suggested mainly by the attitude of the body, as of one listening to his own melodies. But incomparably the finest poet-head in the Museum is the Hellenistic Homer (No. 1825), who, 'with quenched and sunken eyes, lifts his head as if

rapt in an inner vision'—a work of majestic strength and depth, where the spiritual nature of the poet is powerfully suggested by the sightless eyes that piercingly look into the invisible world.

Of statues of orators—where gesture as a means of expression naturally found its fullest scope—the Museum possesses no complete example. The head of Demosthenes (No. 1840) from the copy of the statue attributed to Polyeuctos serves, however, to recall what must have been one of the grandest of fourth-century works, known to us from the excellent replica in the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican. It is only recently that the full beauty of the original rhythm has been revived by the discovery that the hands, instead of grasping the commonplace roll invented by the restorer, were nervously clasped in front of the body. A study of this marvellously individual gesture should alone serve finally to dispel the obsolete doctrine as to the 'ideal' quality of Greek portraiture and its exclusion of realistic elements. For idealism, far from being incompatible with realism, springs from it and perfects it, being simply the idea which—as in the Demosthenes—transforms the observation of unstable fact into immutable reality.

In the fourth century even the portraiture of women began to be affected by the new tendencies and to take upon itself a more individual colouring. A fine example is the naturalistic head of an old woman in the Hall of Inscriptions (No. 2001), which is perhaps a copy after the Priestess Lysimache of the sculptor Demetrius of Alopecce, a famous realist of his day who, according to Lucian, had represented Pellicchos, the Corinthian general, 'with fat paunch, bald head, ragged wind-tossed beard . . . like the very man himself.' Modern critics incline to see in him the master who created the originals not only of the Lysimache, but of the pathetic head of Euripides at Naples that offers so vivid a contrast to the effigy of the same poet from the Lycurgan group.

The statue (No. 1301) from the sanctuary of Demeter at Cnidus dedicated by one Nicocleia, and generally supposed to be this lady herself, shows a further advance in the portrayal of women. The wan and faded face betrays in its uplifted look a depth of spiritual experience that explains why Sir Charles Newton, in first describing

### 36 GREEK PORTRAITS IN BRITISH MUSEUM

the statue, doubted whether it represented a priestess or a 'Demeter sorrowing.' That the Nicocleia, which gained so much by being seen, as in the days of Newton, in the recess facing the Demeter, should have been separated from the object of her devotion and placed in the Hall of Inscriptions, is a violation of every sound principle of exhibition, which we trust may soon be made good. In his 'Greek Studies' Pater has analysed the peculiar beauty of the figure and dwelt on the 'unrivalled pathos of the expression.' Quite as interesting, from another point of view, is the marked individualisation of all the details. The cruel advance of middle age is apparent in the thickening body and in the pose which has lost all elasticity; the creases left by the folding of the woollen drapery are rendered with Pergamene fidelity.

With the rise of the Græco-Asiatic monarchies from about the middle of the fourth century, a demand for royal portraits was created which was further to extend the scope of the art, since not the monarch alone, but all that belonged to him—his wife, his children, and his courtiers—became subjects for portrayal. In the statue of Mausolus the British Museum possesses what is probably the greatest portrait of a ruler left us by fourth-century Greek art, and one of peculiar significance in that it is altogether pre-Alexandrine. It is an original from the hand of a great master, possibly Leochares, one of the four sculptors of almost equal fame employed on the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, to whose work it bears a striking resemblance. The statue reveals itself as a faithful study of the Carian ruler, with his non-Hellenic face and beard, his flowing mass of hair combed back from the forehead, his full habit of body and the dreamy melancholy of the Oriental. The 'hot suffering Eastern life' which suffuses the atmosphere of the 'Sick King in Bokhara,' has cast its spell upon this monarch also. As Mausolus was in life, so he stood in death, in the inner shrine of the Heroon by the side of his consort-sister Artemisia, whose statue, though the face is mutilated, forms a noble pendant to his own.

Round this great central figure of Mausolus was once grouped a whole portrait gallery—the princes and princesses of his house, his bodyguard, and possibly

members of the allied families. Of all this splendour only a few fragments survive—the grandiose torso of a horse and its rider (No. 1045); a few draped figures now headless; a few heads now detached from their bodies. In one head of distinctly Alexandroid character (No. 1054), a modern critic inclines to recognise a portrait of Philip of Macedon, whose house was connected with the family of Hecatomnus through a series of intermarriages and political intrigues. Besides Mausolus and Artemisia, portraits of two other children of Hecatomnus—Idrieus and his sister-consort Ada—may now be seen in the Museum. They are carved on the interesting relief from Tegea, almost the last of the Museum's pre-war purchases, where they flank the image of the Carian Zeus of Labranda, much as, centuries later, Imperial consorts appear on Byzantine ivories beside the glorified Christ.

Statues of the type of the Mausolus exerted upon Hellenistic portraiture an influence which has been too much disregarded, and explain, moreover, the Eastern strain in much of the portraiture of Alexander. Even the youthful radiance of the head from Alexandria (No. 1857) seems tempered by a touch of Oriental sensuousness. Though not generally recognised as a faithful likeness of the king, this head comes, according to Mr G. F. Hill, 'nearer than any other to the idealistic head on the coins of Lysimachus, which must always be the basis of any identification of Alexander portraits.' It is an impressive version of the half-barbaric face, with its hair falling in leonine locks on either side, its heavy brows, parted lips, and proud turn of the neck, later imitated with varying success by the Roman Emperors—by Nero, for instance, as by Caracalla and by Gallienus.

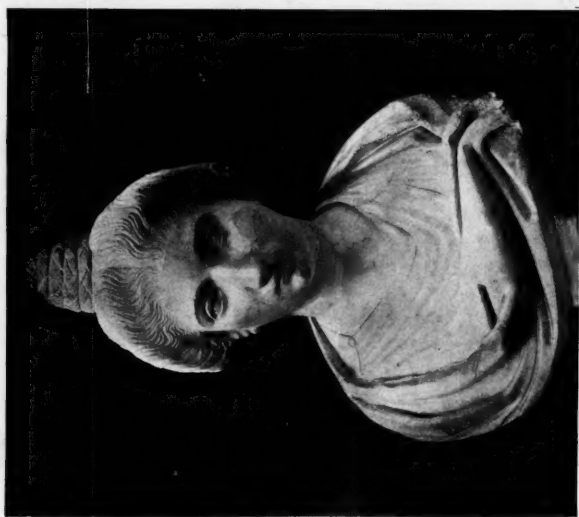
The Museum is sadly deficient in portraits of Alexander's successors. Quite recently an impressive Hellenistic portrait, the 'Queen Amastris' from the Ponsonby collection, has been allowed to migrate to America. As it is, three monuments only afford some conception of this celebrated branch of portrait art. The first, now exhibited in the Ephesus Room, is the fine head from the temple of Apollo at Cyrene (No. 1383), which is distinctly marked as that of an Hellenistic ruler by the diadem that confines the clustering curls. The second is the magnificent third-century relief of a king—possibly



Hieron II of Syracuse and his consort—which remains over a door of the Phigaleian room. The third is the portrait of Cleopatra (No. 1873), which till recently was in the Hall of Inscriptions and has now been placed among the Roman busts in amusing juxtaposition to a spurious Mark Antony (No. 1961). The marked Semitic features exactly tally with the images of the Queen on her coins. The captivating expression is made up of intellectuality and sensuousness, while the indubitable air of high breeding marks the advent of the 'great lady' on the stage of art. The 'Cleopatra' heralds the attractive female portraiture of the Roman Empire. The haughty mien of the aged Livia, the coquetry of the Julio-Claudian ladies with their crimped and puffed-out bandeaux, the provocative elegance of the Flavian *mondaines*, the aristocratic severity of the ladies of Trajan's court, and the accomplished femininity of those of the Antonine dynasty, were all to be interpreted by artists belonging to schools deriving from that of the court sculptors of Alexandria. Nor is it surprising to find these traditions alive in the Roman Africa of the second century A.D. An apt illustration from the Museum collection is afforded by the bust of a young and lovely girl found at Cyrene (No. 1414); the dainty freshness of the face, with its pure mouth and rounded chin, and the fashion in which the hair is drawn back from the brow, suggest Nattier or Gainsborough rather than any ancient parallel (see plates 3, 4).

To make up for the dearth of portraits of Hellenistic rulers the Museum possesses a representative collection of sepulchral and votive portraits of the post-Alexandrian period. Among these the beautiful stele with the three figures of a mother and her sons from Tremithus near Golgoi in Cyprus may be as late as the Augustan age. This Cypriote School, with its grand Græco-Oriental seriousness, had many ramifications, one of which, the Palyrene, represented in the Museum by a characteristic series of priests and priestesses, lasted down to the third century A.D. The whole of the ancient civilised world, Egypt, Syria, Etruria, and finally Rome, was now drawn into the Hellenistic orbit.

The new artistic sympathies are evident in the interest now taken in the non-European races—in Egyptians and



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Æthiopians, for instance, or in African negroes. Among the rich series of portraits from the temple of Apollo at Cyrene, the finest is the bronze head of an African in the Bronze Room (No. 268). Here the racial type is given without exaggeration; the technique is masterly; and, as in the Mausolus, the artist has passed beyond the limits of Hellenic pride and represented the 'barbarian' as he is. Though of fourth-century date, this bronze, as seems only natural from its African provenance, possesses traits in common with the Græco-Egyptian mummy portraits on wood or linen which so vividly illustrate the Greek handling of foreign types. This class of picture, familiar through the great series found by Prof. Flinders Petrie in the Fayoum, is well represented in the Egyptian collections on the first floor of the Museum, where, among many excellent examples, the exquisitely lovely portrait of the young Artemidorus, in its brilliant red sheath, at once commands attention (No. 21,810). Few if any of these panels are earlier than the Principate of Claudius; but the school held its own down to the third century A.D., and provides an incomparable gallery of portraits from the Græco-Roman world. On the one hand, as the Russian archæologist, M. de Grueneisen, shows in his able monograph '*Le Portrait*,' it is linked up with the lost portrait painting of the Greeks, and on the other with the portrait art of the later Empire, both Pagan and Christian.

The transformations of Hellenistic portrait painting under the Roman Empire form no part of my present subject, but we may in conclusion glance at the final phase. The impressive portraiture of the Catacombs, such as the lady Turtura from the catacomb of Commodilla (A.D. 523), and the great Imperial groups in mosaic, like those at Ravenna of Justinian and Theodora surrounded by their court, bear witness to a new efflorescence of portraiture in the sixth century A.D., in which the dominating element is once more essentially Greek. The desire on the part of artists for what De Grueneisen calls '*formulas of simplification*,' had, so far back as the second century, tended to the creation of a new decorative style of portraiture, of which the leading characteristic was a return to the frontal view of primitive Greek art. That is to say, '*frontality*' became, as in

the archaic periods, the basic principle of composition; but individual traits that could lend character or animation to figure, gesture, or even pose, continued to be carefully studied. And that the graces of naturalism were not disowned is clear from the appealing beauty of the Theodora in the San Vitale group. It is as if the art of the old Ionian masters had come to life again in these imperial mosaics, enriched by the experience of the intervening centuries in the rendering of likeness and expression.

With the introduction of Christianity, portrait statues had been gradually banned as too suggestive of the cult of images forbidden by Christian dogma. Hence Greek portraiture, which began in sculpture, may be said to have ended in painting; but the last phase is no less glorious and significant than the first. So late as the eighth century, a school with an unbroken Greek tradition behind it produced the imposing throng of Popes and other ecclesiastical personages depicted on the walls of Santa Maria Antiqua in the Forum. But here we are on the threshold of Carolingian art and the period of Charlemagne, and thus find, at the moment of transition from the old world to the new, the spirit of the ancient Greek portraitists active and vital still.

EUGÉNIE STRONG.

## Art. 3.—THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS.

1. *The Golden Ass of Apuleius, translated out of Latin by William Adlington, anno 1566.* With an introduction by Charles Whibley (Tudor Translations). David Nutt, 1893.
2. *The Golden Asse of Apuleius.* Done into English by William Adlington. With an introduction by Thomas Seecombe. Grant Richards, 1913.
3. *The Apologia and Florida of Apuleius of Madaura.* Translated by H. E. Butler. Oxford University Press, 1909.
4. *Apulei Apologia.* With introduction and commentary by H. E. Butler and A. S. Owen. Oxford University Press, 1914.

IN Latin literature two works of prose fiction, and only two, have survived. One is the 'Satyricon' of Petronius, the other 'The Golden Ass' of Apuleius. Their fates have been widely different. In originality the two writers can hardly be compared. By the side of Petronius, Apuleius may seem to be little more than an ingenious decorator of borrowed material. Yet, for centuries, the literary world neglected the humorous realism of the 'Satyricon' for the picturesque romanticism of 'The Golden Ass.' Few if any works of prose fiction have enjoyed so great and continuous a popularity as the Latin romance; none have entered more largely into serious and momentous discussions.

More fortunate than the 'Satyricon,' 'The Golden Ass' has been handed down in its entirety. It owed its preservation, partly, no doubt, to accident, partly to its intrinsic interest as a story, partly to the local celebrity of its author as an Admirable Crichton of learning and eloquence, partly, and most of all, to his reputation as a wonder-working magician. His miraculous powers were ranked in popular estimation with those of Apollonius of Tyana. They were the boast of the champions of paganism. In his own person—for Apuleius identified himself with the adventures of his hero—the author had been transformed into an ass and recovered his human shape. Christianity itself could boast no greater miracle. On these and other grounds, 'The Golden Ass' has played

a part in theological controversy from the third to the 18th century, and exercised the minds of champions of Christianity from St Augustine to Bishop Warburton. By its narrative power and pictorial richness it took by storm the romantic world of the early and the late Renaissance. Boccaccio drew from it some of his inspiration. It was one of the first books to be printed (1469). From it, in all probability, Cervantes borrowed. Translated into the principal languages of Europe, it was known to English readers in the admirable version of the Elizabethan William Adlington. On the one hand, it appealed by its erudite preciousness of elaborated phrase to the Euphuists; on the other, it called down a special outpouring of the wrath of Puritan writers like Stephen Gosson. In later times, students of religious observances and ritual have recognised the value of its description of the worship of Isis. Historians have ransacked its pages for vivid details of the manners and customs of the provinces in the second century of the Roman Empire. Melancthon thought that the language of Apuleius resembled the braying of his own ass; but philologists have never ceased to explore the collection of archaic, obsolete, vernacular, and newly coined words which are so carefully gathered and patiently compounded into his elaborate Asianic style. And, perhaps above all, the 'most pleasaunt and delectable tale of the Marriage of Cupide and Psyche' has not only delighted lovers of folk-lore, but fascinated the imagination of painters, musicians, and sculptors, of masters of prose like Walter Pater, and of a long line of poets which ends with the present laureate.

The early life of Apuleius is known in outline from the speech which he delivered in his own defence against the charge of magic, supplemented by such biographical details as may be safely gathered from 'The Golden Ass' and his other works. Born about 125 A.D.\* in the highly Romanised city of Madaura in Africa, he was the son of a wealthy magnate from whom he inherited a considerable fortune. In the schools of his birthplace he learnt

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\* The dates are those accepted by Messrs Butler and Owen in their edition of the 'Apologia.'



his rudiments. At Carthage he advanced to rhetoric. In the University of Athens he studied philosophy, especially Plato, and cultivated the nine muses, as he says himself, 'with more will than skill.' His mind inclined strongly to the investigation of the channels of communication between the seen and unseen worlds, between the gods and their creatures. These were the mysteries which his romantic temperament delighted to explore. All those psychical phenomena which would now be described as telepathic, auto-suggestive, hypnotic, or subliminal, fascinated his imagination. They stimulated his curiosity to inquire into divinations and auguries, the predictions of soothsayers, and all the occult powers which wizards and witches claimed to exercise. Probably these researches inspired his extensive travels in Asia Minor; they certainly suggested his initiation into many mysterious rites of religion, and especially into those of Isis and Osiris at Corinth and Rome.

Still under thirty years of age, he returned to settle in Africa, bringing with him vast stores of miscellaneous if superficial learning, and a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of existence which time and study had rather stimulated than satisfied. A facile, showy speaker, he speedily made his name as an advocate, but still more as a popular lecturer, travelling from city to city and attracting large audiences. On one of his journeys he fell sick at Tripoli. There he remained many months, and there (about 155 A.D.) he married a wealthy widow named Pudentilla, the mother of a fellow-student at Athens. So far as the lady was concerned, there was nothing extraordinary in the marriage. She wanted to marry again, and her son was anxious that his friend should become his stepfather. On the other hand, the bridegroom was several years younger than the bride, good-looking, apparently something of a fop, already famous, and fairly well off. The marriage settlements were generous in their protection of the interests of the two stepsons. So far as the material advantages went, Apuleius gained little; and no sorcery seems necessary to explain the attraction of Pudentilla towards her suitor. But the bride's relations resented the possible loss of her money to the family. Some three years after the wedding, they tried to set the marriage aside, on the

ground that Apuleius had procured it by the exercise of magical powers. In a similar fashion, probably, the witch-finders of Würzburg or the Cotton Mathers of New England used popular superstitions to further private ends.

The charge was serious. Put upon his trial, Apuleius conducted his own defence. He had no difficulty in disposing of the specific accusation, and in exposing the motives of his accusers. But he did not attempt to meet the more general charge. On the contrary, he did not conceal that he was deeply interested, and had even dabbled, in matters akin to the subject of the accusation. He confesses his faith in divinations and the powers of magicians. He admits a knowledge of the use of a medium, and does not disguise his belief that human beings, in temporary trances, may be so divorced from the trammels of the flesh as to return to their divine immortal nature and foretell future events. Among the charges against him was the possession of mysterious 'somethings' which he carefully concealed. In reply he acknowledges that he jealously guarded from the eyes of the profane the sacred emblems of the religious mysteries into which he had been admitted. On such admissions, in the 17th century, it would have gone hardly with Apuleius. The second century was more enlightened or more indifferent. He carried the Court with him when he took the war into his opponent's camp. Surely, he urged, the reverence of things divine is better than the mockery of the prosecutor—a man who never entered a temple, never uttered a prayer, never acknowledged a shrine with a kiss of his hand, and on the whole of his land had neither anointed stone nor garlanded bough. His speech appears to have secured his triumphant acquittal.

Throughout the whole course of the trial, neither Apuleius nor his accuser mentions 'The Golden Ass.' In some respects the book seems to be a youthful work, though the argument which is drawn from the exuberance of the style is ineffective. At any period of his life Apuleius would probably have adopted the same literary device to raise the level of the story. But, if the book had been in existence, and published, at the time of the trial, it seems difficult to explain why it was not used

against the author. The silence becomes the more inexplicable when it is remembered that Apuleius identifies himself with the hero of his story. On this strong, but purely negative, evidence is based the opposing view that the book was written, or at all events published, later than the trial, that is at some period subsequent to A.D. 158.

Henceforward Apuleius seems to have fixed his headquarters at Carthage. There, in his lifetime, a statue was erected in his honour, as the city's tribute to his learning and eloquence. There, also, he became *sacerdos provinciae*, privileged, like Thiasus in 'The Golden Ass,' to supply at his own cost public shows in the theatre, and to 'bie excellent beastes and valiant fighters for the purpose.' There he lectured on a wide range of subjects, popularising, among other topics, the natural histories of Aristotle and Pliny. Among his audience may well have been Tertullian, himself a native of the African Tyre, afterwards his rival in the mastery of the rhetorical style which Apuleius made the fashion of the day. It is not altogether fanciful to suppose that the African rhetorician who contributed not a little to the reaction in favour of the ancient faiths, and the first great writer in Latin who embraced Christianity, should have thus met as teacher and pupil. The brilliant young Tertullian, born about the middle of the second century, and carefully trained in rhetoric, must almost inevitably have been one of those who crowded the lecture room of the popular lecturer.

At Carthage, also, Apuleius expounded with lavish exuberance of balanced phrases, his philosophical theories of intermediate spirits. At the University of Athens he had been known as the Madauran Platonist. But he had strayed far from Plato's idealism. His true spiritual ancestor was Plutarch. From him he borrowed, and it was his theory which he modernised. As he conceived of the Universe, there could be, and there was, no contact between the One Supreme Ultimate God, or the celestial Deputies who were his emanations, and the mortal dwellers upon the earth. Yet the affairs of men were ceaselessly cared for by the gods. There were links between the divine and human elements. If there was no contact, there yet were channels of communication. Between the

two extremes of existence were intermediate powers of a mixed nature, mediators between gods and men, carriers between heaven and earth, bearers from one to the other of prayers and bounties, supplications and blessings. Stronger than mortals, these powers partake both of the divine and the human; they are capable of rising into gods, and are recruited from the spirits of men. They are disembodied souls, susceptible to human passions, pains and pleasures, some good and kindly, others evil and malignant. The whole material world of men and things is eloquent with souls; the air quivers and vibrates with sympathetic intelligences. Nor are they mere abstractions. In ordinary conditions the human vision is too clouded and the human ear too dull to behold or bear this celestial company. But in certain circumstances of the mind and body these spirits are visible to the eye; and it is they who reveal the future to mortals by dreams, signs, oracles, visions, miracles. No possible channels of communication, therefore, should be neglected; all should be investigated and explored.

It was from this point of view that Apuleius studied the obscure phenomena of human existence. Psychological problems not only excited his emotional curiosity; their manifestations formed part of his philosophy. His early life, as well as the evidence at his trial, show the depth of his interest in these obscure subjects. Their mysteries attracted and fired his imagination. But his temperament, at once romantic and superstitious, was not that of a man of science. He wished to strengthen beliefs, not to establish proofs. His mind, receptive rather than original or independent, had not the critical or analytic detachment of the investigator. At no special pains to discriminate between truth and falsehood, he suspends his critical faculties, and lets himself go. The influence of this spirit world, it may be suggested, supplies the key to one of the chief charms of 'The Golden Ass.' No other book in Greek or Latin conveys so impressive a feeling of atmosphere. Many centuries had to pass before, in this peculiar quality, Apuleius found a rival. He is so steeped in the supernatural that it has become a part of his being. His conviction that mortals are surrounded by hosts of unseen intermediaries, both good and evil, was strong and genuine. On this side, at any rate, his

affectations, his artificialities, his supreme literary consciousness, as it were, slip off him. He becomes spontaneous, natural, primary.

It is the strength and sincerity of his belief that contribute to the story the sense of mystery and the touch of strangeness which are the soul of romance. From the moment when Lucius, riding by night through the hills of Thessaly, hears the grim story of Socrates, the air is heavy with sorcery; it thrills with witchcraft. Since the flight of Medea the country has been the home of Black Magic. There, as Plutarch records, witches are able to bring down the moon herself out of the heavens, and make her their instrument. Every breath that Lucius breathes is laden with spells and enchantments. In Hypata, the midmost town of Thessaly, we almost feel, with the hero, that nothing is really what it seems; that stones and chirping birds, and trees and running water are human beings transformed; that oxen and other dumb beasts might speak and tell strange news. It is quite possible, and even probable, that Apuleius mocks at those who meddled too closely with these dangerous obscurities. But it is none the less true that he himself shared the insatiate curiosity of his hero, Lucius, to explore the mysteries by which we are surrounded.

Apart from the impression of the supernatural atmosphere, 'The Golden Ass,' in its own class of romantic fiction, is superior to its Greek rivals. But an original story it is not. Its idea, framework, and many of its incidents and details are borrowed, either directly or indirectly, from a Greek work which has perished—'The Metamorphoses' of Lucius of Patras. On this lost book is also founded 'The Luciad or the Ass,' once attributed to Lucian of Samosata. Whether Apuleius copied from Lucius or from Lucian is an open question. It is, however, of little consequence. From whatever source Apuleius borrowed his materials, he has so enriched them as to make them his own. A master-hand at telling a story, he narrates episode after episode in the adventures of Lucius in the best and most lively manner of the Italian *novelle*. The comparison seems less of an anachronism because the fantastic luxuriance of his methods appears to be centuries

removed from the statuesque severity of the classical era. Keenly sensitive to the artistic value of words, he ransacks the spoken and written vocabulary to find vivid picture-making phrases, pushing the elaboration of his style beyond the verge of literary foppishness. His love of colour, heightened, perhaps, by his African parentage, shows itself in the richness and warmth of his pictorial effects; jewels, tissues, marbles glow with variegated and distinctive hues. Both style and colour are appropriate to the romantic story; they harmonise with its incidents. The subject is so bizarre, that it needs a bizarre setting. Incidents, which would appear intolerably fantastic if told with greater restraint and depicted in more subdued tones, lose the effect of extravagance from the gorgeousness of the language and the blaze of colour. By the side of Apuleius, the best of the Greek romancers, Heliodorus, is cold, insipid, and lacking in distinction. Yet the difference between him and his Greek rivals is rather one of quality than of kind. Apuleius brings before us a picturesque group of every degree in social life. But none of his figures is realistic in the same sense as the strongly individualised characters in the 'Satyricon.' Goddess and donkey-boy, high-priest and waiting-woman, the baker's wife and the great lady of a provincial city, are all Euphuists of the second century. All speak the highly ornate and artificial language of the African rhetorician.

'The Golden Ass' is, as has been said, borrowed from a Greek original. It is a copy, and often a very close one. But Apuleius is not always content to borrow. He adds innumerable incidents, details, and episodes of his own. Among his longer additions are the story of Socrates and the witches, the tale of the noseless man, the assassination of the wine-skins, the mock trial of the assassin, and the picturesque and vivid description of the worship of Isis. Above all, he has introduced the immortal irrelevance of the story of Cupid and Psyche. It is in the robbers' cave that the crooked old hag, who keeps house for the bandits, tells the tale to solace a captive maiden, and the Ass, 'not standing farre of, was not a litle sory in that I lacked penne and inke to write so worthy a tale.'

The story seems to be, in various forms, one of the

oldest in the world; none is more widely disseminated throughout the human race. Had it been current in Italy at the time of Ovid, he would assuredly have put it to use. Where Apuleius found it, is uncertain. He may have brought it back with him from his Eastern travels; and possibly the suggestion of the jealous sisters that the unseen lover is a serpent may point to its Indian origin. Artistically, the introduction of the story may be a blemish in 'The Golden Ass.' If so, its beauty more than atones. Apuleius decorates the simple story with all the adornments that his rich fancy suggests. But in his own fashion he tells it exquisitely, with a delicate idealism which is in striking contrast with the coarseness of many other passages. By identifying the unseen lover with Cupid he links the story with mythology. His choice of the name Psyche gives him at once definiteness and symbolical meaning. If in his vivid narrative of episodes in the adventures of Lucius he may be compared with Boccaccio, he may, in his handling of the fairy-story, be contrasted with Hans Andersen. Psyche fails in the test of obedience. She cannot resist the natural impulse to see the face of her unseen lover, the father of her child that is to be. The bride of Love himself, she loses him by her fatal curiosity. As she wanders in search of her lost Cupid, she suffers grievous trials at the hands of his jealous mother. Nature conspires to help her to triumph over the tests. The ants sort into their different kinds the heap of mingled grain. The reed by the water's edge tells her how to win the wool of the golden sheep. The eagle brings her the vessel filled with water from the spring that is guarded by sleepless dragons. Even the tower, from which in her despair she is about to cast herself, finds voice to reveal to her the secret of passing to and from the house of Proserpine. There comes at length a happy ending to her troubles. Reunited to Cupid, pardoned by Venus, she drinks from the hand of Jove himself the cup of immortality.

'The Golden Ass' itself is a story of strange adventures. Consumed by a passion to investigate the miracles of witchcraft, Lucius has travelled to Thessaly as to the Mecca of magic. At Hypata he lodges with the miser Milo and his wife, Pamphile. Their pretty servant,



Fotis, becomes his mistress. One evening Fotis comes running to tell Lucius that Pamphile is preparing to change herself into a bird, in order that she may work her sorceries where she lists. Through a chink of the door at midnight, he watches the witch at her work. First she stripped herself stark naked. Then taking from a chest a box, she rubbed herself with ointment from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, muttering to herself over her lamp, and jerking and shaking her limbs. Presently soft feathers began to clothe her body. Her nose hardened and curved into a beak; her fingers crooked into claws; Pamphile had become an owl. She uttered a screech, made trial of herself by little leaps from the floor, and then in full flight flew through the open window, and was gone. Lucius, eager to attempt the same change, prays Fotis to procure him the ointment. She goes into the witch's chamber and brings him a box from the coffer. He hurries back to his room, rubs himself with the ointment, and is transformed, not into a bird; but into 'a plaine Ass.' Fotis consoles him by telling him that, if he eats a rose, he will recover his human shape. The adversity will endure only for the night; at daybreak she will bring him the roses. He is led to the stable, where he is kicked by his own horse, and cudgelled by his own groom. In the night robbers break into Milo's house, load Lucius with their booty, and drive him up the mountains to their cave. Robbers, in fear of pursuit, forget that 'an ass will bear his own burden, but not a double load.' Each successive owner through whose hands he passes is equally forgetful. Overladen, overdriven, menaced with mutilation, cruelly beaten, Lucius pays dearly for his curiosity. Bitter experience teaches him that roses do not strew the path of a beast of burden. Unlike Bottom, he is not bewildered by his translation. He clearly understands the nature of the metamorphosis, and how it has happened. His human mind and brain remain. But he has lost the power of human speech, and has not obtained in exchange the tough hide or digestion of the ass. He cannot, like the practical weaver, take kindly to his strange provender, with 'a good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.' It is his natural craving for human food which, in the end,

secures him the comforts of life, and indirectly procures his restoration to human shape.

The story of the Ass is full of thrills. Never was a robber cave more exciting than that of the Thessalian hills, never a robber captain more chivalrously gallant than Lamathus. There are horrors of every kind. There are passages of indecency copied from the Greek original, and, to the credit of Apuleius, somewhat modified in the process. Intermingled with the polychrome ingredients of the story are many lighter touches. There is humour in the way in which Lucius speaks of himself as 'my ass,' and in the detached attitude which he assumes to the animal whose form he inhabits. He is half-amused at his failure to pronounce the complete formula which would summon all citizens to his aid. His 'O' is sonorously sounded, but 'Cæsar' refuses to be brayed intelligibly. He consoles himself for the length of his ears by the reflexion that they enable him to overhear the whispers of the baker's wife. On the other hand, he forgets them to his undoing. Hidden from the soldiers by the gardener, he peeps slyly out of the room in which he is concealed. But his huge shadow on the wall betrays him; and 'the Ass and his shadow' became a proverb. So also there is comedy in the beginning of the penultimate scene. Passing from owner to owner, the ass has been sold to two brothers, one of whom was the cook, the other the baker, of a wealthy Thessalonian. They stored the dainty food which remained over from their lord's table in the chamber which they shared with the ass. Whenever they were out of the room, he was not 'so much a fool, or so very an Asse to leave the deintie meates and grinde my teeth upon harde hey.' The stores of food disappear. At first the puzzled brothers suspected one another of being the thief. But at last, seeing that the ass grew day by day fatter and sleeker, and that his provender lay untouched in the manger, they began to suspect him. They watched, and caught him in the act of devouring their chickens and cheesecakes. Like Tristram Shandy, they hugely enjoy the jest of seeing 'how an ass would eat a macaroon.' But, as they cannot themselves afford to finance the diversion, they call in their master. Highly delighted with the sight, he makes a pet of the four-footed epicure.

His fame spreads. The ass becomes a lion, and is ridden to Corinth to be exhibited in the amphitheatre at the public games.

Up to this point, with the exceptions noted, Apuleius has closely followed the Greek original. The story is practically the same in its incidents as 'The Luciad or the Ass.' While preparations are being made for the disgusting exhibition in which he is to figure, the ass slips out of the gate and escapes to the sea-shore. There by moonlight he prays fervently to the Queen of Heaven to release him from his animal form. While he sleeps, he beholds in a vision the goddess rise out of the sea. She reveals herself to him under her 'true name, Queen Isis,' as the Mother of Nature, essentially one in her godhead, worshipped throughout the whole world by many titles, under diverse aspects and with many different rites. She tells him that, 'at to-morrow's celebration of her mysteries, her priest will bear in his right hand a garland of roses, flowers mystically associated with the honour of women. If Lucius crops them, he will regain his human shape. All passes as Isis has foretold. The day itself seemed to rejoice. 'For after the horefrost,' so Adlington translates the passage, 'ensued the whote and temperat Sunne, whereby the litle birdes, wening that the spring time had ben come, did chirp and sing in their steven melodiously.' The solemn procession sweeps through the streets. The ass, eagerly waiting in the crowd, watched for the priest, who, admonished by the goddess, thrust out the garland of roses. And, as Lucius eats, the ass's shape slips from him, and he is restored to human form.

Thenceforward he consecrates his life to the service of the goddess, dedicates himself to chastity, and becomes enrolled as a soldier in her warfare. Many visions are vouchsafed. From the lips of Queen Isis, or of the 'Sovereigne Father of all the Goddes,' Osiris, the reformed Lucius learns the will of Heaven. He journeys to Rome, where he passes from stage to stage of initiation into the sacred mysteries. He approaches the borders of Hell; he treads the very threshold of Proserpina; he is rapt through all the elements; at midnight he sees the bright shining of the sun; in its dazzling light he beholds Gods of the heaven above and

Gods of the earth below, and in their sight and presence he worships. He bears the heavy expense of his ascent in the religious hierarchy with cheerful readiness, for Osiris himself has promised to the 'poore man of Madaura' the temporal blessings of rich forensic triumphs. Undeterred by the cost, he continues his advance from degree to degree, until at length, as one of the shrine-bearers of Osiris, with closely shaven crown, he joyfully performs his sacred duties in the ancient 'Pallaice' of Sulla. So ends 'The Golden Ass.'

The conclusion of 'The Golden Ass' is added by Apuleius himself to the original story. In the arduous services of religion the reformed Lucius finds his salvation. By the sudden turn which Apuleius thus gives to his tale, he lifts it to a higher plane. The abrupt change and the unexpected elevation of the tone suggest the question whether the book is only a brilliant piece of nonsense, or whether a thread of serious purpose runs through the humorous absurdities, the burlesque terrors, the animal coarseness of 'The Golden Ass.' It is impossible to answer such a question satisfactorily, because so little is known of the true beliefs of the author. But the narrative of the passion of Lucius for Fotis, his metamorphosis into a brute beast, his accumulated sufferings, his recovery of a human shape through the intervention of the goddess, and his consecration of the remainder of his life to her service, obviously lend themselves to allegorical interpretation. Midway in the book comes another addition by Apuleius. Imbedded in the strange setting of his wild tale of adventure is the fairy-story of 'Cupid and Psyche' through which runs a similar vein of allegory. Both may be interpreted as the purification and ascent of the human soul. In both cases, fortunately, the tale itself triumphs over its symbolic interpretation. Apuleius is too good a storyteller to allow his attention to be distracted by any subordinate purpose. His artistic sense would have repelled him from such a division of aim. Nor is this all. To suggest that he is a deliberate allegorist would be to claim for him a piety of intention which the general tone of the book belies. Yet it seems probable that throughout he allows himself to play, not indeed with allegory, but with the idea of a higher meaning,

In this connexion the first few lines of the book may be significant. Lucius introduces himself as being, on his mother's side, of 'the ligne of that most excellent person Plutarche.' This strange piece of genealogy, which is another addition made by Apuleius, is put conspicuously in the forefront. The statement may, of course, only mean that Apuleius, who identifies himself with Lucius, acknowledges his spiritual descent from Plutarch as the father of his theory of demonic intermediaries. Or it may also indicate that, as is here suggested, the story will be handled after the manner of Plutarch, with a due regard to its ethical value. At first sight no two men seem more dissimilar than the African rhetorician and the Greek biographer. A kindly, simple-minded country gentleman, Plutarch was content to live in a decayed city of a depopulated Greece, spending a busy and useful public life in local administration, and, innocent of all rhetorical artifices, writing his garrulous, rambling, immortal Lives. All this is in startling contrast with the career of Apuleius. But in their interest in the relations between divine and human natures the two men meet on common ground.

To the ancient ancestral faiths Plutarch was bound by every tie which attached him so closely to the land of his fathers. For him every mystery of polytheism, every ritual form, every ceremonial observance, every popular myth or legend, however gross or perverted they might be, yet enshrined some essential truth inspired by the gods. It was on this line of defence that paganism was entrenching itself against attack. It is difficult to imagine that Apuleius approached these questions from Plutarch's starting-point of reverent conservatism. But, by whatever road he travelled, he had reached the same position. The most fantastic rite of the religions into which he had been initiated might be a real means of access; every ceremonial, however gross, by which the simplest country-folk invoked the interposition of the gods, might be a true channel of communication; oracles, divinations, auguries might prove to be open avenues of inspiration and revelation. No myth or tradition, however extravagant, was wholly without a core of divine truth. If any ritual or observance was from its cruelty or obscenity wholly indefensible, it might be the

work of the malignant or revengeful demons who were among the host of intermediaries. So here, in Plutarch's manner, he applies to the materials of his romance the same methods, and brings to bear the same habit of mind. In some lost Greek manuscript he has found the wild legend of a popular belief which is credited far and wide. In his wanderings he has heard, perhaps from the lips of some ancient beldame like the robbers' house-keeper, a fairy-story which circulates throughout the world. He seizes on the ethical value both of the popular legend and of the fragment of folk-lore. He retells both as in outline he had found them; he leaves them structurally unchanged; he obtrudes no interpretation. But with the deft touch of a literary master—in the one case by the choice of a name, in the other by the consecration of his hero's life—he suggests their deeper meaning, and claims for both the expression of a moral truth. Only in this limited and remote sense can 'The Golden Ass' be regarded as an allegory. It remains what it was meant to be—a story, and a story so brilliantly told that a farce is transformed into a romance.

ERNLE.



## Art. 4.—SIR ALFRED LYALL AND INDIAN PROBLEMS.

1. *Asiatic Studies, Religious and Social.* By Sir Alfred Lyall. Murray, 1899.
2. *Studies in Literature and History.* By the late Sir Alfred Lyall. Murray, 1915.
3. *Verses written in India.* By Sir Alfred Lyall. Kegan Paul, 1896.
4. *Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms, presented to both Houses of Parliament.* [Cd. 9190.] H.M. Stationery Office, 1918.
5. *Views of the Government of India upon the Reports of Lord Southborough's Committees.* [Cmd. 176.] H.M. Stationery Office, 1919.
6. *Indian Nationality.* By R. N. Gilchrist. With introduction by Prof. Ramsay Muir. Longmans, 1920.

OF all the political writers who adorned the past generation, it would be difficult to name any one who represented what was best in the spirit of the later 19th century more finely than the poet, thinker, and historian who was Sir Alfred Lyall. To those who study, amid the stormy controversies of the day, his all-too scanty remains, there may well come a poignant sense of the need of the present generation for the true, historic poise of thought characteristic of that unique mind. It is an irony of time that an age may be led by the whole character of its ventures into the untried, both in thought and action, indeed by what is strongest in itself, to scorn, if not utterly to forget, that part of its immediate past which it most profoundly needs for its guidance. The very personalities which are the most exquisite products of the travail and discovery, the greatness and sorrows of one age, and which could most perfectly convey its teaching and message to the next, often signify to it little or nothing. This is especially true of the relations between the Victorian era and its successor. An age has dawned in which the desire to *make* history, to apply human thought with greater effect to the refashioning of the conditions of existence, has arisen with a force hitherto unknown.

For such an age the most valuable gift which the



19th century had to bestow would have been the culminating result of its finest work in historic study, along with its greatest practical experience, and the philosophic reflexion on the idea of evolution in both those spheres. But it is just this quality of thought, and the outlook belonging to it, which the 20th century, in spite of the high level of historical scholarship maintained, seems most incapable of absorbing. It desires to shake itself free from those influences that would suggest the impossibility of wholly new developments. It dreads the shadow of the past, which, falling upon new constructions, may reveal in them the eternal human, the tendency to become 'custom deep as life' and instruments of servitude instead of freedom. It cannot recognise that only those who drink deep of History can gain that spiritual elasticity which is necessary to the constructive age, because History renders possible a living realisation of modes of consciousness and forms of thought other than those to which we are habituated.

But this freedom of the historic spirit is not, as a rule, to be acquired merely by the scientific study of History in the cloister, even though that study should include the records of many civilisations. It seems essential to its acquisition that the study of the past should be combined with a vivid sense of the existence to-day of civilisations different in quality, trend, and ideals from that to which we belong. In order to gain the priceless possession of the imagination which removes the barrier between our own familiar daylight world and the twilight of other races and ages, we must sit at the feet of the few men of genius, who, having lived and worked amongst peoples far removed in thought from our mental habits, can also see with their eyes and interpret their spirit. Unless this barrier is surmounted, the ideas which shape themselves in the study will not issue to modify the influence which our position forces us to exert over the destinies of men and women whose true character is obscured, for the majority of Englishmen, either by the mist of distance or by the false glare due to refusal to admit unlikeness. In order to realise the significance of the question whether, on the foundation of unlike pasts, different peoples can raise the structure of a future similar in spiritual or political essentials, we

must learn to appreciate the life of a community growing in the shadow of its own past and tending towards its own future. In other words, its course should be perceived in the direct way in which we perceive the life and death, the being and activities, of a handful of individuals as a basis for our philosophy of man. And this is not possible without sympathetic experience of civilisations other than our own.

It is difficult to think of any work which can supply what is lacking to the atmosphere of our historic study and the temper of our constructive efforts so well as the few volumes, mostly brief collections of essays on Eastern problems, left by Sir Alfred Lyall. But, powerful as is the effect produced on the mind by these studies, especially those which deal with Indian conditions, we must turn, to complete it, to the little volume of 'Verses written in India'—blossoms of poetic insight in a strenuous life of highly responsible work. Something more intimate than knowledge seems to be conveyed even by the prose-writings, but the poems supply the vision, in which knowledge, as it were, becomes sight for the imagination as well as for the intellect. It is Lyall's whole mental attitude which possesses such supreme value, whether for the student or the statesman. Not merely with a view to the better understanding of the questions peculiar to India should his writings be pondered, certainly not in order to draw from them any one set of conclusions touching the ideal method of meeting immediate issues. The spirit of these studies should teach us to expect problems ever new to develop out of the relations between East and West; and in the present hour, when the British nation as a whole is more responsible than has been any democracy in history for the future development of a great people far remote from it in all the factors of national evolution, there could not be a better introduction than they afford to the study it is morally bound to undertake.

Lyall's method in the selection and arrangement of his impressions of Eastern civilisation may be described as that of the man of action who never ceases to be a thinker, the thinker who has lived and worked with many men of many types, and is profoundly interested in mankind. But, more than this, it is the method of the

seer, who sees into the deeper sources of human action, sources behind the differentiated impulses we speak of—this as the struggle to survive, that as the hunger and thirst after righteousness—sources of man's mixed being indescribable unless through the poet's art. In him might be recognised the spirit which is most characteristic of English thought, too conscious of limitations to lend itself much to systems, speaking rather through the elusive medium of poetry, which is alone capable of capturing the finer and more evanescent glimpses of truth. But his poetic sense of the 'tears in mortal things' gained its strength in the sphere of social philosophy because of its far-reaching nature. It is not only the things of individual lives, but the things of racial fate, the rise and fall of tribes and peoples, like bubbles forming and dissolving on the stream of destiny, of which one thinks when applying to him the words '*mentem mortalia tangunt.*' And there is possibly more truth in this emotion than in the feelings aroused by the modern conception of the movement of progress.

It is in the letters written under the pseudonym of Vamadeo Shastri that Lyall's unequalled power of entering into the inner spirit of two civilisations is best seen, at a perfection only surpassed perhaps in a few lines and stanzas of those poems which bewitch us into the illusion that we know the inheritance of æons of thought and feeling alien from our own. There is here revealed to us the extraordinarily complex mental and moral situation which has come about from the interaction of British and Indian civilisations. We cease for the time to regard India from the ordinary political standpoints, whether that of Imperialism towards the great Dependency, or that for which the word 'India' means a vast multitude of fellow-creatures to whom we are privileged to introduce the ideals of democratic liberty. Vamadeo Shastri's treatment of the episode of Arjuna at the opening of the Bhagavadgita awakens our minds to the secret of the contrast between the spirit of India and that of the West, for what is here illustrated is the instinctive attitude of a people to the peculiar problem of humanity, the relation between thought and action. In Arjuna we have a hero 'on the brink of a desperate battle,' 'communing with divinity,' and

'persuaded that he does well to fight, not by promise of victory or sanction of the justice of his cause, but by a demonstration that life and death, the slayer and the slain, are philosophically indistinguishable. That the incongruity of such dissertations in the very poise and imminent collision of battle should not have damaged the great popularity of the poem shows, I would point out, what repose the Hindu mind has drawn, at all times and in all places, from the solace of Pantheism.'

The supposed Brahman is represented as turning to the greatest English genius for a parallel. In Shakespeare's poetry he finds 'strange flashes into the depths of mysticism'; and 'Macbeth, hemmed in by his foes and hopelessly at bay, falls suddenly musing upon to-morrow and yesterday and reflects that life is after all full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' For the English cast of thought it is in the ensuing furious activity that the drama culminates, but for the Hindu the 'war-notes and battle-pieces' prelude a 'dialogue upon the true knowledge that is attainable by complete mental abstraction from the world of sense.'

Of the teaching of Indian philosophy we have heard from other European scholars. The unique quality of Lyall's interpretation of the subject and its far-reaching practical importance lie in the way in which he brings home to us that this philosophy is the self-conscious expression, the explanation, as it were, by the higher reason of the race, of an attitude that belongs to the soul of the people, and affects their whole outlook upon life. Thus we are told not only that the arguments of Mr Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief' are unnecessary to convince the higher Brahman intelligence of the deceptive nature of sense-perception, but also that the

'simple Indian folk will not be much interested by the news that the whole order of creation to which they belong is to be annihilated within a measurable period. They have never set an inordinate value on the short and sorrowful days passed under this burning sun, while for heaven or hell they have little care, desiring only to be rid of sensitive existence in any shape.'

It is when we turn to the moral ideal born of this habit of thought that the practical significance of the

mental attitude is disclosed. The Western conception of progress is associated with the attribution of a value to the interests and pleasures of the world which is strange to the original Hindu outlook; the virtue of asceticism so strongly inculcated by Indian teaching would be derided, if not destroyed, by the modern spirit in its most characteristic expression. In attempting to appreciate the ideals of a people we must see these ideas in their place in the fabric of its culture and sentiments, depending upon climate, environment, history, customs, pursuits, in fact the whole of its spiritual organism. Is it possible to disturb a part of this without changing the whole? or can we introduce the higher result of another people's experience without, by bringing in also the lower, taking from the invaded people that which is its own best? In giving us a vivid realisation of the anxiety tending to pessimism with which a high-souled Brahman might be conceived to watch the effect of the growing wave of Western ideas upon the Hindu mind, and his apprehension of the 'spiritual anarchy' to which it might lead, we are not indeed to infer that Sir Alfred Lyall expresses his own view as to the possibility of Western ideals ultimately taking the place of those sprung from the soil and the life-blood of India. But he enables us to comprehend that ideas transplanted may modify their form, and even their character and significance, when entering a new spiritual and moral complex, and may produce unforeseen effects.

Let us suppose that the line of thought thus started leads to reflexion on the Western conception of freedom, since this is at the root of our social and political energy. How much this owes to the religious idea of the worth of the person, modern democracy does not appear to realise. The development of the cherished ideal of Anglo-Saxon civilisation into the strong and intense conception of personality which is the guiding-star of a great part of the present schemes of reconstruction seems to us to have followed a necessary course, compelled by the inner dialectic of the idea. The value of the individual has become axiomatic, a first principle of reform. This thought was provided by a religion which came from the East, but to whose evolution the practical spirit of the West has contributed much. More than a thousand

stormy years of European history, uncertainly lighted by the unattainable purity of the Christian ideal, went to the making of the Kantian principle, the noblest deliverance of man upon the will: 'Nothing can be conceived either in the world or even out of it as good without qualification, except a good will.' But this principle appeared in its development too abstract and ascetic, insufficiently practical for the Western conception of life, incapable of yielding all the ideas required for that complete social and political activity for which European man builds his cities to-day, as did the Greek of Aristotle's time. The highest freedom must be conceived as attainable through social relationships; and the free man must feel that his will is concerned in the laws he agrees to obey. To all the evolution herein involved through Christian thought, allied with Greek, working upon very active peoples, the Hindu is a stranger.

Freedom, in the thought truly native to the Hindu, has meant the escape from the servitude to sense, from 'the sensual curse of man's nature.' This is the goal of individual absorption in the divine essence; and the way to this is an asceticism which, as Vamadeo Shastri observes, 'is just the quality you English least understand.' This circle of ideas may appear very far from the ideal indispensable to the moral fabric of Western civilisation at the present time; though some of our transcendental philosophers are striving to perform the impossible feat of conceding to the individual a permanent self-identity in their Absolute. But further reflexion, under Lyall's guidance, will make us beware of misconceiving the points at which the two modes of thought are distant, and the points at which they are near to each other. His view as to the effect of human personality on the mind of the Hindu and the position it fills in his spiritual universe is best learnt from the chapter on the 'Origin of Divine Myths in India.' It is probably well known to students of Comparative Religion, that, as a result of observation in India, he dissented from the theory that leaves no place for the deification of mortals in the development of the myth; and in this connexion the intense effect of the impressive personality is eminently revealed. But even the longing for release



from personal existence testifies, through 'the extraordinary difficulty which the Hindu finds in conceiving a way of escape,' to the 'very strong impression made upon him by individual personality and character.'

Moreover, the part taken by remarkable personalities in Indian history is shown by Lyall to be no small one. Towards the close of the essay on 'The Rajput States of India' he makes an earnest plea for the preservation of institutions which 'appear occasionally to stand right in the path of reforms which to an European appear of prime and peremptory necessity.' What is the reason for this appeal? It is hardly necessary to say that it is not made in any antiquarian interest. For Lyall's large humanity and practical purpose are apparent, throughout these studies, in the perfect balance between the understanding of what belongs to the past, and the appreciation of that which is the growth of the present or the need of the future. The warning not to hasten 'the tendency of modern officialism' to place 'these troublesome half-barbarous communities' under a 'strong centralised government,' or 'melt down' their institutions in the 'crucible of civilisation,' is the culmination of a description of the Rajput organism, in which all the wilder and ruder features are scientifically laid bare. For the text of the appeal we may take the words: 'If plants are to be hardy, we must give them time to grow.' We are made to realise the possible effect upon the Rajput society of the conditions of security introduced by the British Government in sapping its native strength.

In the passage referred to, the conception of many possible roads to freedom becomes a thing of vivid imagery, with the idea of personal force as its centre. If the Letters of Vamadeo Shastri awaken the consciousness that there is more than one kind of freedom set before man, and that political activity may seem of small concern to him who is straining after the highest freedom of the mind, the analysis of conditions in Rajputana instils the thought that political freedom itself may take diverse shapes at any stage short of the complete political evolution of a people. Lyall's recognition of the place of personalities in social development has a close bearing on this question of the growth of a society to the condition of a genuine political freedom in which, for the



great mass of its members, liberty is not merely an opportunity but an active exercise and practice of the will, and demands in all, if it is to be kept bright, some measure of personal energy. The warning, in fact, which we may venture to read between the lines that close this chapter is to beware of extinguishing personal force where it is present, actually in the few and perhaps potentially in the many, before these people have learned a better way of nurturing it.\*

The way in which the Imperial democratic reformer of to-day would foster Indian freedom is set forth in many passages of the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. It is clearly brought out, for instance, that the people, about ninety-five per cent. of whom have not yet openly asked for self-government, are to be stirred 'out of their peaceful conservatism,' and are to receive the gift, so far as possible, in the form in which it is known amongst Anglo-Saxon nations. For, if the crucial modifications in the character of English parliamentary institutions introduced into the scheme conceived for application to India are examined, they will be found to proceed either, as in the system of dyarchy and the limitations of the electorate, from the necessity of fostering a rapid artificial evolution in a society where the historical conditions of natural evolution are absent, or from recognition, on political grounds, of the subdivisions of races, religions, and castes, as in the communal system of representation. To bring about the production by the Indian people itself, out of its own spirit, of the political ideas and forms appropriate to it, is beyond the reach of statesmanship, however enlightened and creative. It can but present to them the Western idea in forms adapted to meet the most salient differences in the conditions.

It is not for us to surmise what would have been Lyall's judgment on this most important historical document. In an address delivered in 1902 he laid stress on 'the very serious importance of race and religion politically . . . in some Asiatic countries with which

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\* On these and other reflexions contained in this article, Mr Gilchrist's valuable and interesting book, 'Indian Nationality,' published since the article was written, will be found to offer a highly useful commentary.—EDITOR.

England is closely connected and concerned.' What would have been his view as to the best method of eliminating the divisions resulting from these forces, or how far he would have agreed with the Report in suggesting that they will fade before 'the natural aspirations [to self-government] which fill the soul of every self-respecting man,' we dare not conjecture. But, in whatever way he would have conceived the problem of the education of the Indian peoples in Western freedom, it may be unhesitatingly affirmed that he would have been amongst the first to perceive a new spirit in India, and the most eager to recognise the promise of a closer communion between British and Indian ideals. To him the circumstances in which new aspirations have been awakened in India by the war, the dawn of a sense of nationality shown in such unprecedented events as the coming together of Hindu and Moslem communities, would have been of extraordinary interest. He did not undervalue the place of war in history, its rough shaping of a people's soul for good or ill. The discipline for India in sending her sons to stand by those of England in the great defence of ideals she is beginning to share, would surely have seemed to him a finer school for the gaining of strength for political liberty than the elementary lessons of tribal conflict.

The impression, nevertheless, which we receive again and again from his writings is that the greatest contribution of India to spiritual progress, and her chief part in universal history, will lie in something which the West does not completely share, rather than in that which India can accept from Europe. While he would have agreed that she is a child in the use of representative institutions, he would have had us realise that in other things of value her experience is great and ancient. She shares in that 'deeper spiritualism of Asia' out of which the great religions have come. The 'Hindus (he says) are perhaps the most intensely religious people in the world.' Though less practical, this race is 'perhaps more delicate intellectually than the European.' He expresses through Vamadeo Shastri the anxiety lest, in assimilating all that Europe is lavishing upon her, she should lose that which is peculiarly her own.

In the reflexions attributed to the Hindu scholar, the

emphasis is of course laid on those aspects and points of view which are farthest removed from the Western atmosphere. Among these, and in connexion with the subject of political development, there is perhaps none of greater importance than the temperament and outlook to which the Western association of moral with material progress is strange—an association which we find ourselves regarding from the Oriental point of view in the Brahman's ironical analysis of Herbert Spencer's philosophy. The question of the relation of a people's ethical and spiritual character to its constitutional history is one of much interest, which does not appear to have received enough attention in this country. The principle, that what concerns all should be considered by all, presided over the beginnings of popular representation in the government of England. Now the growth of the people's share in control has been largely determined by the constant extension in the sphere of things regarded as their 'concern.' To a great extent, and especially in recent times, it has been questions of material well-being, and the citizen's interest in them, that have led him more and more to assert his rights in a State whose business it is to deal with these matters. But a people which has always been somewhat deficient in that impetus to improve material conditions is naturally deficient also in the sustained passion to obtain control over the agencies determining these conditions, both in nature and in the State.

The development of self-government amongst such a people must surely follow a route diverging at least at certain points, unless it is accompanied by a profound change in their practical spirit. 'The Hindu,' says Vamadeo Shastri, 'is summoned to join a citizenship he has not inherited; neither has he obtained it by a great sum.' It might be added, from data also supplied in these Letters, that he must create for himself his own form of enthusiasm for the political freedom which is brought to him from the West, since the conviction that moral progress will follow upon material has not been a beacon in his spiritual history. 'It seems to me doubtful whether, according to the Blue-book interpretation, the words "material" and "moral" do not mean practically the same thing.' The Brahman rendering

illuminates an estranging sea of thought, more light on which is thrown in those essays in which Lyall compels us to realise what has been the greatest mystery for the non-Europeanised Hindus in the attitude of the British Government—its seeming religious indifference or impartiality.\*

The ideal and utilitarian motives in the British struggle for freedom have been inseparably interwoven; and the idealism of the various movements for the extension of the franchise has hardly been less lofty, whatever the immediate grievance which had goaded men to the demand. A people's idea of liberty is deeply set in its imagination of life and man's main business in this world. Is it possible that the Western idea will be transmuted by the racial genius of the Indian peoples, ultimately to take on a new form? Such speculations may seem to ignore the general conclusion of modern political philosophy, that certain political categories belong universally to that higher stage of social development which is reached when civilised man 'consciously chooses his own laws and forms of government according to expediency and logic' †—a condition first approached by the Greeks, and analogous in the practical sphere to the substitution of science for myth in the sphere of thought. According to this view, it is through a certain kind of political relationship only, or that form of association of which the State is the crown, that the best possibilities of man can have scope and his true nature be realised. That 'the State is man's nature' has often been asserted in various ways; and in our own times, though we may not be clearly conscious of it, there has developed, concerning the sort of state which is most natural to rational man, a fixed doctrine, to depart from which is heresy.

The cardinal feature in the organisation of this State may be described as the direction of functions by the composite mind rather than the individual—a feature in which certain dangers lurk. These dangers have not yet wrought much mischief in British history, because of the

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\* 'Our Religious Policy in India,' *Asiatic Studies*, I, viii. Cf. 'The Religious Situation in India,' I, ix.

† 'On the Formation of Some Clans and Castes in India': 'Asiatic Studies,' Vol. I, cap. vi.

abundant supply of individual force in the people, through which an individual mind arises to dominate the whole whenever great need calls for it, and is suffered to dominate by the practical instinct of the race. The risk, however, of transplanting the Western system of politics into a different intellectual, moral, and historical climate is that this system—which does not crush the individuality of peoples possessing native political genius, and a force of character developed in political conflict—may, in a people whose interest in government it is intended to awaken, be subversive of that very liberty it aims at fostering. 'In the sub-conscious mentality of the [Indian] people bureaucracy holds the place which self-government occupies with us.' Government from above is the 'natural and traditional way of doing things, as familiar to Asoka as to Akbar,' observes a writer with reference to the danger that the co-operative movement in India may be blighted by State tutelage;\* and it must be remembered that 'the functions discharged by the Government in India cover vast areas of the life of the people, to an extent which the outside observer finds it difficult to appraise.'†

The moment when India appears about to be conquered by Western political ideas—a conquest more fateful for her destiny than any military subjugation—is one of those when History itself might seem to perform for nations that work of political education which the study of History performs for the student. The circumstances of the day are now forcing the majority of us to examine afresh our received political categories and maxims, as Lyall's writings criticise these formulæ for the few. It is at this very moment that his evidence of the illumination which the study of politically undeveloped communities may cast upon the problems of more advanced societies should be found most valuable; and his work, while doing an inestimable service to the people to whom it was so intimately related, may also be a guide to statesmen at other difficult points.

The grave difficulty which statesmanship has recently

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\* 'Times Literary Supplement' (July 3, 1919) on Sir H. Wolff's 'Co-operative Movement in India.'

† 'Views of the Government of India upon the Reports of Lord Southborough's Committee, 1919 (No. 2).'

experienced in defining the conditions qualifying a community for nationhood suggests the need of fresh consideration of the basic ideas of communities, and of the problem, which of these gives to society its rational bond. Orthodox political philosophy is unwilling to allow that much light can be thrown on this question by an analysis of the formless or multiform conditions of societies politically undeveloped. Various causes have, however, to-day combined to shake the belief that the only evolution of political institutions informed by practical reason is that which has been followed by a few modern states; or that the way of the 'primitive man, whose social and political customs are almost as much a part of his species as the inherited habits of an animal,' is as sharply separated from that of man in the highly evolved state as is unreason from reason. We have recently witnessed illustrations of materialistic theories of brute passions, masking under rational descriptions, and of biological forces driving a race to expansion, veiled under doctrines of the divine right of the most cultured State. We can conceive that, conversely, the non-rational customs blindly followed by an under-civilised community may be the outcome of an unconscious reason serving the interest of the race at that stage of its evolution.

It was Lyall's opinion that the modern tendency to disregard those primordial forces that unite and divide men has sometimes produced disastrous consequences for European statesmanship, as notably in the case of the Armenian massacres following on intervention based on insufficient knowledge (1895). The operation of these forces—'the grouping of men by their folk and their faith'—in an organisation of society into which the ideas of nation and state have barely penetrated is diagnosed in his masterly way as a fact observed in the studies of Rajputana and of other parts of India. In the address on 'Race and Religion,' the stratification of political societies from Western Europe to Middle Asia, and from the dawn of Christianity to the 20th century, is so surveyed as to disclose the presence of these facts below all other attractive and repulsive forces, mingling with them in an endless variety of ways, and from time to time causing eruptions and explosions in the midst of an order superimposed upon



that which they had constituted. His opinion that 'the strength of racial and religious sentiments is rather increasing than diminishing' in many parts of the world may possibly be questioned. Yet, as he would himself have warned us not to take it as necessarily final, so ought we to learn from him not to judge hastily that the point to which any movement in the associations of peoples appears to be tending is the last point it will reach in that tendency. In this sphere perhaps, as much as in any field of human affairs, the dictum of the Father of History holds good : γένοιο δ' αὖ πᾶν ἐν τῷ μακρῷ χρόνῳ.

Such at least is the impression made by a perusal of this and other studies of Lyall. In 'Race and Religion' we have, as it were, an Act of the historic drama in which the persons are those *idées forces* that join and sunder human beings, the primal powers of kinship and religious faith. We are shown the parts played by the Roman Empire in fusing races together in one vast political organisation, by the Christian Church beneath whose canopy 'the jumble of races and tribes continued,' and by the formation of nationalities when the 'great territorial kingdoms were definitely marked off' and the 'paramount distinction' of languages began. The significance and source of each distinction become clearer in the light of its historic action. The tendency to depreciate the dividing power of race and religion is in part due to the influence of the French Encyclopædist ideal (inherited by the English Utilitarians) of a common civilisation and intellectual citizenship which are to overcome all these barriers. In spite of, or as a reaction against, the spirit of the French Revolution, the national idea has emerged with new force in the West; but it may yet be brought into harmony with the ideal of a common civilisation, developing, like dialects of a common language, through separate national channels or cultures. When we pass, with Lyall, to the present era, nationality appears as bringing about concentration in the West of Europe, disintegration in the East. It is impossible to reproduce in a summary the impression of the brilliant analysis of conditions under the Austrian Empire and in South-Eastern Europe, not less interesting because of the march of history since 1902, and the unfolding of processes and results in States already threatened by



conditions which Lyall's piercing gaze saw into and beyond. The real subdivisions of peoples are here, as of old, race and religion, especially under the domination of the Turks, whose policy it was 'to preserve as in a museum the strange medley that they found.' Comparing the importance of the ideas of Race and Religion in Central and South-Eastern Europe and in Asia, Lyall observes that in Europe race has a tendency to mastery, in Asia religion; and, knowing his view of the deeper religious feeling of the East, we may note that, in the conclusion of this essay, he describes race 'as often the bond of union and base of society, religion as the embodiment of its spiritual instincts and imagination.'

Neither here nor on other occasions when he dwelt upon the necessity, for right thinking and wise action, of opening our eyes to the cords that tie human beings together, did Lyall care to dwell upon the conclusions that may follow, and the bearing of these stubborn facts upon special cases. The thoughts that his genius arouses in our minds lead to caution in generalisation, and to a recognition of the need of direct observation, lest 'over-indulgence in book-reading and too implicit reliance on authorities' produce 'an atrophy of the observing faculties.' If, after standing with him at the historic point of view, we feel the frame-work of our ordinary political categories to be somewhat loosened, and the dividing line between the organic societies of reasonable men and the looser associations formed by fundamental impulses of attraction grow less clear, in what guise do the Western theories of the State now present themselves? The result of European experience in the last few centuries may on the whole suggest that the nation-state possesses some kind of spiritual being, that it carries, if we may so put it, a torch in the march of progress, and that the horrors and calamities proceeding from national enmities and rivalries in recent generations signify the degradation of a spiritual being, illustrating the law *corruptio optimi pessima*. Nor does anything in Lyall's treatment of Race and Religion appear to conflict with this view. On the peculiar sentiment of the 'native-land' which is essential to the modern national idea, though not to the bonds of religion or race, he has not (so far as we can recall) dwelt in his

prose-writings; but the observation may perhaps be permitted that those who knew him could not fail to be conscious of the strength of this sentiment in him.

To-day it may seem that the destiny of mankind depends to a hitherto unknown degree and extent upon this idea of the nation, its ennoblement and purification. The consummation which the Roman Empire at its best failed to reach, largely because its 'fusion of races' did not succeed in keeping alive the energy and will and the distinctive spiritual life of its constituent factors, would be attained by an association of nations, each giving freely its best strength to the maintenance of the bond. The failure of the ideal of the Encyclopædists and Utilitarians would be avoided by the understanding that we 'must recognise the variety of the human species, and acknowledge that we cannot impose a uniform type of civilisation.' If the nation-state, the ideal which inspires hopes not less exalted than those, however different, that made of the youth of Wordsworth and Shelley 'a very Heaven,' is not to go out like so many an extinct lamp lighted in a crisis, it will be because it has a more solid foundation in history, and an idealism truer to human nature, individual and social. It must not be allowed to conflict, whether in the West or in the East, whether in the States born or re-born in the recent war or in Ireland or India, with the primordial social forces. It must respect not only these, but all the factors which can add life and strength to the common union.

In one of his Essays, Sir Alfred Lyall quotes the remark of a Hindu writer that 'The Hindus offer a curious instance of a people without any feeling of nationality.' If he had lived to observe a national ideal swim into the ken of that people upon whom the riches of his strongest work and his deepest thought were spent, his counsel would have shown how best to secure that it should cast no shadow upon their path. It is in the spirit of his work that the problem of Indian evolution may be most safely approached.

HILDA D. OAKELEY

## Art. 5.—THE PLACE OF DIDO IN HISTORY.\*

It is a commonplace that no great poem can be properly understood without a study of the historical conditions under which it was written. Works of genius in poetry as in other arts contain so much that is of permanent and obvious significance that we have always to reckon with the danger lest much of their original purpose should be lost behind what is taken to be their general and recognised meaning. If it is true that every great book requires a new interpretation in terms of the life of every age that comes to read it, it is also true that such re-interpretations can only be fruitful if they take into account the elements of meaning which were most keenly present to the mind of the author and linked with his own experience of life. It cannot be doubted that Vergil is one of the authors for whom such re-interpretation is needed; and there is no part of Vergil's work of which current opinions seem more in need of revision than the drama contained in the Fourth Book of the *Aeneid*.

It has been long since pointed out that the story of Aeneas and Dido has no historical foundation. If we grant, in view of the accumulating evidence of archaeological finds, that one of the movements which took place in the Age of Migrations brought seekers from Troy to the West Coast of Italy; and, as a strong tradition warrants, that Troy was destroyed in the twelfth century B.C., a gap of some centuries separates the two heroic lovers, since, if we follow the best supported traditions,† Pygmalion reigned at Tyre, and Carthage was founded (or refounded) in the ninth. The story, therefore, has been treated as pure romance and judged by comparison with other romances in later European literature, without regard to the question whether in Vergil's mind the incidents of the story, though ascribed to the heroic age, were in fact laden with historical meaning. In the picture of Aeneas in the latter half of the *Aeneid*, scholars are beginning to realise that Vergil

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\* A lecture read to the Society of Roman Studies in July 1917.

† See e.g. Livy, *Epit.* 51, and Heyne's excellent discussion (*Excursus* I on *Aeneid* IV, ed. of 1830).

has given us an ideal ruler confronted with the same kind of troubles as beset Augustus, and dealing with them in the spirit in which Augustus dealt with his. So in the Fourth Book it must be asked whether any story so full of deep feeling was created by a poet who had had no knowledge of similar conditions in actual life. The truth is that the Book contains a comment upon Roman history which was perhaps more fruitful than any other part of Vergil's work. This may seem a bold assertion in view of the part which the Sixth Book of the Aeneid played in Christian ethics and in all the beliefs of mediæval and post-mediæval Europe; but it is the object of this essay to show by a fresh analysis of the story of Dido that her figure may claim an important place in the history of ideas and a definite source in the history of Vergil's age.

The problem with which the Book deals is, of course, the place in society and in human life of the relation between the sexes. Those who have realised the gravity of any aspect of such questions may find it not unfruitful to study what the greatest thinker of an earlier civilisation felt about them, especially when it is remembered that in his time also the current conceptions of society had been shaken. In Vergil's drama of Dido and Aeneas there is something other than a defence and something more than a criticism of the ethical conventions of his own age. The coincidence to-day of a movement for the political enfranchisement of women with a feminist ferment in literature has not been accidental; nor was it an accident that Vergil's picture of Dido was conceived in a generation which had witnessed a remarkable prominence of women in political affairs. The searching, though only half-uttered questions which the Fourth Book of the Aeneid put before the society of Vergil's time are such as to cut deep into more than one of the assumptions from which nearly every modern writer is apt to start. The truth is that the main suggestion, the animating spirit of Vergil's picture, anticipated the growth of social ethics not by one or two generations, but by at least ten centuries; for the central idea of the ethical movement which marked what we call the Age of Chivalry in mediæval Europe is implicit in the teaching of this Book.

Let me recall briefly a few points in the story. Aeneas in the seventh year of his wanderings is cast by shipwreck on the African coast at the moment when a band of Tyrian colonists under Queen Dido is raising the walls of the new city of Carthage. Her past story had been tragic. Her husband, Sychaeus, had been murdered by her brother; and to escape this brother's tyranny she had led a group of followers to the vacant shores of Libya. Aeneas had been shipwrecked through the ill-will of Juno, the patron goddess of the new city that was to be Rome's rival. But Juno's ill-will is limited by higher powers, who bring Aeneas safely to land, though separated from the main body of his followers. He listens unseen to a colloquy between the leader of the other party of the Trojans and Dido herself, who welcomes them in a queenly speech, and inquires for the fate of Aeneas. At this cardinal moment the hero himself appears, glorified by the divine magic of Venus, which in the eyes of the Queen at least, removes from him every trace of war and wandering. An exchange of stately but warm-hearted courtesies, an attachment of the Queen to Aeneas' son, Iulus, the boyish image of his father, lead to a royal banquet in honour of the strangers; there Aeneas tells the story of the Fall of Troy, of the death of his wife Creusa, and of his travels since. All through he leaves his own prowess modestly unmentioned, though insisting on the divine mission which he lives to fulfil, the command to found a greater Troy in the West.

Next morning, when the great narration has reached its close, Dido confesses to her sister Anna how deeply she has been moved, and yet protests her resolve to remain faithful to the memory of Sychaeus. Her sister, the prototype of every confidante in European drama, replies by bidding her relinquish such scruples, and counsels a marriage with Aeneas. From this point the story moves with speed, with a vivid portrayal of Dido's growing passion and her alternating moods of self-reproach and restless longing. The crisis comes through a plot formed by Juno and Venus, a covenant in which the two rivals agree from precisely opposite motives—Juno because she hopes to prevent the founding of Rome by keeping Aeneas at Carthage, and Venus,

because she hopes to render Aeneas safe from any Carthaginian hostility. But these designs, as Vergil is careful to point out, were disappointed in the end. But for the moment the two goddesses have their way; 'the treachery of two gods' \* prevails over one mortal woman. A great hunt in the hills, in which Aeneas and Dido both take part, is interrupted by a thunderstorm, and the two lovers, unconscious of the celestial plot, are led from different paths to shelter in a cave, their followers scattered far away. 'Forthwith Juno, goddess of lawful wedlock, gave the word for their union, and the nymphs cried out from the hill tops. "Wedlock" Dido calls it, so she veils her fault.' And straightway rumour, swiftest of evils, flies through her kingdom, and not her subjects only but the jealous neighbouring powers learned the truth.

It is a grim picture, this, of the lovers in the twilight of the cave with the storm outside, and a marvellously true imagination of conditions which could overthrow the protecting barriers of convention and normal self-control. The framing of the picture Vergil owed to Apollonius Rhodius, in whose story of Jason and Medea a cave is made to serve as a sort of Gretna Green, a convenient spot for a private, but legitimate and not wholly secret, marriage. But in the *Aeneid* the remoteness, the silence, the darkness of the cave, and the terror of the storm outside are all essential to the story. In no other way could the drama have been accomplished. Readers of modern fiction may remember how it suggested to Zola the most intense scene of his romance of the mines.

But, however dark the foreboding, for the moment rosy light is round the lovers; and all the winter long they spend in unthinking happiness. Dido cares little for her buildings now; but Aeneas has begun to take an interest in them, and takes her place in superintending the work as a royal consort should. Then comes the summons from Jove himself, stirred, as Vergil rather allows than gives his readers to believe, by the prayers of his African son, the Moor Iarbas, who is a suitor for

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\* The phrase is put into the mouth of Juno, meaning Venus and Cupid; but Juno herself is not less treacherous, as we shall see.



Dido's hand. Mercury is sent with peremptory orders to rouse Aeneas to his duty: 'he is to sail; that is all; tell him that from Me.' Aeneas is seized with remorse and horror and prepares sadly to obey, though he dreads to tell Dido, and deems it wise to fit his fleet for sailing before he confesses his intention. But, of course, she learns it otherwise—'quis fallere possit amantem?'—and then she turns upon Aeneas, reproaching him and beseeching him to stay. It is in this speech (cf. below, p. 87) that Vergil strikes the keynote of the story and invites our pity for Dido as the victim of a betrayal.

When Aeneas refuses to listen she wildly turns upon him, professing disbelief in the divine command which he alleges, and prophesying bitter vengeance and her own death. At the height of this second passionate outburst she falls fainting into her servants' arms. Aeneas, though 'shaken by the great tide of his love' and longing to comfort her, still pursues, as in a dream, the divine bidding, which his followers for their part gladly execute. In the days that follow, Dido sends entreaties to him by her sister Anna, but in vain; his purpose stands firm as an oak rooted in the hollows of an Alpine cliff. Dido is overwhelmed by her calamity and prays for death, sick of gazing on the vaulted sky; and with the cunning of madness she frames her fatal design. Her bridal bed and all the gifts and possessions of Aeneas which he had left, she bids be carried forth and set on a great funeral pyre in the inner court of her palace, professing that it is a magical charm to bring about the death of her betrayer. One more sleepless night is spent in pondering whether she dare leave her kingdom and accompany Aeneas alone, or summon her subjects and bid them follow him to a new kingdom in Italy, deserting their half-built city; but she concludes that death is the only escape, 'a fitting punishment,' she cries, 'for breaking my faith with Sychaeus.' Next day, when she sees the fleet of Aeneas actually under way, she curses him and all the race that he is to found, and then stabs herself upon the pyre, praying with her last utterance that Aeneas may see the flames that will consume her.

One thing then at least is clear; the real subject of the drama is a conflict between rival claims—the claims of a woman and the claims of public duty. The tragedy



lies in the ruin brought upon a great woman and her work by the shipwreck of her love. The problem is put clearly in the reply of Aeneas to Dido's appeal (l. 333). He begins by acknowledging his debt, and, with strong feeling, in a line of swift and passionate movement ('*dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus*'), declares that her memory will be always a joy to him while life or consciousness remain.

'I will speak briefly,' he continues, 'as the occasion demands. I never thought to conceal my flight by stealth—think not such evil of me; nor did I ever bring to your door a bridegroom's torches nor come to enter into such a covenant.' (Aeneas does not deny that he has done wrong; he has left undone what he ought to have done, his duty to his son Ascanius; and what he has done was not what he intended.) 'I did not promise to be your consort' (though I have drifted into the position); 'I did not deliberately enter into these ties' (though I have hitherto accepted them). 'If the fates had suffered it, I should first have sought to revive what was left of my own city of Troy. But divine commands laid upon me, and the thought of my son Ascanius, whom I am robbing of his promised land, drive me on. . . . I seek Italy not of my own will.' This is all perfectly true; but it is somehow unsatisfying, and some of us at least will not think that Vergil meant it to be taken as the whole truth. Indeed, its very brevity, standing alone between Dido's passionate appeals, like a point of rock in the midst of tossing surge, suggests that it was not the whole story to Vergil's mind, nor even the most important part of it.

Let us hear the effect which it has produced on a distinguished modern scholar, Dr T. E. Page, who exclaims:

'Once only Aeneas exhibits human frailty, and then it is to show that as a human being he can be contemptible. He accepts the love of Dido and then abandons her to despair and death. There is no need to emphasise his crime; Vergil himself has done that sufficiently. The splendid passage which describes the final interview between Aeneas and the Queen is a masterpiece. To an appeal which would move a stone, Aeneas replies with the cold and formal rhetoric of an attorney. Dido bursts into an invective which, for concentrated scorn and tragic grandeur, is almost unequalled.

... Aeneas is left stammering and "preparing to say many things," a hero who had, one would think, lost his character for ever. But Vergil seems unmoved by his own genius. . . . How the man who wrote the lines placed in Dido's mouth could immediately afterwards speak of "the good \* Aeneas" is . . . inexplicable.'

Let us at least look further for the explanation which Dr Page cannot find. His comment expresses the first feeling which the Book must leave on the mind of every modern reader. Nor is the impression of pain peculiar to moderns. St Augustine repeated more than once the confession that he had wept over the sorrows of Dido when he ought to have been weeping over his own sins; from which it is clear that that powerful and most human bishop felt his reading of Dido's story to be one of the great experiences of his life. Did any one ever weep over Calypso or Circe? And why have none of our wise commentators (before Dr J. W. Mackail) noted, with Shakespeare,† that Vergil has carefully departed from the Homeric story in making Aeneas a widower and Dido a widow? That departure in itself is significant for those who would like to estimate truly Vergil's view of women.

What is the sting and bitterness of Dido's tragedy? Just this: that Aeneas, having yielded to his love for Dido and having by degrees decided to abandon his political duty for her, is driven by divine reproof to change his mind and to sacrifice her to his political duty. The problem is old and new; and, if we want to understand justly what Vergil has to suggest about it, we must look at it from an historical standpoint. The answer which the question has received in different ages has varied with the conception of the ordinary relations of public and private duty in either sex, and with the

\* Dr Page no doubt refers to *pious Aeneas* in l. 393; but *pious* means more (and less) than 'good.' It has not, I think, been observed that this is the first time that the epithet is used in this Book; and it is deliberately placed here to mark the hero's repentant return to himself, to his 'faithful' pursuit of duty. Earlier, as he enters the cave (l. 165), he is merely 'dux et Troianus'; and in the same passage the sinister power of his mother and of the old Trojan world upon him and upon Dido is subtly suggested by the title of Ascanius.—'Dardanius que nepos Veneris' (l. 163).

† Shakespeare's comment is in 'The Tempest,' II, i, 74.

conception of the general position of women in human life. Of the first we all know in general the ancient view, that the happiness of individuals could not be weighed against the claims of the city, the πόλις; and to Vergil the city meant the empire, the civilising and humanising of the world.

On the second point, namely, the public conception of the position of women, the growth of human sentiment has been finely described in our own day. In a pamphlet entitled 'Homo sum,' the distinguished archaeologist, Dr Jane Harrison, suggests (p. 15) with unanswerable truth (in view of the anthropological evidence) that a true measure of the progress of civilisation in every period and place may be found in the degree in which women have been regarded and treated in virtue of the qualities by which they are human and which they share with men, and have ceased to be thought of merely in regard to those qualities and powers which are peculiar to their sex. *Homines sunt*—'Women are human as well as women'; and the progress of the human family, so far as it has gone along the road to sanity and order and goodness in its united life, is measured by the degree in which this is believed. What we call the age of Chivalry, succeeding to the barbarism of the Dark Ages, marked a bright milestone on this road. By chivalry we understand the kind of spirit which charmed us as boys in the Black Knight of Ivanhoe or in Quentin Durward, the spirit in which men accept it as their duty to protect women, not because they themselves are to reap any personal reward, but because women are human creatures whose weakness needs defence. This conception was rare in the ancient world, where, for instance, in the time of Cæsar no less than that of Pericles, whenever a town was captured, the women were spared from slaughter only to be sold as slaves.

Now on these two points—the claim of society as against that of the individual in general, and as against that of women in particular, both of which are enforced against Dido—let us ask specifically what was the view of Vergil's age, and what was the attitude of Vergil. The answer to these questions, we shall find, will supply the answer to the others which we have to face, viz. who was to blame, if any one was to blame, for the tragedy

of Dido; and if so, on what precise ground did Vergil mean blame to be adjudged? Let us consider briefly the answers respectively given to them by the politicians, by the general society of Vergil's time, and by Vergil himself.

The answer of the politicians of Vergil's century would have been brief and reassuring. If we had the privilege of cross-examining Mark Antony or Augustus as to what they thought of such a case as Dido's, Antony would have replied with the brutal frankness that appears in a letter of his recorded by Suetonius;\* and Augustus, no doubt, with a genial air of philosophic detachment. But their answer would have been the same—that nobody need be blamed save possibly Dido herself; another moth's wings had been singed, that was all. Women, of course, were things with which the politician must reckon, indeed, they were often very useful; but, when his use for them was over, the less said the better.

Now we must admit that there had been some excuse for this cynical view in the parts which certain women, like Clodia and Fulvia, had played in the last thirty years of the Republic. They had been prominent and active, but, speaking broadly, they had done nothing but mischief, and this for one clear reason; they had used their sex as a political weapon. Above all, there was Cleopatra, whose beauty had nearly ruined Julius Cæsar and quite ruined Antony. From all this Augustus, as we know, had learnt wisdom. He refused to see Cleopatra, though he had taken her prisoner; this was the immediate cause of her suicide; and of this circumstance it is impossible not to see a reflexion in the picture of Dido's death when Aeneas had departed, having steadfastly refused to see her again. But Augustus had learnt more positive lessons. Was there ever a ruler in East or West who made more heartless use of women to further his political schemes? He was himself betrothed four times and married thrice; and the repudiation or divorce in each case was made by him. His treatment of his sister, his daughter, and his heirs was no more scrupulous. His sister Octavia had been married to C. Marcellus, had borne him two

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\* Suet., 'Augustus,' 89.

children, and was pregnant with a third when in 40 B.C. her hand was pawned to Mark Antony; their elder daughter became the mother of Domitia Lepida, who was the mother of Messalina. When Agrippa, Octavian's greatest commander, was thirty-five years old, he was forced to put away the wife he had long since chosen for himself in order to marry Cæsar's niece Marcella, a child of fifteen; four years later she was divorced in her turn that he might marry the Emperor's daughter Julia, who was seventeen years old, her new husband being forty-one. Julia, however, was already a widow, having been married when she was fourteen years old to the Emperor's nephew. Ten years later,\* when the good Agrippa died, she was married to the Emperor's step-son Tiberius, a partner nearer her own age, but an unwilling bridegroom, since he had been forced by the Emperor to put away a wife whom he dearly loved—Vipsania, the daughter of Agrippa—in order that he might marry this same Agrippa's widow. The outcome in Julia's own history is not surprising. Her daughter Agrippina must have learnt both from her mother's lips and from what she saw of the hypocritical cruelty with which her mother was punished, to hate the callousness of the imperial system even before she came to experience it in her own life. In all this lay the seed of the license and cruelty associated with the names of her daughter Agrippina, and her grandson Nero. Some years ago in commenting on a lecture in which I called attention to this, the late Prof. W. R. Hardie pointed out to me the probability that Vergil was a friend of the Princess Octavia, and intimately acquainted with her in the sorrowful years (37–32 B.C.) when Antony was gradually deserting her.

But the professional politician is apt to reduce moral questions to their lowest terms; the orthodox view of Roman Society was not quite so callous. The generation which saw and respected † Cicero's profound grief at the death of his daughter Tullia and the devoted affection with which Turia ‡ saved her husband through the long

\* This, of course (in 13 B.C.), was after Vergil's death.

† Cic., 'ad Famil.', iv, 5.

‡ 'Corp. Inscr. Lat.', vi, 1527, and Warde Fowler, 'Social Life at Rome,' p. 159.

terror of the proscription, was by no means careless of human affection. But what a modern reader needs to remember is that in the eyes of that generation, in some ways so humane, the tie between the sexes, whether in marriage or outside it, did not normally involve a bond of affection also, none at least that implied a life-long companionship. Not merely emperors but men of benevolent temper regarded divorce, for what we should think trivial causes, as a natural thing. The husband of Turia, in the delightful story of her life which he engraved upon marble, counts it as an example of her goodness that she proposed to him to divorce her because she was childless; Cicero divorced his wife Terentia mainly because she disagreed with him in politics, and arranged for his beloved daughter Tullia to be divorced from both her second and third husbands; even the stern moralist Cato handed over his wife to a friend.\* And, at a time when this was the common view of unions nominally permanent, no sentiment of shame attached to the discontinuance of less regular ties, and very little to their formation, unless there were some conspicuous breach of decorum. The ordinary, decent Roman citizen of Vergil's day would have told us that the ideal union between man and woman was one of affection on both sides, but that this was rare; and that, though one might be sorry for any painful separation, it would be monstrous to think that a woman's claim upon a man's affection could be weighed in the balance against his political duties. And he would point conclusively to the disasters which had befallen great men who had defied Roman opinion on this point.

Now this attitude of Roman society is represented at one point of Vergil's story, precisely where the modern reader feels most bewildered, namely, in the reply of Aeneas, and especially in the line which we have already examined, in which he says frankly that he had not promised to be her husband. Even if he had, Roman opinion would have thought it his duty to break his word; and, whether he had or had not, it is quite certain that no one in Rome, unless it were Vergil, would have thought the worse of him for what he had done. The

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\* Plutarch, 'Cato Minor,' c. 25 and 52.



point which has not been realised is that Vergil's own attitude is represented not merely or chiefly by what Aeneas says in his defence, but by what he admits; and that, while the actual words put into the mouth of Aeneas are perfectly true and serve to clear his honour by the current standards of Vergil's time, Vergil's own comment lies not in them, but in the sequel.

Observe that Aeneas receives explicit reproof and utters explicit regret. Jupiter reproaches him for having forgotten his son Ascanius; and this reproof Aeneas painfully accepts. His duty to his son is the call to conscience which compels him to face the pain of leaving Dido. He feels as Nelson might have felt had he ever been tempted to resign his commission for Lady Hamilton's sake. He had given no formal pledge to Dido; but, short of that, his forgetting had been complete. He had lived not merely as Dido's consort, but as a kingly consort, taking up the duties of government which she herself had now forgotten. When Mercury arrives at Carthage he finds Aeneas arrayed in the uniform of a Tyrian general, engaged in building houses and planning fortifications; and Mercury's first word of reproach is that he is behaving 'like a husband' (*uxorius*), building a pretty city for his wife and forgetting his own promised land. His duty had been a national duty; and through his love he was betraying it for the benefit of a city destined to be his nation's most deadly foe.

Yet this is not the whole of Vergil's comment. To modern readers the guilt of the tragedy appears to rest wholly with Aeneas, whom they roundly condemn. Now suppose we granted all that Dr Page or others can urge; it remains true that it is not we who should be condemning Aeneas, we with nineteen Christian centuries, with our Northern habit of mind, with the age of chivalry, with the puritan struggle all behind us to shape our judgments—not we, but Vergil himself. If we must conclude that Vergil has represented his hero as a poltroon, at least let us observe that, if he did so, it was because he was twenty centuries in advance of the ethics of his day. But did he? Are we to think of the *Aeneid* as a contradiction and a complete artistic failure? Where is it that the story goes wrong? Surely its beginning is a true picture? Aeneas and Dido meet under conditions



which show each to the other in the noblest light. Their love for each other was human and natural and sprang from the finest side of each. But afterwards the same sinister machinery which contrived the storm is set to work again; Dido is betrayed not merely by Venus, but by her own sister; and the fatal meeting in the cave was the direct outcome of conditions which Juno had devised. What do these goddesses really represent in Vergil's mind?

Observe always that the picture of Dido herself is not a mere psychological study which might represent any woman in love; she is a queen who has done great things, who has proved herself a leader and inspirer of men, and triumphed over treachery and sorrow. Just as in his picture of the maiden warrior, Camilla, a picture unique in ancient poetry, so in Dido Vergil loved to dwell upon her greatness as a human being, her worth to the world, entirely apart from the wealth of her beauty. Vergil was the first poet in Europe who conceived the picture of a great woman greatly in love, and ruined by her very nobleness when it dashed itself against the social framework of her age. For why is it that Dido must die when Aeneas forsakes her? Because, says Dr Mackail,\* she has lost her self-respect. But when and why did she lose it? Only when Aeneas decided to leave her. And why can she not accept, as he does, the bitterness of their separation as an ordinance of inscrutable Providence, and continue her work for her own people, heartbroken but still pursuing? Because the conventions of men forbid her. Juno, Venus, Iarbas, Pygmalion, are four cardinal factors in Dido's position which Vergil has depicted with abundant clearness, but of which I believe the real meaning has hardly yet been pointed out—for the simple reason that we have been and are too much under the dominion of those very social and national conceptions which Vergil questions, to dream that he doubted their validity.

The neighbour king Iarbas, her swarthy suitor, is prepared to make war upon her city if she will not be his bride; and her brother Pygmalion is at one with him

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\* In the discussion that followed this lecture at the Roman Society's meeting.

in the belief that an unwedded woman-sovereign is a thing not to be tolerated. It follows that, if the man whom Dido loves cannot stay to defend her or take her with him, her only escape from barbarism is death.

Again, what brought Aeneas into contact with Dido? Who made the conditions that threw them into fatal nearness? What ordained their separation? Why could not Aeneas take Dido with him, as he half suggests and as she long contemplates? The answer is the same as that which dictated those other bitter alliances and bitter divorces which Vergil saw in the world of his day: *raisons d'état*. It was a political design, or rather the conflict of political designs; it was what appeared a high necessity of state to each of the schemers possessed by, indeed embodying, the idea of a merely national sentiment, jealous, narrow, essentially anti-human. And what has Vergil to say of the plots by which Juno, who cares nothing for Aeneas, and Venus, who cares nothing for Dido, conspire to ensnare them both? What is his comment on the 'treachery of the two gods' and of Juno, who ought to have countenanced none but a regular union? His comment is in the outcome. And what in Vergil's eyes was the outcome? Nothing less than three deadly wars \* of which one was the most terrible and one the most cruel that Rome ever waged—nothing less than the extinction of Saguntum and Capua and Carthage, the carnage of Trebia and Trasimene and Cannæ, the terror that walked in Italy for eleven years and made the name of Hannibal the dread of every Roman home. That, says Vergil, is the fruit, that is the issue which comes when men of state make human affections an instrument of their designs. That is the meaning of Dido's curse upon Aeneas; and that is Vergil's last word on the problem he has raised.

Hear me, ye gods, and one day from my bones  
 Breed an avenger! Rise, thou dread unknown,  
 Drive from their promised land with sword and fire  
 The Trojan settlers, now or whensoever  
 Occasion gives thee power, drive and destroy!

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\* This point, which Vergil makes the climax of the whole tragedy (ll. 620-9), has been strangely ignored. Even Heinze writes ('Ep. Technik,' p. 135, footnote 1), 'What Dido means as a curse, is all turned to good.'

Arms against arms array, tide against wave;  
 Embattle continent with continent;  
 On them and on their children's children, war!

But the Book ends upon a yet deeper note, a note of pure pity, pity which kindles wonder that so glorious a soul as Dido's must needs be crushed by the movement of a great man to his work. The last duties of affection which Anna and Juno render take us back in spirit to Dido's first most womanly appeal to Aeneas. Whoever doubts whether the interpretation here suggested goes beyond or even comes near to expressing what Vergil himself felt, should read and read again that entreaty.

What! Didst thou hope to hide this shameful deed,  
 Traitor, and steal away without a word?  
 Canst thou forget our love, forget the troth  
 Thou gav'st me freely once? Canst thou not dream  
 What cruel doom awaits me, thou being gone?  
 Why—'tis mid-winter; yet thou must away,  
 Must bid thy vessels hug the Northern blast?  
 Oh, cruel, cruel! Would'st thou, even if Troy  
 Stood as of old, and thou wert Troy-ward bound,  
 Not seeking lands unknown and homes unbuilt,  
 Would'st thou have launched thy fleet on yon wild surge  
 Even for Troy? Ah! 'Tis from me thou flee'st—  
 If flee thou wilt. Oh, hear me, hear me plead,  
 Plead by these tears, by thine own pledged right hand,  
 By that last, dearest solitary plea  
 That e'en my fatal passion has not marred,  
 Our lovers' joy, our bridal song begun;  
 If e'er I served thee faithfully, if aught  
 Had sweetness for thee once, doom me not now.  
 The chiefs of Libya hate me for thy sake;  
 In Tyre my brother watches for my hurt;  
 For thee I lost the pearl of fair renown;  
 For thee, thou seest, I am brought near to death;  
 Why hasten then to leave me? Stay! Oh, stay!  
 Be but my guest again, my friend at least,  
 Friend, whom I called my husband yesterday.  
 What wait I for? Till Tyrian battering-rams  
 Thunder my brother's wrath on these new walls,  
 Or Moor Iarbas make me wife and slave?

Ah, but if first, ere thou had'st fled, one ray  
Of gentler hope had dawned, if in this court  
A baby child of ours had danced and smiled,  
Smiling his far-off father back again,  
Oh then, methinks, I were not, as I am,  
Utterly, utterly betrayed, undone.

The truth is that here, as everywhere, Vergil brings us face to face with the mystery of life. Just as Rome had struggled to the death with Carthage, so Aeneas struggles with the world of conflicting passions and contradictory fates; and, though to him may be granted some faith or vision of the end to which the struggle will contribute, yet his career stops far short of final triumph. His regret for Dido remains in the latest glimpse which Vergil gives us of his heart: 'Inuitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi.' It is only in the after-world, according to Vergil, that at last human passions are cleansed and human pains redressed. In the vision of the after-life Dido is restored to her first love, and her passion for Aeneas is left behind like a dream. So in the far-off kingdom of peace we may believe that there shall be no more slaughter nor wars nor starvation nor oppression; but on the human stage the mystery is unsolved. In the story of Dido, Vergil's great picture of human passion, as in his vision of the rest of life, his deepest utterance is a cry of wonder and infinite pity; pity not untouched by that faith which is perhaps the deepest faith of all poetry and all religions, that the power and radiance of human love cannot be quenched by the brute forces that surround our mortal condition.

R. S. CONWAY.

## Art. 6.—ON SOME PARASITIC FLIES.

1. *Studien über Diptera pupipara*. By Dr P. Speiser. Zeitschrift für systematische Hymenopterologie und Dipterologie, 1902. Vol. II, p. 145.
2. *Notes on Hippoboscidae in the British Museum*. By E. E. Austen. Annals and Magazine of Natural History, 7th Series, 1903. Vol. XII, p. 255.
3. *Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Hippobosciden*. By Dr P. Speiser. Zeitschrift für systematische Hymenopterologie und Dipterologie, 1905. Vol. v, p. 347.
4. *Illustrations of British Blood-sucking Flies*. With notes by E. E. Austen. Printed by order of the Trustees B.M., 1906.
5. *Die geographische Verbreitung der Diptera pupipara und ihre Phylogenie*. By Dr P. Speiser. Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Insektenbiologie, 1908. Vol. IV, pp. 241, 301, 420, 437.

THE reader who has an elementary knowledge of entomology need not be reminded that there is a huge order of insects, which comprises the two-winged flies, known as the Diptera. Four families of this order have been grouped together under the name *Diptera pupipara*.\* The members of all four families are parasites, and all have developed the habit, extraordinary among insects, of producing living young. The fecundity of insects is notorious, but these produce only one at a birth. The credit of establishing that these flies do not lay eggs belongs to Réaumur, the famous French naturalist, who published the fact so long ago as 1742. His observations were confirmed in 1779 by Bonnet of Geneva. In more recent days nearly all the best work has been done by Germans, and the greatest authority on the group is a Prussian, Dr Paul Speiser.

Since all scientific classification is now based on descent, one must seek to discover from what sort of flies these families are descended. It is almost certain

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\* The four families included under *Diptera pupipara* are: *Hippoboscidae*, parasitic on a great variety of warm-blooded animals (including birds); *Streblidae*, *Ascodipteridae*, and *Nycteribiidae*, all three exclusively parasitic on bats. Some authorities would add *Braulidae*. The present article is concerned only with the first family.

that all parasitic animals are descended from free-living ancestors. There is, moreover, reason to hold that the *Diptera pupipara* is not a natural group; that is to say, it is what naturalists called polyphyletic, meaning that the families which compose it are descended from different stocks along different lines. If that be so, the similarities which the several families have in common must be explained by convergence due to a parasitic life. In the same fashion, life in the water explains the similarity of a whale to a fish.

The special interest of this anomalous group of dipterous insects lies in the fact that they are the only members of the two-winged fly order that have developed more or less permanent parasitic ways. They can bury themselves in hairs or feathers. Many flies are blood-suckers, but here we have insects incapable of living without their respective hosts, always associated with particular animals and, in certain cases, spending the whole of their lives on the bodies or in the sleeping-places of their hosts. Adversity, we all know, brings strange bed-fellows; and propinquity, one might add, brings strange parasites, as will appear later when we discuss how far each species of these insects is confined to its special host. It would seem that all the members of this group (*Diptera pupipara*) are related to the Muscid stock, which includes the familiar house-flies and blue-bottles; but, owing to the adoption of a parasitic life, some have become amazingly altered both in external form and internal structure.

The main changes are three in number. First, they have developed special means of clinging to their hosts, either by increasing the efficiency of organs possessed by other flies or by evolving entirely new organs. Secondly, in connexion with a sedentary life, there is a reduction in the size of the wings until, in the extreme cases, we have wingless flies quite incapable of flight. Thirdly, to safeguard the larva when hatched from the egg, it is retained and nourished within the body of the mother until it is ready to turn into a pupa. With this goes a reduction in the birth-rate so unusual among flies, that, if there were a Registrar-General in the insect world, his reports would doubtless have caused great alarm.

This habit of producing young instead of eggs has

earned these pupiparous flies their name, but the habit is not confined to them. The beginnings may be seen in the Tsetse-flies (*Glossina*), also of the Muscid stock. They, too, produce living young, but in a much less advanced stage of development. They are the nearest living relations of the Hippoboscids family. Now it suggests food for thought that the Tsetse-flies are said to show a preference for the blood of crocodiles. The most primitive Hippoboscids (*Ortholfersia*), on the other hand, are parasites of marsupials. By 'primitive' is meant that these flies show least divergence in structure from the ancestral stock. The marsupials (which include the kangaroos and other pouched animals) are, in their turn, primitive mammals which show certain affinities with a reptilian stock. It is conceivable that we have here traces of two parallel lines of development between host and parasite. As regards host, from reptiles to marsupials, and so to other higher mammals; as regards parasite, from some blood-sucking fly, resembling the Tsetse-fly, to the primitive Hippoboscids (*Ortholfersia*), and so to the other branches of the family which have assumed the form and habit of extremely modified parasites on various hoofed animals.

Let us now turn to the single family with which we are here concerned. This family (*Hippoboscidae*) is found all over the world. Over a hundred species have been collected and described. They are all parasites of mammals and birds. They occasionally stray on to human beings who meddle with their natural hosts, but no evidence has been produced showing that, under natural conditions, they suck human blood. The proboscis is slender, curved, and capable of protrusion; but it is constructed of the same parts as that of the other blood-sucking flies which belong to the family known as *Muscidae*. The tip of the proboscis is armed with sharp, horny teeth, which enable the skin of the host to be pierced; and, both in appearance and in the way it acts, it resembles the proboscis of the Tsetse-flies.

Even one who is not learned in entomology would probably be struck by the strange appearance of a fly belonging to this family. The body is horny, and in all cases flattened from above and below. This flattening is an adaptation frequently seen in external parasites,



and is notorious in the bed-bug. It enables the insect to cling more closely to the host, and reduces the risks of being blown or brushed off. The feet are provided with claws for holding fast to hair or feathers. Wings are present in most species, and are sometimes well developed. But there is progressive reduction in the size of the wings until, in the genus *Melophagus*, parasitic on sheep and chamois, both sexes are entirely devoid of wings and are obliged to crawl.

In the winged species there are peculiarities in the veins and the shape of the wing which seem to indicate incipient atrophy. The veins are crowded together along the front border of the wing, while the membrane is only supported by a few weak veins running obliquely across it. These flies are, however, true parasites, and make little use of their wings except to reach a host, or, in the case of males, to find a mate. There is, in some cases, a strange compromise between wings and winglessness. In the species *Lipoptena cervi*, which is parasitic on several kinds of deer, both sexes emerge from the pupa-case with wings; but those of the female break off close to the base, leaving two odd-looking stumps, and she becomes entirely sedentary. It was at one time thought that she bit them off; and it may be that she assists by other means in ridding herself of organs of locomotion, not wanted by a parasite which has solved the problem of food, and only wants the visit of a male to solve the problem of continuing the race. The male flies seem to retain their wings longer; but both sexes are found on deer, crawling in a wingless condition among the hairs.

Being parasites of wild animals, it is not unnatural that most of this strange family of flies should be but little known. In this country we have six native species, of which the Forest-fly (*Hippobosca equinus*), a parasite of the horse, and the sheep-tick (*Melophagus ovinus*) have the most chance of becoming familiar to man. The Forest-fly is found all over Europe and in other parts of the world to which horses have been imported. The English name is derived from the New Forest, where from May to October masses, in clusters, at times infest the ponies which there run wild. The flies congregate where the skin is thinnest, between the thighs and

beneath the tail; and, though the bite does not seem to be painful and the Forest ponies are indifferent to the fly, strange horses are driven frantic by the mere tickling. The claws of the parasite fastened in the hairs enable the flies to despise the swishing of the horse's tail. When seriously disturbed they move quickly sideways with a crablike motion. Cattle are also sometimes infested by these flies. Their near allies in other countries are parasites of dogs, camels, ostriches, and other animals.

A second British species (*Lipoptena cervi*) is usually parasitic on roe-deer in this country, but is also obtained here, and in other parts of Europe, from fallow-deer and red-deer. In Scandinavia it is a parasite of the elk, but, strange to say, is not found on the closely allied moose of the New World. We have little detailed knowledge of the life-history of these insects. The pupa-cases are sometimes found in the hair of deer, but it seems to be the habit of these insects, which are known to German foresters as *Lausfliegen*, to deposit their larvæ on the ground where the herds congregate. Both sexes emerge with wings and lose them when they have found a deer to live on. In the autumn winged males are met with in the woods, which are different from the wingless males that consort with the females in the hair of the deer. They are paler and more slender. The significance and purpose of this second type of male remains an unexplained mystery.

The most advanced stage of parasitism, in this family, is reached in the insect found on domestic sheep. Nothing is known of the forms which doubtless infest the different species of wild sheep; and their study would perhaps elucidate the evolution of these wingless flies. The insect, known to shepherds as a 'ked,' is also incorrectly called a sheep-'tick' or 'louse.' It passes the whole of its life on the sheep and moves slowly and quietly through the fleece. The new-born larva is attached to the wool and there passes the pupal stage. Being incapable of flight, the parasites can only get to new hosts when these are in contact or near adjacent. The gregarious habits of sheep may have had an effect on the evolution of the parasite, which bears little resemblance to an ordinary fly. Other symptoms of a parasitic life are seen in the head, which is deeply

embedded in the thorax, so that it is protected laterally by the coxal segments of the front legs; in the eyes, which are linear and small instead of being round and prominent; in the absence of outstanding antennæ; in the strong legs ending in clawed feet. Anything in the structure of a normal fly which would impede progress through wool has been lost; anything that would facilitate clinging has been developed. Head and thorax tend to become fused into one. There are no external signs of segments in the leathery abdomen. Nearly allied forms have been obtained in the Caucasus from an ibex, and in Western Asia from an antelope and a chamois.

In considering the geographical distribution of a parasite, two questions must be kept in view. First the distribution of the host; and secondly, whether the parasite occurs throughout the range of the host and, if not, in what geographical regions. The study of animal distribution aims at explaining the present range of animals in the light of the past configuration of the earth's surface. Thus the severance of one tract of land from another by the sea may check the migration of land animals and explain present distribution which, but for this, appears inexplicable. In dealing with parasites, however, the first consideration is the distribution of the host and the factors controlling it. A sharp distinction must be drawn between parasites of mammals and those of birds, since the factors controlling the distribution of those two classes of host are fundamentally different.

Bearing these general considerations in mind, one may turn to the Hippoboscids and see what is to be learnt from the distribution of this single family of peculiar parasitic flies. Taking first those which are parasites of mammals, one may distribute the types of host into the following groups: marsupials or pouched mammals; ungulates or hoofed mammals; carnivora; lemurs; and bats.

First, marsupials. That the genus (*Ortholfersia*), which is composed of insects parasitic on kangaroos, must be confined to the Australian region is self-evident, since kangaroos are found nowhere else. Secondly, ungulates, whose parasites are comprised in four genera (*Hippobosca*, *Lipoptena*, *Echestypus*, and *Melophagus*).

Hoofed animals or ungulates are now found all over the world, but in some places they owe their presence to man's agency. There were originally no cattle or deer in Madagascar. There were no horses in America when the New World was discovered. Deer are absent from the African region. The American deer, moreover, fall into two clearly divided groups. The forms which inhabit the northern part of the New World are closely allied to those of the northern parts of Europe and Asia. On the other hand, the deer found in the more southern part, including Central and South America, form a second group clearly marked off by anatomical differences:

It is an interesting matter for inquiry how far the distribution of these parasitic flies fits in with the facts just set out as to the distribution of their hosts. The genus *Hippobosca*, with its eight different species, studied by itself is most instructive. For the moment one form (*H. fossulata*) may be left out of consideration. A few specimens, secured in the South American Republic of Colombia, have been examined and (as they are hardly distinguishable from an Indian form) introduction may be suspected. Assuming that to be case, the most obvious and noteworthy fact is that this genus of parasites is confined to the Old World. The second fact, less obvious but also noteworthy, is that some species are restricted to a small portion of the earth's surface, while others have an enormously wide range. For instance, one species (*H. rufipes*) is confined to South Africa, while another (*H. equinus*) ranges from England to Australia. The reason becomes obvious when one appreciates that those forms have the widest range which are parasites of animals which man has tamed for his domestic use. They owe their introduction into new countries to man alone. There is abundant direct evidence of this in the present case.

One form, which is a cattle parasite in India, has become well established in Madagascar, to which country Indian cattle have been introduced. During the Boer war this fly got transported to South Africa, and it is now established on the mainland. Little did Mr Chamberlain think, when he espoused the cause of the Uitlanders, that one of the ultimate results of his policy would

be to widen the territory infested by Hippoboscoid flies. Another form, which is a horse-parasite, has reached Australia, where there were no horses when the first settlers landed. The journey to Australia taken by these parasites was circuitous; but it has been traced with all the care with which intelligence officers worked out the route of an enemy division from the Eastern to the Western front. The flies started from France and travelled with horses to Algiers; from there they were brought to New Caledonia; and from that place they were subsequently landed in New South Wales. It is a pleasant thought that here they will find distant and long-lost relatives who are parasites of the native kangaroos. There is a third form which is a dog-parasite, and is found on the shores of the Mediterranean, down the East African coast, and through Southern Asia up to Japan. Here again man's interference may reasonably be suspected.

Turning now to the origin of this genus, there is reason to believe, in the light of what we know of structure and geographical distribution, that the ancestral form originated in Central Asia. Here the flies became parasitic on horses and cattle. Those which are to-day parasitic on camels are more recent developments, as their structure shows. They deserted their old hosts for camels at what geologists would consider a comparatively recent date. The fact that the llamas, or camels of the New World, are not troubled by Hippoboscoid flies confirms this. The transference from the camel to the ostrich, which inhabits the same sandy portions of the world, is natural enough, and came later. This also is confirmed by the significant fact that the two species (*H. struthionis* and *H. rufipes*) which are parasitic on the African ostrich are the most widely divergent in structure from what one supposes to be the ancestral form.

The next genus (*Lipoptena*) presents a different problem. Seven species are found in the Old World and three markedly distinct species in the New World. They are, in the main, parasites of deer, who were probably their original hosts. It is noteworthy that insects of this genus are absent from the African and Australian regions in which, it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, there are no deer. But in the south-eastern

portion of the Old World they are found in Asia Minor on ibexes; in India on chevrotains; and in Ceylon on large bats of the fruit-eating tribe. The problem is further complicated by the fact that the three American species are only found on the South American group of deer, which are separated for anatomical reasons from the North American group; and, while the insects of this genus are absent from the North American moose and wapiti, they are characteristic parasites of the closely-allied deer of Northern Europe and Northern Asia. Such is the problem that has to be explained.

Dr Speiser has advanced a theory which seems satisfactory. He suggests that this genus originated as parasites of deer in the New World. One party, in Pliocene ages, wandered south in company with the South American group of deer. To these its members remained attached; and geographical isolation has produced, as one would expect, an isolated group of species markedly distinct from the rest. The party which attached itself to the North American deer became extinct, but not until some remote ancestors had passed with their hosts by way of Alaska and Behring Straits into the Old World. These Pilgrim Fathers of the parasites, travelling westward like the passengers of the 'Mayflower,' but from America instead of to it, colonised the Old World. Some of their descendants became parasites of ibexes. In later days others, more adaptable in habits and tastes and dwelling in the most southern part of their new home, moved even to stranger hosts, the chevrotains and the bats. It is again noteworthy that the two species of insects found parasitic on the chevrotains and the bats are closely related forms.

One fact more is needed to make this intricate story complete. Ibexes are goats and they are only distantly related to the deer family, but are much more closely allied to sheep and antelopes. Bearing this in mind, it is exactly what one would expect, that of the two remaining allied genera of these flies which are parasitic on hoofed animals, the one (*Melophagus*) is found both on sheep and antelopes, while the second (*Echestypus*) is only found on antelopes and is peculiar to Africa—the head-quarters of the antelope tribe. Nor is it surprising that the familiar parasite of the sheep (*M. ovinus*) should be



recorded, not only in North and South America, but also in Australia, to which it has travelled with its hosts.

Next come the parasites of the lemurs, which form a distinct genus (*Alloboscs*) with one species from Madagascar. It is a form which shows such reduction in the size of the wings that the insect's powers of flight must be affected. This is of interest because it is characteristic of many parasitic insects whose hosts have the habit of returning regularly to the same sleeping-quarters. Such is actually the habit of lemurs.

When we turn to parasites of birds, entirely different considerations arise. Moreover, the searcher after ordered generalities is confronted with some fifteen genera and nearly a hundred species of Hippoboscid flies which are parasitic on birds. It will not have escaped the notice of the intelligent reader that the special parasites of the ostrich are nearly allied to the parasites of the camel, and belong to a group which otherwise only infests mammals. Ostriches are abnormal birds and incapable of flight. There are, however, many other birds which have immense powers of sustaining themselves on the wing. Some stir was caused by a species of fly, belonging to the Hippoboscid family and first described from Java, appearing in a collection made at Saumur in France. There was no longer any mystery when it was known that the fly had been taken from a straggling frigate-bird driven by stress of weather from the tropics to Europe. Thus the distribution of the parasite is involved with that of the host.

Certain outstanding features of the species parasitic on birds have been established. They have for the most part a wide geographical range, and are found indifferently on a variety of birds. Birds of prey frequently take on the parasites of their victims; and parasites of small birds are constantly obtained from the nestlings of sparrow-hawks and other *Raptores*. Certain genera (for instance, *Pseudolpersia*) show a taste for water-birds; others have a marked preference for swallows or swifts. Of the forms of fly with well-developed wings and effective flight powers, it does not seem that more than two are confined to special hosts; these are the parasites of the ostrich and of the frigate-bird.



We have in the British Islands only three species of these bird-parasites. The first is so catholic in its tastes that it is found on a great variety of birds extremely different from one another—game-birds, owls, wood-peckers, thrushes, and warblers. It is a species with well-developed wings which are retained through life; and, if the host be killed, the flies will follow a person carrying it. The second species is found in or near the nests of house-martins under our eaves. The third infests swifts.\* It is established that the European parasites of the swallows and swifts do not accompany them to their winter quarters, and that it is only during the nesting season that these birds are infested.

The forms with reduced wings and poor powers of flight are often attached to special hosts; such are the parasites of the swallows and swifts. It is significant that both these two last-named families of birds, which are not otherwise allied, often nest in colonies. In such a case the loss of the power of flight would not be detrimental to the parasite. It is also worthy of note that the special parasites of those primitive mammals the kangaroos are considered by Dr Speiser to have most affinities with certain bird-parasites and are included by him in a sub-family containing four other genera, all the members of which are parasitic on birds. Even more remarkable is the fact that a bird parasite (*Ornithomyia avicularia*), with a world-wide distribution, has in New South Wales and Tasmania become parasitic on wallabies. The sickly animals are mostly infested. This may be regarded as another case of adversity bringing strange bed-fellows.

HAROLD RUSSELL.

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\* The first (*Ornithomyia avicularia*) has been carried by birds all over the globe. The parasite of the house-martin is *Stenopteryx hirundinis*; that of the swift is *Oxypterus pallidum*. The American swifts have their own parasites of a different genus. The swifts (*Collocalia*) from whose nests the Chinese make soup have yet another.

## Art. 7.—THE IDEA OF PROGRESS.

1. *Essai sur l'Histoire de l'Idée de Progrès jusqu'à la Fin du xviii<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par Jules Delvaille. Paris: Alcan, 1910.
2. *The Idea of Progress.* By Prof. J. B. Bury. Macmillan, 1920.

THERE was a day when it was easy for Sir John Seeley to maintain that history was the biography of States, and when it was no less easy for E. A. Freeman to show that it was past politics. That day, however, is more remote than the age before Aug. 4, 1914. It is true that the life of the State must always engross the attention of the historian, but it is no less true that he must pay heed to the ideals by which men live. Voltaire realised the change when he set forth his '*Siècle de Louis XIV.*' and his more remarkable '*Essai sur les Mœurs.*' Now all competent historians agree with Thomas Arnold that history is the 'biography of society.' In this biography thought and action must be the subject of our study.

The civic ideal of the classical world, the monastic ideal of the early Middle Ages, the chivalrous ideal of the later Middle Ages—these are written so plainly on the pages of history that no one can ignore them. Each in turn passes away, and we are interested in the causes of the passing. The inquirer to-day perceives the altered ideal, and he naturally desires to note the trend of events when an ideal is translated into action. In a word, he assumes that there must be progress. The idea of progress, however, is wholly modern, and was inconceivable before the 16th century. Even to-day it is a conception repellent to the Eastern mind. The majority of mankind agree with the attitude of the punkah-puller. An English lady advised him to improve his position. 'Mem sahib,' he said, when he at last succeeded in grasping her meaning, 'my father pulled a punkah, my grandfather pulled a punkah, all my ancestors for four million ages pulled punkahs, and, before that, the god who founded our caste pulled a punkah over Vishnu.' The thing that hath been is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun.

Sir Henry Maine used to complain that men failed to

understand how exceptional were the conditions of Western society, and he pointed out that the progressive conception which underlay them was one of recent growth. It is remarkable that it has not occurred to any writer till 1910 to trace the history of the idea of progress. No doubt there is a discussion in Comte's 'Cours de philosophie positive,' but, like so many of Comte's ideas, it is only thrown out in passing. There are also notices in the volumes of writers like Buchez, Javary, Rigault, Bouillier, Caro, and Brunetière. All these discussions are, for the most part, fragmentary and too brief to add to our knowledge. It is significant that all these thinkers are French. In this field Germany contributes nothing, a fact which is puzzling when we remember the importance which she attaches to *Kulturgeschichte*.

In 1910 M. Jules Delvaille produced a massive monograph on the question. He begins with classical times, and comes down to the end of the 18th century. Of his erudition there can be no question, though there can be a question of his power to use his erudition. He has written a history of thought. The point is, Has he written a history of the growth of a particular thought? Here his volume disappoints the reader. He quotes author after author; he has not only read but he has also meditated; yet he seldom helps us to realise how wholly modern is the idea of progress. The information is in his pages; but he is unable to tell us what is important and what is not. It is not enough for a thinker to mention the word progress. Bodin does this, and we know no writer to whom the idea is more repellent. Does the conception fit in with the rest of the scheme of thought of the writer discussed? Were there, above all, conditions at work at the time in which he wrote to render progress possible? To these questions M. Delvaille vouchsafes no answer. Prof. Bury's recent book is free from these defects. It is marked by that insight we have long learnt to associate with his name. He brings his investigation down to the middle of the 19th century, leaving us regretful that he did not reach the year 1920. The outstanding feature of his illuminating volume is the attention paid to the decisive steps in the growth of the conception. In it there is encyclo-

pædic knowledge, but there is also a rarer quality, and that is the penetration with which the investigation is conducted. No more valuable historical work has appeared for a long time.

✓ Most of us to-day are inclined to regard progress as a matter of course. Knowledge expands, we say, and there is no reason why it should not continue to expand indefinitely. This was not the view of the Greeks, who, for the most part, conceived on the contrary the possibility of a process of deterioration, a cycle or a succession of cycles. The majority thought that there had been a Golden Age, but that was long since past. Moreover, there seems to have been the feeling that the age in which they lived was distinctly dull. Beyond the Pillars of Hercules once existed Plato's Atlantis; it is now lost to the sight of men in the depths of the sea. In it innocence and happiness reached the highest possible stage; the utmost man can expect is to return, however distantly, to this stage. What George Meredith called the rapture of the forward view was denied to the Greek writers.

A look at the conflagration in which civilisation has been burning renders it easy for us to hold that development includes retrogression. There are many side-currents as well as the main current in the stream of evolution. There is no scientific reason forbidding a return of the glacial period and a spread of polar climatical conditions over the whole globe again. The man of the ancient world no doubt had reasons other than these. He inherited the natural love of mankind for old associations, and he inherited the sense of reverence. The old, simply because it was old, must be better than the new. If he was obliged to strike out a new path, he diverged as little as he could from the old and tried one. It is impossible for a country, especially a primitive one, to effect an entire break with the past. Perhaps the greatest of all breaks with the past was the French Revolution, and yet in its ideals it entertained a return to Roman republican virtue, or to the simplicity of the natural man.

It is remarkable that it is to Seneca we owe the first clear statement of a theory of progress free from the

idea of the Golden Age. There are some passages in his 'Natural Questions' which are significant.

'It is not,' he remarks, 'a thousand years since Greece "counted the number of the stars and named them every one." And there are many nations at the present hour who merely know the face of the sky and do not yet understand why the moon is obscured in an eclipse. It is but recently indeed that science brought home to ourselves certain knowledge on the subject. . . . The day will yet come when posterity will be amazed that we remain ignorant of things that will seem to them so plain' (Bk. VII, 25).

We are here far removed from the notion that the whole body of truth has already been discovered.

It has been the infinite loss of mankind that the following passage has not sunk deeply into the mind of Europe, though indeed it seems hardly to be understood by its author, for its implications contradict his Stoic creed.

'How many animals,' Seneca points out, 'we have come to know for the first time in our days! Many too that are unknown to us the people of a coming day will know. Many discoveries are reserved for the ages still to be, when our memory shall have perished. The world is a poor affair if it do not contain matter for investigation for the whole world in every age. . . . Nature does not reveal all her secrets at once. . . . They are withdrawn and shut up in the inner shrine. Of one of them this age will catch a glimpse, of another the age that will come after' (Bk. VII, 31).

The doctrine of Seneca was startling enough, but it created no impression on his time. After all, sound requires atmosphere; and there was no atmosphere for this sound at Rome. When the Renaissance scholars took down the folios containing the classical authors, it is intelligible that in their blind admiration the 'Natural Questions' of Seneca should have escaped them. Many of them were mediæval in spirit, with a veneer of classical culture. Men used to read the writings of Thomas Aquinas or Albert the Great; the new fashion was to read those of Cicero or Plato; and the spirit in which they were read is the spirit in which the scholastic folios had been perused. 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.' The book is different; the

reader is the same. Feeling is in no wise human; it is only literary. Between life and the representation of life stands the artificial figure of antiquity. When the classics were so read, they were among the most deadly enemies of progress, causing the death, not the rebirth, of thought.

The great service that Copernicus rendered to mankind was the conception of the perpetual motion of this world. Motion there is in the worlds above, and incessant motion is in the worlds beneath. Petrarch is sometimes called the first modern man; and on the literary side a case may be made out for him. He was, however, as blind as Dante to the forces around him which made for political and scientific progress. What was fatal to the poem of Dante was the work of Copernicus. There was no longer any distinction between the heavens and the earth. True, the earth became a heavenly body, but for all time to come the substance of the heavenly body was precisely the same as that of the earthy. It was no longer possible to entertain the belief that the stars influenced the destiny of man, for their motions obeyed the same laws as that of the globe we inhabit. Four generations after Copernicus, Blaise Pascal could say, '*Le silence éternel de ces espaces m'effraie.*' The first modern man was the astronomer, the first to allow the scientific conception of Descartes.

As we turn over the writings of the 16th century we catch a glimpse of the true spirit of the Renaissance. Do we remember sufficiently how long it was before the spirit of the belief in progress was destined to prevail? If, on the one side, there are Rabelais, Campanella, and Francis Bacon, on the other we find Machiavelli, Bodin, and Montaigne.

Machiavelli places human character as low as does Luther or Montaigne. The world is neither better nor worse than it was a thousand years ago. As the amount of matter on earth is exactly what it was in the time of Plato, so is the amount of goodness and badness. Power, in accordance with Bishop Berkeley's law, used to be in Assyria, then in Media, then in Persia, until at last it came to Italy and Rome. Badness and goodness are therefore simply migrating westward—that is



all. There is no progress; the world is always the same. Are there not revolutions? Yes, but they only alter the distribution of power. Some institutions improve, and others fail to do so; the level is the same after a revolution as before. Still, if there is no progress, there is at least no decadence. Machiavelli contents himself with reproducing the despairing doctrine of the Stoics on the cyclical movements of men and institutions. In his opinion every form of society and government bears within it an element of dissolution and ruin. In a circle turn ceaselessly all the imaginable social forms.

Giving an excessive importance to the classical writers, Bodin ranks Homer and Hesiod high; and the melancholy of these two poets clings to his own writings. As a young man he attacked the Copernican system; as an old man he persisted in his attack. Is there a philosopher's stone? He is not sure; Nature guards her secrets closely. The compass, geographical discovery, astronomical laws, the invention of artillery—these are sufficiently striking witnesses of progress in his day. Yet he deems that printing alone deserves comparison with the discoveries of antiquity. Like Montaigne, he is as much impressed by the novelty of the ideas of his age as by their truth. The stranger the tale the more he, like Montaigne, is pleased. Anticipating the Pragmatists, Bodin thrusts to the one side all means of attaining knowledge save experience, which is '*maistresse de toute certitude*.' On the other hand, he can hold that our senses deceive us, that our reason is unworthy of trust. It is easy to see why he finds it hard to know God, why he believes in mystical experience. In theory he advocates freedom of thought, but in practice he falls back on authority; like Machiavelli, he believes firmly in witchcraft. There is a pæan on progress in his '*Methodus*,' but it is plainly inconsistent with the tenor of his fundamental thought. God, he proclaims, is free to act as He pleases; and Bodin draws the conclusion that accordingly the laws of Nature are not fixed. If these laws are not fixed, he wonders if there is any possibility of scientific knowledge.

Alive to the many-sided forces of his age, Montaigne received a severe shock from the discovery of the Western world. It is significant that he regards such discoveries



not so much as an addition to knowledge as simply a variation of opinion, a change of sensation. To him it is disturbing to find that the cosmography of Ptolemy is refuted by the voyage of Columbus. The strange experiences and the unheard-of customs of America smashed mediæval unity into a thousand fragments; and Montaigne is left without a mental shelter. He was as well aware as the Stoics or the Schoolmen of the fact that an unsolved enigma means intellectual discomfort. He realised the bitter need of dogma for minds which have been laid bare to the winds of heaven. In place of the unity of the scholastic authors there are the dissensions of the classical. In place of the oneness of the Church and State there is an ever-growing diversity of life, which reveals to him the transformation. Man's character used to be a known, a constant quantity, whereas now it is an unknown, an inconstant quantity. The dissensions, the inconstancy, and the change suggest to him that absolute judgment is impossible, and relative judgment no more than barely possible. 'Que sçais-je?' is the poignant question. He answers with perfect frankness that he knows nothing. He is a sceptic who doubts even scepticism. He obeys the laws of his country, not because they are just, but because authority orders them. Better legislation is readily conceivable; but, like Bodin and Burke, this conservative fears that the desire to secure a good measure may lead to the substitution of a worse.

'Ceulx,' he says, 'qui ont essayé de r'advise les mœurs du monde, de mon temps, par nouvelles opinions, réforment les vices de l'apparence; ceulx de l'essence, ils les laissent là, s'ils ne les augmentent: et l'augmentation y est à craindre; on se séjourne volontiers de tout aultre bienfaire, sur ces réformations externes, arbitraires, de moindre coust et de plus grand merite; et satisfait on à bon marché, par là, les aultres vices naturels, consubstantiels et intestins.'

To Montaigne, as to Copernicus, there is nothing absolutely false, nothing absolutely true; everything is relative. In his writings Montaigne sometimes speaks of the mind of man as if it were 'un grand ouvrier de miracles,' and sometimes he rails at it as 'un outil vagabond, dangéreux et téméraire. 'Truth and falsehood,'

according to him, 'have the same visage, the same port, taste, proceedings.' Pragmatist at heart, he disbelieved in intellect as much as Rabelais and Bacon believed in it. The uncertainty of human knowledge, the inconstancy of human action, diversity its most characteristic feature—these are the titles of three of his essays. 'It is ever'—such is his contention—'one and the same Nature which rolls on her course. He who has thoroughly learned to know her estate in the present can safely conclude from it all the future and all the past.' A belief in progress is out of the question when a man is such a pessimist.

Three men of very different positions, different in origin and nature—Rabelais, Campanella, and Bacon—announce almost simultaneously that Christian societies have entered into a path of progress in which the fear of retrogression must be dismissed as chimerical. Expelled in 1524 by the Franciscans of Fontenay-le-Comte for his attachment to science, Rabelais cares for botany, taking up with special zest the classification of the plants and animals of the newly-discovered countries. The new materials upset the old classifications; and with their advent departs the certainty that Rabelais possesses the whole of truth. To the mediæval mind chance accounted for everything; to Rabelais law accounted for everything. Instead of arbitrary happenings, he sets forth to his age orderly and ordered processes. The discovery of truth is not empirical; it is scientific. Rabelais pays homage to the progress of learning in the letter that Gargantua addresses to his son, Pantagruel. He deems it more important to observe the movements of a patient's pulse than to observe the movements of the stars.

Rabelais' *peut-être* suggests dissatisfaction with the state of learning then existing, the need for examination, and for freedom of examination. In the abbey of Thelema there is complete liberty of conscience. Scientific knowledge will increase in the future, though he disclaims the power of forecast based on astrology. At the conclusion of 'Pantagruel,' the priestess says to Panurge, 'When you come to your world, testify that under the earth there are great treasures and wonderful things. Your philosophers who complain that all things have been discovered by the ancients, and that nothing

has been left for them to find out, are obviously wrong. All that the earth has produced is not comparable to what is still concealed in it.' It is a prophecy as striking as Seneca's.

The Dominican Campanella, the anticipator of Descartes, is no less explicit, no less ardent in the manifestation of his hopes. The prediction of a radical change, the arrival of powerful reformers, the necessity of a revolution — nothing is wanting in the literary and political programme of this audacious monk. In his 'Apologia pro Galileo' he maintains that it is from observation, not from opinion, that progress arises. He sets forth the dangers of trusting in the folio, the need for definition of terms. For his part he was determined to 'compare books with the first and original writing, the world.' Men must begin to reason not *a priori*, but from the objects lavishly provided by Nature. Campanella is convinced that a vast change is taking place in the world, and that it is his task to announce it. In his 'Prodromus philosophiæ instaurandæ' he, like Bacon, provides a plan for the restoration of all forms of learning. He is completely confident that, if man possesses freedom of thought, he can develop new knowledge.

A contemporary of Campanella, less bold but more enlightened, Francis Bacon, grasped the idea of the renewal of the modern world by the aid of the intellectual labour of successive generations. Bacon is often reproached with making no real contribution to science. The criticism is just, but it is irrelevant. His rôle was that of a herald. 'I am but a trumpeter,' he proclaimed, 'not a combatant.' Peace, especially theological peace, is a prime condition for the success of his scheme. He likens himself to the miller of Huntingdon 'that was wont to pray for peace amongst the willows; for, while the winds blew, the windmills wrought, and the water-mill was less customed. So I see the controversies of religion must hinder the advancement of science.'

Scientific investigators work, as a rule, on the facts and observations they collect. Bacon urged them to amass facts and evolve cosmos out of chaos. His method is wrong; still there is no mistaking the enthusiasm of the man who writes that 'without such a natural and

experimental history . . . no progress worthy of the human race in Philosophy and the Sciences could possibly be made.' His 'Novum Organum' is filled with hope. In his 'Advancement of Learning,' which he published in 1605, he insists on the wisdom of establishing readers in science and of providing the expenses of the experiments these men undertake. The foundation of the Royal Society was one day to be the outcome of these ideas. It is scarcely three centuries since the idea of the possibility of indefinite progress through man's own conscious efforts first emerged in the minds of a few thoughtful persons. It is to Bacon that the glory is due of first popularising this seminal idea, one of the greatest single ideas in the whole history of mankind in the vista of possibilities it opens before us.

It was barely possible to conceive the idea of progress before the 16th century. For the doctrine of continuous change has for its basis the notion of the unity of mankind; it envisages the tribes, the cities, the nations as so many members of a great family. It assigns to each of them a providential rôle in the immeasurable career in which humanity advances. Now not only were these underlying truths unknown to the classical and mediæval worlds; the members thereof were profoundly antipathetic to them. The discovery of printing, the impossibility of another *Völkerwanderung*, the greater ease of international relations, all combine to reject a system by which Machiavelli condemns the human race to eternal oscillations between truth and error. Indirectly books like Luther's 'On the Freedom of a Christian Man' contributed much. Until its appearance Christian ethics had a divided ideal. It taught some men devotion to others, and self-sacrifice on their behalf. It taught holiness and righteousness as the ideal of the monk and the nun. The two ideals were parallel and independent; Luther joined them in the one end of human service. The mediævalist had taught that what was natural was wrong; Luther, like Erasmus, taught that what was natural was right. Other-worldliness was no longer the motive. A good citizen of this earth was thus preparing for his citizenship in the New Jerusalem. He is a saved man, and his life on earth is as sacred as his life in heaven. Other-worldliness had rendered men indifferent

to the secrets of the Universe, of the ground beneath them and the heavens above them. They had been so preoccupied with the Word of God that they had omitted to consider the work of God. The globe acquired a fascination for mankind hitherto unknown. Like Canning, Luther called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old.

All these ideas were fundamental conditions of the thought of Descartes. The Platonic conception of the New Atlantis was abhorrent to him. He broke completely with the past. It was a matter of pride to him that he had forgotten the Greek he had learned as a lad. Knowledge of philosophy and science furnished him with the key to the elevation of mankind. It is noteworthy that the first title he was eager to give his 'Discourse on Method' was 'The Project of a Universal Science which can elevate our Nature to the highest degree of Perfection.' Reason was the test to which Descartes submitted everything; and from the use of reason he deduced laws of Nature which were invariable in their operation.

If we read our literature from 1580 to 1650, we are constantly struck by the circumstance that chance seems to rule everything. The charms that ward off disease, the stars of birth that rule the lives of men, the comet that foretold the war with Germany—these were the subjects of ordinary conversation. The fields near town and village were at dusk the haunt of goblins and will-o'-the-wisps; the woods in the evening were full of fairies; and the ghosts could be heard and seen in the village churchyard. The influence of Descartes was a powerful solvent of all such ideas. Dreams and omens, signs and wonders, are beginning to be replaced by the workings of all-potent laws of Nature. The implications of the Copernican system stand out in the mind of the thoughtful. Man is no longer the lord of creation; he is only an insignificant unit on one tiny planet surrounded by innumerable others.

Descartes' own generation did not perceive his greatness; it was reserved for the open-minded Fontenelle to realise it. What Huxley was to Darwin he was to Descartes. Like his master, he insisted on the supremacy of reason and the immutability of the laws of science. These two conceptions had been the property of the

few; Fontenelle rendered them the property of all educated men. He was one of the great popularisers of other men's views, but he also had ideas of his own. He shadowed forth the view that all forms of knowledge are connected, showing, for example, the interrelations of physics and mathematics. There had been progress in the past, but it was nothing compared with the progress to be made in the future. The modern man, he argues, is vastly superior to the ancients, for, as he stands on their shoulders, he possesses an infinitely longer range of vision than they. Pragmatically he thinks that progress may be an illusion. This is of no consequence, for is it not an illusion useful in stirring up the activity of man?

It is necessary to retrace our steps in order to deal with a curious controversy to which Lord Macaulay alludes in his essay on Sir William Temple. This was the dispute on the merits of the ancients and the moderns. It raised the whole question of progress, for, if the ancients were profoundly superior to the moderns, the belief in progress falls to the ground. The quarrel lasted over a hundred years, and during its course public attention was keenly directed to the matter at issue, which was nothing less than the question of the degeneracy of Nature. The point was, Can the men of the 17th century equal the men of the classical age? This point obviously implied another, Did the succession of greatness stop with the antique world? Has it never been resumed?

These questions go to the very heart of the matter, for an imperative condition of the continuance of progress is a succession of men of genius. The many abhor new ideas, which, when valuable, always come from the few who initiate all movement. As one walks down a street in Florence one notes the statues to the famous Florentines of the 14th and 15th centuries—Michael Angelo, Boccaccio, Dante, Ghiberti, Giotto, Machiavelli, and Petrarch. There was a larger number of great men then in a city with no more than seventy thousand inhabitants than in London to-day with its seven millions. It is obvious that intellectual power has not continuously improved either in Italy or in England. It is usual to



say that times of ferment produce great thinkers and writers, and the reign of Elizabeth is invariably adduced as a case in point. But why did we produce no poet of quite the first rank in the two centuries between Chaucer and Shakespeare or in the century and a half between Milton and Wordsworth? Have we a Shakespeare, a Pascal, a Goethe to-day? True we have not, but, on the other hand, in our own day we possessed simultaneously a Darwin and a Kelvin, a Poincaré, a Helmholtz. Moreover, the efforts of men of genius in the past were largely confined to their own land. The discovery effected in a laboratory in Cambridge to-day is known throughout the world to-morrow. Pasteur conferred no particular benefit on France, because his ideas at once became common property. This internationalisation of knowledge is a mighty impetus to progress.

The controversy on the merits of the ancients and the moderns was chiefly French, though Italy and England shared in it. In his 'Miscellaneous Thoughts' Alessandro Tassoni deliberately attacked Homer, Aristotle, and Petrarch. Clearly he thought that the more renowned the names he assailed, the better. In England, George Hakewill shared the opinions of Tassoni, concluding that the moderns are the equal of the ancients in poetry, and that in most of the arts and sciences they excel them. The purpose of the book that Hakewill wrote in 1627 was to criticise 'the common error touching Nature's perpetual and universal decay.' If only the evil men do live after them, how can men fight against destiny? 'The opinion,' he holds, 'of the world's universal decay quells the hopes and blunts the edge of men's endeavours.' The world has many generations of history before it. The theory of decay, of fatal decay, is sufficient to prevent our discharging our duty by our posterity. In 1668 Glanvill published his 'Plus Ultra, or the Progress and Advancement of Knowledge since the days of Aristotle.' The Royal Society had recently been founded, and this latitudinarian clergyman was anxious to show that it was not at all hostile to religion. The unknown inventor of the mariner's compass accomplished far more for us than a thousand Alexanders and Cæsars or ten times the number of Aristotles. Though something has been done, still 'we must seek and gather, observe and examine,



and lay up in bank for the ages that come after.' Nor does he omit to take into account 'that mighty continent and the numerous fruitful isles beyond the Atlantic.' Much was to be hoped from America.

In France, Boisrobert assaulted Homer as savagely as Tassoni. Influenced by Descartes, Saint Sorlin asserted that Christian history offered subjects far more tempting to the Muse than any event of classical times. His age was the old age of the world, and therefore on this ground more mature in knowledge than antiquity, which was, as Bacon had already pointed out, the youth of the world. The time was ripe for such ideas. The 'Siècle de Louis XIV' was obviously a great time, comparable at least to the age of Augustus or Pericles. Molière put the matter forcibly when he wrote, 'The ancients are the ancients; we are the people of to-day.' In 1667 Charles Perrault published his poem on 'The Age of Louis XIV.' He is much more careful not to employ fierce adjectives than either Tassoni or Saint Sorlin. His argument is that the Greeks and Romans were divine for their day, but their day is over. Is not Plato tiresome? The present times undoubtedly surpass the olden days.

À former les esprits comme à former les corps,  
La Nature en tout tems fait les mesmes efforts;  
Son être est immuable, et cette force aisée,  
Dont elle produit tout, ne s'est point épuisée. . . .  
De cette mesme main les forces infinies  
Produisent en tout tems de semblables génies.'

Perrault's more elaborate work, his 'Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes,' expands the ideas contained in these lines. He limits himself to a consideration of the growth in knowledge, and, unlike Glanvill, he has no interest in the future. 'Our age,' he believes, 'has, in sort, arrived at the height of perfection. And since for some years the rate of progress is much slower and appears almost insensible—as the days seem to cease lengthening when the solstice is near—it is pleasant to think that probably there are not many things for which we need envy future generations.' Another matter deserves attention. Perrault faces the question whether progress has been continuous or not. His age is greater than that of ancient times, but were the men of (say) the

tenth century in a similar position of superiority? Not at all. There are periods of ignorance due to wars which compel men to neglect the arts and the sciences. When the days of peace return, knowledge once more advances; and this is its normal condition.

In 1772 the Chevalier de Chastellux published his book 'On Public Felicity, or Considerations on the lot of Men in the various epochs of History.' Gibbon at this very time was plunged in a similar speculation. We may remember that he declared that, if a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would without hesitation name the period between 'the death of Domitian and the accession of Commodus.' 'If the angel of the Lord,' according to Mommsen, 'were to strike the balance whether the domain ruled by Severus Antoninus was governed with the greater intelligence and the greater humanity then or now, whether civilisation and general prosperity have since then advanced or retrograded, it is very doubtful whether the decision would favour the present.' Doubts akin to Mommsen's did not cross the mind of Chastellux. There is no Arcadia such as Rousseau once conceived. Slavery lay at the bottom of ancient civilisation. The pictures drawn by pagan and Christian alike demonstrate the pain and torture which was the lot of the majority. Like Perrault, he admits breaches in the continuity of advance in knowledge, which he dates from the Renaissance. Peace permits progress; war forbids it. It is not enough to possess intellectual enlightenment; there must also be better government. The combination of enlightenment and sound rule increases the happiness of mankind. This happiness is on the whole equally distributed throughout the different classes of society. Now Chastellux could urge that there is as intimate a connexion between political and industrial conditions as between religious and political liberty. The improvements in political institutions are closely connected with the rise of industry. Democracy is the child of the age of machinery. There comes, however, another consideration to ourselves. If we take liberty as a test of progress, is there more to-day than fifty years ago? A movement

like prohibition in the United States or the promised activities of the Socialist State threatens us with serious encroachments on our freedom.

One of the outstanding names in what M. Delvaille calls the 'théoriciens du progrès' is Condorcet's. All the ardour of a Mazzini inspires his 'Sketch of a Historical Picture of the Progress of the Human Mind.' The triumph of mind over body was never more conspicuously shown than when he wrote this optimistic account in 1793, as he was hiding from Robespierre. From the revolutions of the past he seeks guidance for the *Zeitgeist* of that under which he was living. Turgot believed in evolution, while Condorcet believed in revolution. The latter endeavours to forecast 'the successive changes in human society, the influence which each instant exerts on the succeeding instant, and thus, in its successive modifications, the advance of the human species towards truth or happiness.'

There are, in Condorcet's opinion, ten ages in the growth of civilisation. Nine of them he describes, and the tenth concerns the future. He was not fair to the past, especially to the past history of institutions. In spite of this, he holds that there are no limits to the possibilities of progress. No one can understand the future who has not a firm grasp of the past. He observes that slavery has disappeared, and he concludes that war must follow in its train. He manifests grave anxiety for the plight of the rank and file. There is to be equality of the sexes, and there are to be facilities for the multitude. Turgot is concerned to point out that, brilliant as the official society of the classical world was, the masses were barbarously treated. He rightly brings out the point that it was reserved for Christianity to render practical the Ciceronian conception of the equality of men by teaching the sons of gentle and simple in its schools. When the lord of the manor and his serf knelt at the same altar to receive the consecrated bread, the seeds of emancipation were sown. Progress had been regarded as largely intellectual, whereas Condorcet and Turgot emphasise the fact that it is social. All schemes for the amelioration of the people go back to these two thinkers. The belief in the current notion of the perfectibility of human nature is evident in Condorcet's view

that the backward peoples will attain to the condition of France and the United States, for no people is condemned never to exercise its reason.

In his illuminating volume Prof. Bury characterises the two distinct types of theories of progress.

'The one type is that of the constructive idealists and socialists, who can name all the streets and towers of "the city of gold," which they imagine as situated just round a promontory. The development of man is a closed system; its term is known and within reach. The other type is that of those who, surveying the gradual ascent of man, believe that by the same interplay of forces which have conducted him so far, and by a further development of the liberty which he has fought to win, he will move slowly towards conditions of increasing harmony and happiness. Here the development is indefinite; its term is unknown and lies in the remote future. Individual liberty is the motive force, and the corresponding theory is liberalism; whereas the first doctrine naturally leads to a symmetrical system in which the authority of the State is preponderant, and the individual has little more liberty than a cog in a well-oiled wheel; it is not his right to go his own way.'

Though Fourier, Saint Simon, and Comte attempted to ascertain the causes of the laws of progress, they signally failed. Fourier and Saint Simon dreamt of industrial socialism. It is a dream, an impressive dream, of the importance of Labour in the world. The two types of theories of progress still remain, and we are all familiar with them. There is no need to point out that Darwinism increases the value of the second type.

Evolution discredits all attempts to assign to the future a fixed form. Is not progress confined by the limitations of the human faculty? Is the boundary to which this faculty extends capable of indefinite approach? Lave at Munich, De Broglie at Paris, and Bragg in England have been passing X-rays through crystals and getting effects by reflexion from planes of molecules in the crystals which very nearly reveal to us the individual molecule in its fixed position in the crystal. The X-rays appear to be of exceeding small wave-length—perhaps 18,600 times less than that of light—and we have already a further instrument which shows that no finality in this direction need be expected. We may realise the

atom itself in some way, though we may not be able to detach and handle it. That it has a material existence seems as probable as anything we know.

The limits of research, then, are very hard to define. When we get (apparently) to the bottom of material structure, synthesis may begin, and we may build up from atoms structures that have natural properties and repeat natural things. Is it hopeless to look forward to the construction of the very complex molecule of protoplasm? and, if it can be done, will it live? In truth, there is no limit to research save that imposed by our senses. Our material senses must be affected in some way by the matter that is the subject of the research. What our eye is unfitted to see may perhaps convey some sensation to smell or hearing, or may be so enlarged by our artifice that its image (which is, in the last resort, all that we ever see) shall become appreciable.\*

These are no idle speculations, for such a keen observer as Mr A. J. Balfour discerns progress in the modern alliance between pure science and industry. It would seem that the Labour Party regards nationalisation as a great step in progress. Socialism provides the ideal solution. The pity is that the paper schemes, which inaugurate an age of universal bliss, have never been adjusted to the actualities of the world as it exists. The vision of the Golden Age lay in the past for the men of antiquity and, for the most part, for the men of the Renaissance. It began to lie in the future for Descartes and the men he moulded. Science, which has altered so much, has also altered the value of the dogma of progress. Evolution will not hear of finality.

'But if we accept the reasonings,' inquires Prof. Bury, 'on which the dogma of Progress is based, must we not carry them to their full conclusion? In escaping from the illusion of finality, is it legitimate to exempt that dogma itself? Must it not too submit to its own negation of finality? Will not that process of change, for which Progress is the optimistic name, compel "Progress" too to fall from the commanding position in which it is now, with apparent security, enthroned? *Ἐσσεται ἡμῶν ὁραν*. . . . A day will come, in the

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\* The two preceding paragraphs owe much to the acute suggestions of Prof. Grenville Cole, F.R.S.

revolution of the centuries, when a new idea will usurp its place as the directing idea of humanity. Another star, unnoticed now or invisible, will climb up the intellectual heaven, and human emotions will react to its influence, human plans respond to its guidance. It will be the criterion by which Progress and all other plans will be judged. And it too will have a successor.'

Sir Henry Maine used to insist that, though the invasions of the barbarians smashed up the shell of the Roman Empire, yet they saved Europe from falling into the comatose condition of China. The conception of progress may one day be replaced, but the student of the past must remember what it has accomplished. He bears in mind that, when the ideas of the Renaissance filtered down to the ruled as well as to the rulers, the thoughtful saw with Montaigne that persecution was impossible. The writer of this article investigated the growth of the idea of progress to the middle of the 16th century simply because it was fundamental to a consideration of the reasons why toleration did not advance rapidly. It is clear that, if truth progresses, it is not reasonable to burn men who may hold a different conception of it from that held by their judges; for the roots of persecution grow from the idea that a corporation can possess complete truth. If there is a steady movement to increasing knowledge, persecution becomes out of the question. Had this truth been grasped in the 16th century, how much misery might have been averted! But for the next century and a half the sword and the stake were the arguments employed. In Germany there was the Thirty Years' War, in France the Wars of Religion, and in England the scaffold for the orthodox and the unorthodox alike. The belief in some forms of progress may well be a delusion, yet, as R. L. Stevenson profoundly remarked, "the actual is not the true." What is true in fact is not necessarily true in imagination. A belief in progress wrought the silent and mysterious change which rendered the stake obsolete, and for this we should be everlastingly grateful.

ROBERT H. MURRAY.



## Art. 8.—THE NAVY IN THE WAR.

*History of the Great War based on Official Documents by Direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Naval Operations. Vol. I. To the Battle of the Falklands, Dec. 1914. By Sir Julian S. Corbett. Longmans, 1920.*

UNTIL the German High Seas Fleet surrendered in November 1918 most Englishmen would probably have confessed in private, as some of them proclaimed in public, a sense of disappointment with the war achievements of the British Navy; and even then there were those who attributed that surrender, not to the refusal of German crews to fight at sea, but to the success of Foch's campaign on land. How far that feeling of dissatisfaction was justified will long continue an open question, but Sir Julian Corbett's volume provides us for the first time with adequate means for forming an opinion.

Some causes of this disappointment were already obvious; and first among them, paradoxical as it may sound, was the overwhelming superiority of the British Navy, which deterred the Germans from challenging our command of the sea. Trafalgar—to go no farther back—was only made possible by the facts that Napoleon could send out thirty-three capital ships to fight Nelson's twenty-seven and thought he had a chance of winning. The Germans were never in that position. At Jutland they merely tried an experiment in limited liability; and, as soon as Jellicoe's main battle-fleet appeared, Von Scheer's only thought was to get home in safety. Thus the British public was denied a cinematographic demonstration of naval supremacy and continued susceptible to the argument that our command of the sea did not exist because it was not perfect and that it might be challenged by a German 'fleet in being' at Wilhelms-haven, an Austrian fleet at Pola, or even a Turco-German fleet in the Golden Horn. Such arguments commended themselves to a public dependent for its conceptions of naval warfare upon romantic history or legends like that of the little 'Revenge,' which were about as useful for the appreciation of naval operations as the Homeric poems are for the understanding of military strategy.



A more excusable impediment to understanding was provided by the extreme complexity and the novelty of the problem presented to the British Navy. It was not one that could be grasped without some familiarity with naval history and a breadth of outlook which transcended the interests of a particular class, a single Dominion, or even one of the belligerents. To the locally-minded the chief function of the British Navy was to prohibit raids on Yarmouth, Scarborough, or Hartlepool; to the ship-owner or the merchant captain, it was to protect our commerce; to the soldier to safeguard the convoy of our troops. Each Ally was inclined to demand an especial manifestation of the British Navy in its particular waters; and more than one Dominion hankered after a local squadron to defend its coasts. It was not easy for people domiciled in other oceans and in other hemispheres to realise the shelter of a shield in Scapa Flow. Nor, indeed, was that protection perfect. Serious as was the threat of mine and submarine to our fleet in British waters, the task of the Admiralty would have been a comparatively simple one had the safety and supremacy of that fleet been their sole concern. As it was, they had to think of seven seas and of ships in every corner of the globe; and the command of the sea is far from being an absolute attribute of naval power. Even within its own domains the sovereign State cannot guarantee its subjects against theft and murder and occasional excursions and alarms by motor-bandits; and science has endowed the modern Ishmael with wonderful weapons and a wide range of action.

The truth is that, notwithstanding our naval supremacy, our commerce and our Empire had grown out of all proportion to the provision which democratic, half-educated, and unsuspecting communities were prepared to make for its protection. In some ways conditions were better in the olden times when merchant adventurers and companies, who incurred the immediate loss, were left to provide the protection and consequently felt an immediate responsibility. Insurance distributed the loss and attenuated the obligation; and still more did the nationalisation of maritime defence weaken the sense of responsibility by turning a particular into a common obligation and diffusing it throughout a vast and popular

constituency, which admitted, it is true, its general liability, but had little conception or experience of the means and methods by which alone it could be met. A two-to-one standard of naval power, while sufficient for victory, was no guarantee against occasional losses due to the ubiquity of British commerce and the distension of the British Empire. The novelty of the problem consisted particularly in our 19th-century expansion into Australasian and Pacific waters, which occasioned on the one hand the exploits of the 'Emden,' and on the other afforded Von Spee the opportunity for his unique success at Coronel; and the point is emphasised by the fact that our completest naval victory was won off the Falklands, our incipient interest in which was likened by Horace Walpole in 1770 to an interest in the moon.

The expansion of commerce was by no means an unmixed advantage; for no one grows rich with impunity, and the greater our overseas trade, the greater our dependence upon its proceeds. The degree in which we and our Allies depended upon sea-borne commerce and munitions of war was again a novel condition which embarrassed our naval strategy. Napoleon would have beaten us had he secured command of the sea; but we should not a century ago have collapsed with the instantaneous ruin which would have overtaken our cause the moment the Germans defeated our Grand Fleet or secured a temporary ascendancy in the Atlantic. The spinal cord of the British Empire is not so much the Suez Canal as the North-Atlantic trade-route; and half a dozen German cruisers loose upon it might have done us more fatal damage than any defeat in France or Flanders. There was no precedent for the destructive capacity of the 'Emden' or the 'Karlsruhe'; and the destructibility of our 'Dreadnoughts' was as much an innovation as their armament. It took hours of hard gunnery and scores if not hundreds of hits to sink a wooden three-decker in Nelson's days, but a single shell could send a modern battle-cruiser to the bottom in a minute, while mines and submarines created problems for which past experience provided no solution. The German fleet was incomparably the greatest menace ever encountered by the British Navy; and its lack of traditions affected the humanity of its conduct rather than the

efficacy of its fighting or its strategy. Its courage never failed except in the face of overwhelming odds, and not even then as a rule. Von Spee and his men stood up at the Falklands as bravely as Cradock and his did at Coronel; and the war gave no indication where success would have lain in an equal combat. In every encounter victory went to the heavier armament and weight of metal, and on neither side did any ship of war surrender until the armistice was signed. The German imitation of British naval traditions was a sincerer form of flattery than any cowardice could have been.

A further novelty of the naval war was that Germany was our foe; and her geographical position introduced elements of strategy strange to our wars with Spain, the Dutch, and France. How far those elements were in our favour is a complex and disputable question which as yet has attracted little discussion; and Sir Julian Corbett, who is best qualified to make the necessary comparisons, is economical in his comments. The Germans have naturally dwelt upon the disadvantages of their situation, with their limited outlet and the home-terminals of their commerce dominated by the British Isles. One great advantage we had, as Sir Julian points out. The same British force could protect our own, and blockade the German ports. How would the war have been affected had Germany secured home-terminals for sea-borne supplies in the Eastern Mediterranean or the Persian Gulf? To obtain such inlets was at all events a motive for her south-eastern extension of the war more pressing and less fantastic than the conquest of India. We should be loth to import the conflict of Eastern and Western schools into the naval history of the war, but it must be set down to our credit that, in spite of many and serious mistakes, we did succeed, thanks mainly to the Navy, in blocking that German path to the open sea and its indispensable traffic.

Germany did not, therefore, possess the advantage Napoleon had in a base at Brest and another at Toulon. But in the Kiel Canal; she had one which he had not; and Nelson would have been hard hit strategically if the French had been able to move their fleet at will by waters inaccessible to us between Toulon and Brest. Owing to their foresight and topographical situation, the

Germans could concentrate their fleet in unapproachable ports and use it either in the Baltic or the North Sea. The land-locked character of the Baltic was all to Germany's advantage. She used it to cut off Russia's communications with the outer world and to secure her own with Sweden; and President Wilson was enabled to complain in 1915 of our blockade on the ground that it was not impartially exercised, since Sweden could trade with Germany while we held up the traffic of the United States. It would not, however, be a sound contention that neutral assistance to our enemies created an exceptional difficulty in our task. It is true that the use of neutral wireless often enabled an enemy ship to escape, that Captain Mueller found Dutch East Indian harbours convenient, and Von Spee made good use of South American ports, while the laxity of American rules about internment detained two Japanese cruisers off Honolulu watching the 'Geier'; and one of the arguments for a League of Nations is that only the neutrality of some nations enables others to make war. But through our command of the sea we secured far more help from neutral commerce and industry than did the Germans.

However much the Admiralty may have foreseen and provided against these new developments in naval warfare, there was one task which they cannot have anticipated; and that was the unexpected burden of having to transport and guarantee the safety of millions of troops from overseas on their way to battlefields in France. It was a familiar task to command the Channel and convey British armies to Flanders or to Spain, and even to send out naval and military expeditions to distant colonies. But these had been offensive operations which the British Government could embark on or abstain from at its choice, and for which it could select its opportunity. It was a very different matter for the Admiralty to be constrained by the insistence of the War Office or our Allies to gather shipping and convoys at a moment's notice and dispatch them to the ends of the earth in search of reinforcements against imminent dangers on the Western front. Incidentally these requirements disturbed the Admiralty's arrangements for the protection of commerce, and occasionally threatened to impair its defence against the German High Seas Fleet.

The Canadian Government could not be persuaded to hazard Dominion troops on the Atlantic without cruisers detached from Scapa Flow; and greater disturbance was caused by alarm at the 'Emden's' movements in the Indian Ocean. Her achievements had been facilitated by naval concentration to protect Dominion convoys; and the consequent damage to commerce was then used to show that the seas were not safe for Dominion troops. The embarkation of the New Zealand contingent was countermanded on the day that news came of Von Spee's departure for the South American coast, although it was provision for the safety of Australasian waters that compelled the Admiralty to neglect our interests in the eastern Pacific. There was no escaping the logical chain of regrettable incidents involved in the diversion of the Admiralty to the task of providing convoys before the seas had been cleared. For that diversion the Admiralty were not responsible; they might perhaps have been more resolutely deaf to claims for local protection, but neither at home nor in the Dominions would public opinion have tolerated an adhesion to naval strategy so strict that it would have postponed the arrival of overseas reinforcements, and might have cooled the ardour of their imperial patriotism.

Thus Sir Julian Corbett's book quite properly takes the form of an *apologia* for the Admiralty, because their task was conditioned by circumstances of which the public had little appreciation, and obviously it could not be informed at the time. Possibly even now Sir Julian assumes too great a public intelligence, and he contents himself with a somewhat brief criticism of what he regards as the principal misconception of the 'primary functions' of the fleet.

'What those functions had always been (he writes) must be clearly apprehended, for of recent years, by a strange misreading of history, an idea had grown up that its primary function is to seek out and destroy the enemy's main fleet. This view, being literary rather than historical, was nowhere adopted with more unction than in Germany, where there was no naval tradition to test its accuracy. . . . How the false conception which the Germans adopted arose is difficult to explain, unless it be that so often the most attractive

personalities amongst our admirals had performed their most brilliant exploits when in command of secondary fleets, and that these exploits form the most stirring pages in the story. But the truth is that with rare and special exceptions, as when the enemy's chief naval force was not based in the Home Area, our main or Grand Fleet always operated from its Home Station. Its paramount duty was to secure the command of Home Waters for the safety of our coasts and trade. There was no question of seeking out the enemy, for normally his fleet lay behind his base defences where it was inaccessible.'

Another explanation of the German naval theory is that it is due to a false analogy, natural in a German, between warfare on land and warfare on sea. Even English writers have generalised about military science as though its principles were the same whether the combatant force were a German army or a British fleet; and the favourite criticism of the use the Admiralty made of the Grand Fleet is that Napoleon did not so use his Grand Army.

However that may be, no one has contested the wisdom of our concentration at Scapa Flow, though some may discount Sir Julian's claim that 'the success of the defence over the attack went beyond everything the most sanguine and foresighted among us had dared to hope, and beyond anything we had achieved before.' Nor is there any doubt of the Admiralty's complete success in providing for the safe transport of the Expeditionary Force to France in August 1914. It was facilitated by the fact that the Germans had not expected war with England and could not improvise an effort to disturb our dispositions. The principal failure of those early days was the escape of the 'Goeben' and the 'Breslau,' a very tangled story which even Sir Julian has not finally unravelled. We are apt to forget that the first and perhaps the critical movements occurred on Aug. 2-4, while we were still at peace and complete confidence between French and British admirals in the Mediterranean was impossible. Nor was that the only political ambiguity. Austria, too, was not at war with us or France until the 9th, and no one knew from day to day what Turkey's attitude would be. Sir Julian thinks that the appearance of the 'Goeben' and the 'Breslau' in the



Bosphorus was a stroke of luck for which the German Government deserved no credit. They had expected immediate Turkish intervention, and, when it was not forthcoming, left the decision of his course to the German Admiral Souchon. Even he seems in the end to have had no option, and to have gone to the Dardanelles because he had no other refuge. Nor have we yet the means of determining the responsibility of the British Admiralty and commanders for Souchon's escape. The conduct of Captain Kelly in the 'Gloucester' was, says Sir Julian, 'the one bright spot in the unfortunate episode.' Admiral Troubridge was 'fully and honourably' acquitted, while the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Berkeley Milne, was 'exonerated from blame.'

'The fact remains that intelligence essential for forming a correct appreciation of the shifting situation either did not reach him, or reached him too late, and, what was more embarrassing, his original instructions as to his "primary object" were not cancelled when they were rendered obsolete by the action of the Toulon Fleet.'

This is, perhaps, as much as we can expect in the way of admission. But before the future historian will be in a position to pronounce a final judgment, he will want to see the text of the Admiralty's various instructions and the minutes of the inquiry held into the conduct of the Commander-in-Chief. In a prefatory note it is stated that 'the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have given the Author access to official documents.' It is not stated that he has had access to all the existing official documents, nor that he has been free to quote whatever he thought material.

But, whatever injustice may have been done to individuals, it is surprising that the Admiralty fared no worse between the distracting demands made upon it by the War Office, the Allies, the Dominions, shipping interests, and popular clamour. Some of these demands were inevitable, others ignorant or unreasonable. The removal, for instance, of our base in France as far south-west as St Nazaire, with its consequent dislocation of our dispositions in the Channel, seems to have been due to needless panic. Doubtless the German advance had rendered all ports north of the Seine insecure, but



Sir Julian rather lightly rules out Cherbourg, with its unique advantages; and, even if Cherbourg was doubtful, there was St Malo, which was almost as far out of range as St Nazaire, and would have given a sea-route half as long. As it turned out, the removal proved unnecessary, while the double transfer to St Nazaire in September and back again in October hampered our efforts to turn the German line and get into touch with Antwerp. The failure of the Admiralty's adventurous attempt to save Antwerp was also due in part to lack of co-ordination between the French and British commands; and, at the critical moment, what should have been a line was a disjointed series of dots. Military orders were often given without consideration of the naval obstacles to their execution. The 7th Division, for instance, was to have been landed at Dunkirk; but no sooner had the Admiralty laid a minefield to protect this new passage than they were asked to convey the troops across the minefield to Zeebrugge. Errors no doubt arise from confusing the principles of naval and military warfare; but worse mistakes occur through the treating of each in isolation, and the education of the Army Staff should clearly include a preliminary course in naval history and strategy; for the British Army can get nowhere out of the British Isles except by sea, and the practicability of every military expedition is conditioned by the state of the home waters. The most costly part of the Antwerp failure was not perhaps the unnecessary retreat of part of the Naval Division into Dutch territory and its consequent internment, but the failure to destroy Zeebrugge as a base. The Admiralty urged this policy, but the War Office hoped to use it for the Army; and misplaced optimism thus provided the Germans with one of their great advantages in the submarine campaign.

The Navy, however, came by its own when the line of battle extended to the coast. There at last the Germans found a flank which they could not turn; and the flanking fire of naval guns barred the German advance to the Channel Ports, and enabled the Army to withstand the frontal attack at Ypres. The risks the Navy ran were disastrously illustrated by the torpedoing on Sept. 22 of the 'Aboukir,' 'Hogue,' and 'Cressy,' three cruisers of the

'Bacchante' class which Mr Churchill had declared on the 18th 'ought not to continue on this beat.' The phrase occurs in one of the few original documents printed in this volume. It is not clear how far this minute was executive, impracticable, or disobeyed; and, owing to the badness of the weather, the cruisers were left without destroyer protection; but obviously both the range of German submarines and their capacity to operate in rough seas had been underrated. The same underestimate had left Scapa Flow itself undefended against submarine attack; and when, on Oct. 15, the loss of the three cruisers was followed by that of the 'Hawke' between Peterhead and the Naze, Jellicoe came to the conclusion that Scapa Flow was no safe anchorage, and removed his base to Loch Ewe on the west coast of Scotland, and then to Lough Swilly in Ireland.

In seeking safety from the submarines he chanced upon a minefield, and at 9 p.m. on Oct. 27 the 'Audacious' blew up and sank twelve hours after she had struck a mine. She was the only Dreadnought battleship we lost throughout the war; and Sir Julian Corbett tells us for the first time how it happened. The story begins with the sailing of the Norddeutscher 'Berlin' from Wilhelmshaven at the end of September equipped with mine-laying gear. In all probability she was to sow her mines on the expected route of the Canadian contingent, but she was turned back at the Naze, and did not venture out again until Oct. 14. Meanwhile the route of the Canadian convoy had been changed, and the first transports entered Plymouth Sound on the day the 'Berlin' sailed. The 'Berlin,' however, after a series of amazingly narrow escapes from one British patrol after another, got round by Iceland to the regular North-Atlantic trade-route to the Clyde, Belfast, and Liverpool. There on the 23rd she sowed her minefield a few miles N.W. of Tory Island, and in those same waters, by a singular fatality, firing-practice had been arranged for the 2nd Battle Squadron on the 27th. A merchant ship had actually been blown up by one of the mines the previous afternoon, but no warning had reached the Admiral because the coastguard station which heard it consisted of one man, and he was not in telegraphic communication.

Fortune had favoured the 'Berlin,' but more battleships

than the 'Audacious' might have been lost in the minefield, and her misfortune may have saved the 'Olympic.' There was surely some lack of imagination in the failure to anticipate a minefield in such a spot, of precaution in selecting it for practice, and of prevention in leaving the minefield undiscovered for four days. There were, however, sound reasons for adopting Jellicoe's advice to suppress the news for the time being; and the determining factor in the Cabinet's decision was the balance between peace and war at Constantinople. But there were none for persistence in the concealment. The Turkish issue was decided within four days; and the Admiralty recognised that in any case, owing to the presence of the 'Olympic,' the news could not be kept secret for more than a week or ten days. In point of fact it was pretty widely known through different means by the 31st; and the prolonged concealment only covered its authors with ridicule, and shook the public confidence in their veracity.

Hard on the loss of the 'Audacious' followed the news of Coronel, accompanied by that of the exploits of the 'Karlsruhe' and the 'Emden.' The 'Karlsruhe' indeed came to her end on Nov. 4 by an accidental explosion when she was only 300 miles from Barbados, and was gloating over the prospect of rich West Indian booty. But German secrecy was justified, 'and for long after she had ceased to exist she continued to occupy our cruisers and hamper our dispositions.' Coronel is the subject of the second of Mr Churchill's minutes printed in an appendix, which is more ambiguous than the first. It is true that the British ships are advised to keep within supporting distance of one another; but the 'Scharnhorst' and 'Gneisenau' are declared to be our quarry, and 'above all we must not miss them.' A later telegram, in which the Admiralty made it clear to Cradock that he was not expected to act without the 'Canopus,' never reached him; and he apparently interpreted the 'above all' as overriding the caution of concentration. 'For reasons,' writes Sir Julian, 'which now seem insufficient, the available force in the decisive area had been divided into two inadequate squadrons, and the normal result had followed.' The shock was severe, and is still unpleasant. Two German cruisers, each with eight 8·2-inch

and six 5·9-inch guns, sank by gun-fire two British cruisers, one of them with two 9·2-inch and sixteen 6-inch guns, and the other with fourteen 6-inch guns. The combined tonnage of the German pair was 22,840, of the British 23,900, though the Germans had a slight advantage in speed, and great advantages in the homogeneity and modernity of their armament. They also had two light cruisers to Cradock's one, but the 'Glasgow' had a greater speed and heavier guns than the 'Leipzig' and the 'Dresden.' The comparison with Sir Richard Grenville of the 'Revenge' is not on all fours, and it was German skill which secured the decisive advantages of the light and of more accurate fire.

Little fault, however, is to be found with the measures which the new Board under Lord Fisher promptly took to restore the situation. 'The British Admiralty was stung into an activity which, for reach and completeness, had never been equalled in our annals'; and a vast net was spread over all the seas to enmesh Von Spee. But we trace an under-current of criticism in Sir Julian's account of Sturdee's handling of his crushing superiority of force. The official dispatch does not always agree with the logs; and there is a singular conflict of testimony as to which of the twin battle-cruisers, 'Inflexible' or 'Invincible,' was leading while the 'Scharnhorst' was being put out of action. The 'Gneisenau' made an even more splendid defence against overwhelming odds; and it was nearly five hours after the 'open fire' when she went down. The light-cruiser actions between the 'Cornwall,' 'Glasgow,' and 'Kent,' and the 'Dresden,' 'Nürnberg,' and 'Leipzig,' were less like a combat between cat and mouse, and were better fought, although the 'Dresden' got away.

'It was . . . a fine strategical victory. Tactically it had less claim to distinction owing to the marked superiority of British squadron, but Admiral Sturdee could claim that by his method of conducting the action he had destroyed a powerful enemy squadron without material injury to two capital ships which it was essential to return to the Grand Fleet with their fighting power intact. . . . What the action meant to the course of the war was that in little more than four months the command of the outer seas had been won,

'and we were free to throw practically the whole weight of the Navy into the main theatre.'

Thus Sir Julian closes his first volume with a suggestion of greater concentration in its successors. But it is always difficult to draw the line in amphibious operations; and, as he points out in connexion with the Cameroons, the naval object merges into the territorial conquest. He has already in this volume followed the naval guns from Duala up into the interior, and from Fao in the Persian Gulf up to Basra and to Kurnah, where the Turkish commander surrendered to Captain Hayes-Sadler, of H.M.S. 'Odin.' The 'four or possibly five volumes' in which the history is to be concluded will be crowded if Duala leads to Mora and Basra to Baghdad. For there are still the Dardanelles in prospect, and a great deal of territorial conquest expanding from naval objects, while there seemed to be no campaign on land in which the Naval Division might not take part.

These are, however, all part of our education in sea-power, to which Sir Julian Corbett's volume is an invaluable contribution. No one is better qualified to instruct us, for no man, living or dead, has made so comprehensive a survey of British naval history since the Middle Ages. His criticism of these Naval Operations has to be read to some extent between the lines, but that is inevitable in the circumstances; and he has been signally successful in avoiding the contentiousness which has marred most of the published work on the junior service. Endless pains have been taken to render what is technical intelligible to the public, and the maps deserve the highest praise. Government subsidies are for the moment under a cloud, but the subsidy which has enabled the publishers to issue such a work at seventeen shillings and sixpence is an endowment of public education beyond the reach of cavil.

A. F. POLLARD.

## Art. 9.—THE CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

1. *Indiscretions of the Naval Censor.* By Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas Brownrigg, Bart. Cassell, 1920.
2. *The Press in War Time, with some Account of the Official Press Bureau.* By Sir Edward Cook, K.B.E. Macmillan, 1920.
3. *German Spies at Bay.* By S. T. Felstead. Hutchinson, 1920.

NEVER, perhaps, has any institution in the course of a career so brief been the object of so much misunderstanding and misrepresentation as the Official Press Bureau. It was represented by the cartoonists as a collection of old women of incredible ineptitude, their heads bound up in red tape. Nothing could be further from the truth. We should be the last to deny that, especially in the early days of the war, just cause for offence was given by the censoring of the Press. But the Press Bureau was not only continually blamed during its existence for exercising the censorship upon lines which were demonstrably correct, but it was also taken to task over grievances with which it had nothing whatever to do. It was confused with the Postal, the Commercial and Field Censorships. And long after it had ceased to exist, the imaginary Mandarins of Whitehall continued to be abused for imaginary mystifications, and for delays really due to a war-worn telegraph system.

It was the correct policy of those responsible for the application of the Press Censorship never to answer attacks in the Press, except through the mouth of a Minister. For to answer meant to explain; and explanation would involve the revelation to the enemy of those very secrets which it was the whole object of the Censorship to prevent. Now, however, two volumes have appeared which throw a vivid light upon the mental attitude, as well as upon the difficulties, of those who were responsible for the thankless task of censoring the Press at home, and afford an opportunity for a brief survey of the whole subject. The lucid exposition of the late Sir Edward Cook, and the very discreet 'Indiscretions' of Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas Brownrigg, leave the impression that, silent and maligned, the Press



Censorship was conducted, on the whole, with rare good sense and ability. It could have asked for no finer epitaph than that wrung from Count Bernstorff: 'The Press Bureau in its efficiency and imaginative powers has never had its equal in the history of the world.' So far as those responsible for the actual working of the Censorship were concerned, there was, it appears, none of that deliberate obscurantism with which they were charged. Both Rear-Admiral Brownrigg and the Directors of the Press Bureau claim to have used their influence freely in the cause of publicity. 'Let us learn what we can from the enemy,' said Mr Balfour very wisely, 'let us teach him only what we must.' But it was possible for the Navy to be too silent, and the War Office too retiring, if left to consult their own predilections. The nation could not be roused to its highest endeavour, or persuaded to make such unprecedented surrenders of its liberties as the acceptance of conscription and rationing, if it were perpetually assured that 'All's well, and lights burning bright.'

To the countrymen of Prynne, Defoe, and Milton, nothing can be more repugnant than the idea of official restrictions upon the Press. But on the need of censorship in war-time, the Crimean, the Franco-Prussian, and the South African wars had taught lessons which no responsible person could ignore. Lord Raglan, writing from 'before Sebastopol' in 1854, had called attention to the perilous disclosures made by W. H. Russell in the 'Times' of details, 'the knowledge of which must be invaluable to the Russians, and in the same degree detrimental to H.M.'s troops.' In 1866 the Austrian concentration on the Bistritz had been revealed to Berlin by a telegram *via* London. And in 1870, the movements of the French Army, deduced from hints furnished by the descriptions of British correspondents, communicated to Moltke, had enabled him to win Sedan. Such experience was enough. But other factors rendered the imposition of a Press Censorship peculiarly necessary in 1914. We were entering upon a war in alliance with a nation which had suffered terribly through former leakages of military information. We were fighting in an age when the rapidity of communication had developed beyond all previous experience, and when, therefore, the



danger of newspaper indiscretions was proportionately increased. We were taking the field against an enemy of overwhelming military strength. To concede him any advantage would have been sheer madness, as well as treachery to our Allies.

As for ourselves, we were not only not a military nation, but, outside the circle of a small professional army, we were supremely ignorant of military affairs. The very excellence and enterprise of our Press, therefore, rendered it the more dangerous. For while the demand for news was sure to be unexampled, the organisation for supplying it was never more complete, never more brilliantly served. Competition is keen in the newspaper world; how keen, it is difficult for the outsider to realise. But apart from any reckless yielding to temptation arising from such competition, the significance of the information they might be supplying to the enemy was not easily understood by journalists untrained to war. What seemed self-evident to Continental peoples, of whom nearly every man had received military training, was often incomprehensible to the British Public. It is now a commonplace that the achievement of tactical or strategical surprise must be the aim of every Commander-in-Chief; and conversely, it must be the endeavour of the Intelligence Section of any army to learn what the enemy is going to do. 'The whole art of war,' the Duke of Wellington observed, 'consists in getting at what is on the other side of the hill.'

In order to secure surprise, the 'fog of war' must be created and maintained—a dense fog upon the battle-front and behind the line, and a fog almost as dense stretching back over communications to the factories and depots at home. Some of the liveliest and most highly trained brains of a nation must be employed in learning and tabulating the numbers and resources of the enemy, and the disposition and movements of his troops, his Order of Battle in the field. Every descriptive hint is of importance for this purpose. 'The published report of a street accident,' Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge tells us, 'has led to the localisation of an important foreign force.' And yet, though the enemy, if not gratuitously informed, must endeavour to obtain such information by the expenditure of blood and

treasure, how large a part of the British public regarded the excision of details, which would have revealed the disposition of our troops, as mere official ineptitude! The phrase 'Somewhere in France' was long popularly regarded as meaningless *camouflage*.

Further, when valuable information has been obtained, the fact must be concealed. To know is important; it is almost equally important not to let the enemy know that you know. For, if he attempts a surprise which, being prepared against, fails, it is equivalent to a defeat. Thus we were well aware of the existence of the German Spy School at Rotterdam, but we refrained, as Mr Felstead tells us, from advertising our knowledge, both for other reasons, and because we preferred to watch the careers and communications of their unsuspecting pupils.

On the Home Front, the cloud of war shrouds the recruiting of troops and their destination, the construction and movements of ships, and the invention and production of military equipment. Now, information as to numbers and movements of the enemy is obtained, generally speaking, in two ways—by spies, and by captures on the battle-field leading to the identification of units through prisoners' kit and correspondence. Night and day, throughout the war, men's lives were sacrificed to obtain the shoulder-strap of a private or the letter of a lover to his sweetheart. The identification of a regiment by such means may indicate the presence of a brigade, the brigade that of a division. But unguarded publication in the Press of an obituary notice, a soldier's letter home, or an apparently harmless photograph would convey such information *gratis*. The concealment of mechanical inventions and details of production of war material is equally necessary. Suppose, for instance, that the Germans had learned of our first invention of Tanks, or, later, that we were building the faster and lighter 'whippet-tanks.' Actually, we secured a deadly surprise with the first, and the Germans, vainly trying to outdo us, proceeded to make heavier and clumsier ones. But suppose that, when they broke through in 1918 and the road was practically open to Paris, they had been able to launch a fleet of swift, light tanks to widen and extend the gap! It might almost have turned the scales of the war.

Fortunately our naval and military secrets were extraordinarily well kept. The outstanding achievement of the Censorship was, that it managed to keep the Germans guessing on innumerable vital points. That was both its object and its justification. One need only refer, by way of example, to the dispatch of ships to the Falkland Islands; the device of tanks and anti-submarine measures; the Pomeroy bullet and other air defences; aeroplane construction; the Stokes mortar; the 'hush' ships; Foch's reserve; the rushing of Allied troops to Italy after Caporetto, and a thousand other movements of troops; or, finally, the prolonged preparation for the attack on Zeebrugge. The latter involved the removal of the Liverpool ferry boats, *Iris* and *Daffodil*, a fact known to millions in the north. And yet, so little were the principles of military secrecy grasped by the public or the Press as a whole, that after many months of war a journalist could be found to collect, and an editor to print, in perfect good faith, details of naval construction at the ports, which the Admiralty held to be of priceless value to the enemy. The editor, it is to be observed, justified himself on the ground that what he published was well known locally. He apparently assumed, therefore, that it must be known to the Germans. How successful we were in keeping the Germans in the dark, is still one of the facts about the war least realised. The extent of our success in that direction was, indeed, difficult even for those to believe who were responsible for it and could perceive the indubitable evidence thereof. The rounding-up of the German Spy system at the outbreak of the war, and the subsequent arrests of incipient spy organisations, combined with a careful and informed censorship of Press, of cable and postal communications, were responsible for this achievement.

When war broke out, there was not even the nucleus of a censoring staff in existence. Some attempts had been made after the South African war to proceed by way of legislation towards the censorship of the Press in war-time. These attempts failed, but a Joint Consultative Committee of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Press had been set up about a year before the

war.\* The Press undertook not to publish anything which the Departments concerned deemed prejudicial to the national interest. It was largely due to this voluntary censorship that the British Expeditionary Force was landed in France without the knowledge of the enemy. But the agreed silence of our Press would have been insufficient in itself. There were neutral correspondents, for instance, under no patriotic obligation to England or her Allies. There were soon to be neutral correspondents, like Roger Vaux Bacon, in the pay of Germany. When war was declared, the Government, acting under powers reserved in the International Telegraph Convention, at once suspended the cable and wireless services throughout the Empire. At the same time, as an act of grace, it was announced that the transmission of telegrams and radio-telegrams would be permitted if couched in plain language, in English or French (afterwards extended to Italian for Press correspondence), and submitted at the sender's risk to the Censorship of the British authorities. Regulations issued under the Defence of the Realm Act indicated the lines upon which the Censorship of the Press cables, with regard to military information and other matters of national interest, was to be conducted. Infraction of these Regulations rendered the offender liable to be tried by Court Martial at the instance of 'competent naval or military authority,' with a possible penalty of imprisonment for life.

During the critical opening stages of the campaign a heavy silence reigned. The Press became restive, the public nervous. Presently, official *communiqués* and information began to be issued to the various Press Agencies. And on Aug. 7, Mr Churchill announced that a Press Bureau had been established, presided over by Sir F. E. Smith (now Lord Birkenhead), from which 'a steady stream of trustworthy information' was to be supplied. Thus the Press Bureau came into existence as a department for issuing information, intended to break the silence which was giving rise to every sort of disconcerting rumour. The Government undoubtedly did not at first sufficiently appreciate the power of the Press

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\* Memorandum on the Censorship, 1915. (Cd. 7679.)

in expressing and forming public opinion. Before the end of the war, however, the complaint was rather that too much official information and advice was issued. However that may be, a mistake was made in setting up various other separate departments of Information and Propaganda. These ought to have been branches of the Press Bureau, with one Minister responsible for all.

One particular instance of this division of authority deserves special notice. The Admiralty, on the outbreak of war, took control of all radio-telegraphy. On Aug. 1, Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas Brownrigg, hastily collecting a staff of clerks from some shipping firms, began the vitally important censorship of wireless. A few days later he was detailed to undertake the Censorship of the Press in all matters concerning the Navy and Mercantile Marine. Throughout the war, the Navy persisted in conducting its own censorship. There was, indeed, a Naval Room at the Press Bureau, but it acted rather as a *liaison* between the Admiralty and the Press Bureau than as a branch of the latter. The perpetual references to the Chief Naval Censor, thus rendered necessary, must have caused much needless delay. We cannot see why the Admiralty should need to conduct its own censorship, any more than the Air Board, or the Ministry of Munitions, or any other Department.

The Censorship, as such, was not responsible for what was stated or withheld in the communications issued through it by the Departments, though it was often referred to as if it were. It was largely blamed, for instance, for the first announcement of the Battle of Jutland, which Rear-Admiral Brownrigg defends. That announcement was, in our opinion, a gross blunder in form. All that was needed, in the absence of other details from our side, was to state that a battle had taken place and that Admiral Jellicoe was in possession of the field, and to ask the public to await confidently for further news on his return. This should have been done, not at seven o'clock in the evening, but the moment the German wireless revealed that the Germans had got home, and were publishing their own account of the battle. Victors, as neutral seamen at once remarked, do not scuttle back to port. The Admiralty, by issuing a *communiqué* which began by emphasising our losses,

gave the public an unjustifiable shock. This was due to mere ignorance of Press work, and a lack of imagination as to the effect which would be produced by their announcement as framed. But that had nothing to do with the Censors. All that they had to do, so far as *communiqués* were concerned, was first to issue them, and next to see that what was contained in press cables, and in articles submitted for publication, did not, apart from the expression of opinion, exceed in essentials, or contradict what was officially stated.

The Press Bureau was housed at first in an old part of the Admiralty, No. 40, Charing Cross. Retired officers and civilians, the much sneered at 'Dug-outs,' some with a little knowledge of newspaper work or staff work, some with none, drifted up to the War Office, the G.P.O., or the Admiralty, and saved the situation here as elsewhere by their ability, common sense, and patriotic endeavour. But it was done at a price. A period of indescribable confusion ensued. An inadequate and inexperienced staff was established in utterly inadequate quarters at the Central Telegraph Office for the censorship of Press cables, and was promptly snowed under with work. Separate branches of the Censorship dealt with postal correspondence, and commercial and private cables at the General Post Office and the Central Telegraph Office. These latter branches were under the direction of the Chief Censor of the War Office, and did invaluable work in checking the activities of spies, preventing trading with the enemy, and securing the enforcement of the Blockade.

At the Press Bureau, Sir F. E. Smith was succeeded on Sept. 30 by another future Lord Chancellor, Sir Stanley Buckmaster, who procured the removal of the Office to the more suitable surroundings of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. On May 26, 1915, Sir Frank Swettenham and Sir Edward Cook, who had been assisting the previous Directors, were appointed Joint-Directors of the Press Bureau; and the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, became its responsible mouthpiece in the House of Commons. Of the two Joint-Directors, Sir F. Swettenham was an experienced administrator, a man of strong character and literary ability; Sir E. Cook a brilliant journalist, a man of affairs as well as a



man of letters. The original system, under which the censors working at the C.T.O. consulted the Director and his assistants in Whitehall by telephone or by forwarding doubtful cables, now happily came to an end. All inward, outward, and transit press cables were now forwarded direct to the Bureau by the C.T.O. or the receiving Companies, and were dealt with there in the first instance.

The confusion arising from the first improvisation had been unspeakable. The resulting delays, the lack of uniformity in censoring, and some glaring instances of arbitrary dealing with Press property, aroused intense irritation and suspicion. It was probably inevitable that there should be a certain amount of tension between the Press and the Censor. They necessarily regarded the problems of the war from different angles. The Press had its eye mainly upon the Home Front. The patriotic part of it wished to feed and stimulate public opinion, to galvanise, even to startle it into supreme national effort. The Press Bureau kept its eye rather upon the enemy, upon the various fronts, and the wobbling Neutrals. Intent upon keeping the enemy in the dark, and acutely aware of their responsibility for the safety of our soldiers and sailors, our people, and our Allies, censors were perhaps over-cautious. But, if so, it was a fault on the right side.

The tension was rendered more acute by the harsh treatment of Special Correspondents who were eagerly awaiting that permission to go to the Front which, it was understood, had been promised. Our French Allies had, however, decided to allow no correspondents upon their front. Everything hung upon the amount of secrecy in which the initial phases of the campaign could be shrouded. Moreover, both we and our Allies were soon engaged in the retreat from Mons. In the stress of such a retreat, apart from the folly of advertising your losses of men, material and terrain to the enemy, the actual amount of information that can be gathered from day to day is much less than when things are going well and you are gaining ground instead of losing it. But the anxious public clamoured for the publication of casualty lists long before they could possibly be compiled. Therein, however, lies no excuse for the tactless treatment meted

out to British correspondents on the British Front. Lord Burnham, speaking in 1919, observed that 'the men who at first went abroad for the Press were treated as if they were criminals let loose; war correspondents were locked up in stalls by a corporal's guard.'

Protests by the Press and the newspaper proprietors, ably represented by Sir George Riddell, bore fruit at last. After a considerable lapse of time, arrangements were made by which all authorised correspondents were stationed at one point behind the lines. They visited the various sectors daily. Returning in the evening to their headquarters they pooled their notes, and, with the aid of official information supplied to them, wrote those brilliant dispatches of the heroic deeds of the British Army which had so profound an influence on public opinion both at home and abroad. By this means competition between them was kept within bounds. A picture of the whole battle-front was given, and not, as in former wars, some chance corner of it where a correspondent might happen to be. A bird's-eye view was drawn in just perspective, the treatment of the details varying according to the genius of each correspondent. Their messages were censored by the Field Censors at Correspondents' Headquarters before leaving France. They were sent straight to the Press Bureau, now efficiently organised. Thence they were forwarded with the utmost haste to the various newspaper offices.

Owing to the representations of the newspaper Proprietors, the Press Bureau had been reinforced by some censors with experience of journalism, men who understood the Fleet Street point of view, and, what was no less important, the technicalities and business side of newspaper production. Ordinary military or administrative training is no guide to the knowledge of the hour at which particular newspapers 'go to bed,' or at what time first and second editions are made up. And yet the consideration of such points is of the highest practical consequence to those concerned. But the chaos of preliminary improvisation, and a series of blunders, some grievous, some trivial, arising from it had caused so much suspicion and annoyance, that no amount of subsequent efficiency could save the reputation of the Censorship. The Press Bureau became the butt of every

Fleet Street humorist, the whipping-boy for every grievance. It was attacked in season and out of season by the Press, by politicians, and by professors, some of whom made themselves supremely ridiculous by their complaints.

Meantime the Press had shaken itself free from the liability of punishment by Court Martial. On June 2, 1915, a new regulation of D.O.R.A. (§ 56 (13)) placed Press offences in a category of their own. Prosecution of the Press could now only be instituted on the motion of the Director of Prosecutions, before a Court of Summary Jurisdiction, with right to appeal to Quarter Sessions. The maximum penalty was imprisonment with or without hard labour for six months, or a fine of 100*l.*, or both. An early regulation to prevent the spreading of reports likely to cause alarm had only been in force a few weeks.

These changes in the regulations of D.O.R.A. were inspired largely, as debates in the House of Commons bear witness, by the desire to allow to the Press the largest possible measure of freedom compatible with safeguarding national and Allied interests. The result was to complete a system of compromise already teeming with anomalies. A logical nation would have dismissed it at once as wholly unworkable. That it was worked at all was due to the patriotism and sanity of the majority of editors, and the good sense, the *flair* and the readiness to accept responsibility, whether in enforcing or disregarding a rule, exhibited by the individual Censors at the Press Bureau. Luckily, they were for the most part highly educated men, of large experience and alert intelligence; indifferent to clamour, and not concerned for their own skins; not seeking reward, and certainly receiving less than none. So far as the Directors of the Press Bureau were concerned, they were left in the position of schoolmasters without a cane. They were roundly abused for permitting the publication of statements they had no power to control, and for not imposing punishments which they had no power to inflict. There was no longer any legal power to restrain alarmist rumours; and, in the case of flagrant breaches of the regulations, the Censor could only move the Director of Public Prosecutions, who in most cases refused to

prosecute. For the offence was often considered not of sufficient importance to justify prosecution, or there was a doubt about obtaining a verdict, or, if the gravity of the offence was beyond dispute, there was the consideration that prosecution might draw the attention of the enemy to its cause. The offending matter might lurk in the obscure pages of a provincial newspaper. It is one of the recognised rules of intelligent military censorship that the publication of an indiscretion does not justify the sanctioning of its repetition. A solitary statement may escape notice; or it may be regarded by the enemy Staff as possibly untrue and needing verification, or as intentionally misleading. But a statement repeated by the whole British Press is near to Gospel. Public prosecution for an indiscretion draws attention to its military importance, and invites repetition and comment.

From the point of view of the Press itself, the concessions which they had thus obtained were by no means an unmixed boon. For they encouraged those who did not 'play the game.' Apart from a very occasional prosecution, or an embargo laid upon export, as in the case of the 'Nation,' or the seizure of the plant of a newspaper by 'competent authority' under Regulation 51, as in the case of such a gross and repeated offence as that of the 'Globe,' few punishments were inflicted upon those journals which chose to flout the Censor. Editors, on the other hand, who put the interests of their country before the circulation of their papers or petty political considerations, were handicapped. Those who revealed military and naval secrets in columns of gossip or, by inference, in leading articles escaped scot-free. For it must be remembered that there was no compulsory censorship except for telegrams. The advice of the Press Bureau could, indeed, be obtained upon any article submitted to it; but there was no compulsion to submit for censorship any written article before publication. The Bureau was, in practice, increasingly used for that purpose; but the articles submitted amounted to a mere fraction of those published, and practically none were leading articles.

The Cable Censors at the Press Bureau never ceased working night and day, Sundays and week-days, throughout the war. They dealt with one and a half million

cables in four years, at an average rate of five minutes per cable. Compare with this number of cables the mere 100,000 articles and items of news, and the 1000 books considered by the Department which dealt with voluntary submissions, and it will be seen how small a part of the Press was actually censored. It does not appear how or when the decision to make this distinction between the written and the cabled word was arrived at. Theoretically, it is quite indefensible. Probably, it was part of a 'Wait and See' policy. It was easy to impose at a stroke an embargo upon cables. Having waited, it was perhaps seen that, serious as were the objections to a voluntary system for the rest, the practical disadvantages outweighed the gain of instituting compulsion. But did those who were responsible for this compromise realise that leading articles and special articles and items of news about to appear, are cabled abroad by keen correspondents from the newspaper offices often long before they are published? The problems of Censorship arising from this practice must have been sufficiently difficult.

Nobody pitied a Censor. But patriotic editors also had cause to wring their hands. They submitted to the Censor articles containing certain news. Publication was quite rightly refused. But the same item appeared in the columns of a rival who had not submitted it. The rival had his 'scoop'; the patriotic editor was still barred from publishing the information. The problem needs only to be stated to make it clear that, on any future occasion—and short of a full League of Nations, there will be such occasions in the future—the regulations of the Censorship will need re-adjustment in this respect. It may be practically impossible to arrange for the compulsory submission of every article touching even remotely upon the war. That would involve an enormous staff of censors as well as prodigious delay and expense for newspapers. But at least it should be possible to devise some system by which those who break the rules established to safeguard the country may be punished, without the necessary intervention of the Director of Prosecutions acting upon the considered opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown. It should be in the power of the Directors of a Press Bureau to

penalise offences of this sort. They might be empowered to refuse to the offenders not only the use of the Press Bureau as the distributing centre of copyright official information, but also the use of the cables. This would constitute such a punishment, short and sharp, as the case requires.

The function of the Press Censorship was to see that the regulations of D.O.R.A. were observed in the public prints. Those regulations were not, as was often supposed, confined to matter directly affecting the War Office and Admiralty. They touched at some point almost every Department of State. Questions of sedition concerned the Home Office, loans and currency the Treasury, the blockade and international relations the Foreign Office, Government purchases of food supplies and raw materials the Board of Trade and various 'Controls,' metals, inventions and output the Ministry of Munitions, Asiatic questions the India Office, aircraft the Air Board, and so forth. Not even a Censor is omniscient. On technical points he must seek the views of those handling special subjects in the various Departments, and keep himself in touch with their policy.

Especially, one would think, should this apply to Foreign Affairs. But in December 1915, the Foreign Office added to the anomalies and difficulties of the Censorship by suspending Censorship on behalf of that Office. This step had certain obvious advantages, so far as the Foreign Office was concerned. But, simple as it sounds, the application of the new principle presented enormous difficulties and involved great risks. How are 'Foreign Affairs' to be defined? What international affairs, in a World-War, are matters which have no military consequences, or may not involve prejudice to the interests of the Allied Countries? It is not desirable to enter into details here; but it is not difficult to imagine the harm that might have been done, whether wilfully or unintentionally, at times of such delicacy as were those which preceded the entrance of Italy, Greece, Rumania, and the United States into the war, or when Lenin and Trotsky first threw off the mask of the 'formidable sect' which Germany had let loose upon Russia. It is not too much to say that a malicious or maladroit article, whether abusive or dictatorial in tone,



cabled hence during the month before the United States declared war, and exploited by German propagandists to exasperate a highly sensitive people, would have had effects that might have been truly disastrous. Yet there was no longer anything to prevent such a catastrophe except the courage and intelligence of a Cable Censor who, after working all night at highest pressure, might or might not choose to act first and to find a reason afterwards to justify his action to the Press, the Directors, and the War Cabinet. Moreover, in cases of important 'new news,' the verification of its accuracy must be sometimes highly desirable in the national interest. Even if it is true, there are always two ways and times of presenting it and commenting upon it. The Censorship of statements concerning Foreign Affairs, then, should be regarded as the corollary of any Censorship; and the relationship between a Press Bureau and the Foreign Office should be close.

The Archives of the Press Bureau must have a unique value. Mr Herbert Spencer used to advocate the publication of Parliamentary Records on the ground that it is of great importance to know, not only what laws have been passed, but what proposals have been made and rejected, and why. The Records of the Press Bureau should enable the historian to learn not only what was published, but also what was suppressed, and why, and when. For it is one of the features of military Censorship that what must be forbidden at one hour, may be quite harmless the next. In the collection of official photographs also, and of censored photographs (of which there are some interesting examples in Rear-Admiral Brownrigg's book), there should exist the first complete pictorial record of a great war in almost all its phases. It is to be hoped that they are being properly cared for.

CECIL HEADLAM.

Art. 10.—MRS HUMPHRY WARD: A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

A GREAT literary figure, a great personal force has passed away from our midst. The earlier Victorian era produced not a few remarkable women, but either their gifts flowed naturally in a single channel or they were hampered by a harem tradition which decreed that in public affairs women must walk veiled. Florence Nightingale made reforms in the British Army—a very difficult thing to do. She invented and founded the modern hospital. But—the brief period of the 'Lady of the lamp' over—she was obliged to effect all this in the uncomfortable posture of the old-fashioned Punch-and-Judy man. She gripped her puppets somewhat firmly. They seldom kicked, they frequently expired. The fault was in the system, not in her. Can any one imagine what the late Lord Kitchener would have been like if he had never been able to hold any public and responsible position, but had been condemned to carry out his every scheme by dint of managing, cajoling, getting influence over, 'catching the eye' of, a man in office? No; it cannot be imagined.

It may be asked, where is the point of contact between the early Victorian reformer and the late Victorian writer? All women, but especially all women social workers, owe much to Florence Nightingale. She blazed a path through a tangled forest of convention and prejudice, which others have trodden into a road. The Pioneer had, and needed to have, incomparable driving-power. Mrs Humphry Ward had no such heavy task to perform, but in her manner and measure she also possessed great driving-power, and a power of acquiring influence with men of importance, which counted for much in the realisation of her beneficent schemes. Yet the two women were of different breeds. Mrs Ward was primarily a woman of the pen, and the first source of her influence lay in her ink-pot. Miss Nightingale owed much to the accident of her birth. She was born a member of an aristocracy, of the governing class. Mrs Ward also was born a member of an aristocracy, but a quite different and much smaller one, consisting of a few families—are not their names written in the Book of

Galton?—at the head of which stand those of Coleridge and Arnold.

It seemed at first as though the family tradition were severed, for her father, Thomas Arnold the younger, vanished early from the English scene—went to the Antipodes, actually and metaphorically, for over there he became a member of the Roman Church. He returned to England—his eldest child, Mary, being then five years old—not to the England of Arnold but to the England of Newman. The family settled in Birmingham, but the child's Protestant mother did not allow her to come in contact with the Oratory. Long afterwards, on the occasion of that touching visit of Newman to Trinity College, Oxford, when she, as a young married woman, was presented to him, he showed that the clever dark-eyed child he had not been allowed to know had not escaped his notice. But at the age of seven she was sent to a boarding school, evidently the usual one of the period, where amazingly nothing was taught. The heads of such schools—arrived there by natural selection—were often clever, superior women, but the teachers were yet oftener elementarily educated persons of the tradesman class, who made it a large part of their duty to teach their pupils to 'behave like ladies.' A most laborious branch of learning, as taught by them, to which I stubbornly refused myself. My resistance, however, was passive; Mary Arnold's seems to have been active. I remember her telling me many years ago, how in a paroxysm of anger—doubtless just—she had run up to the top of a flight of stairs with a large plate full of bread-and-butter and flung slice after slice smack in the face of the governess standing at the foot, finally hurling the plate after, let us hope with less deadly aim. At sixteen she left school for home and her real education began. Her father had now left the Roman Church and settled in Oxford. It might be said that, had he not done so, had the sensitive, as yet intellectually undeveloped girl, come under the charm of Newman, the whole course of her career would have been different. I think not. Hers was not a mind to crave for, or even at all admit, authority in religious matters. Affection and admiration might have drawn her into the fold, but she would not have remained there.

At Oxford the name of Arnold opened to her all doors. Stanley she already knew; Jowett and Mark Pattison were soon interested in her. And it is on the grey Oxford background that I see her first—pale, slight, black-haired, nineteen. I had but just made acquaintance with the magic city itself—alas! how marred and mutilated in the half-century which has passed over it since then! It was still to me so much the Oxford of my father's fond recollections that I remember half expecting to see young gentlemen in rich waistcoats 'doing the High' for the delight of passengers on London coaches. Indeed in that year, 1871, although the coaches were no more and Oxford was on the brink of a tremendous transformation, in appearance and constitution it was as yet but trivially altered from the Oxford of the 'forties. We were just taking possession of the old Master's Lodgings at University College, a house which had been acquainted with Dr Johnson and with Shelley, and where the Highland lady so much enjoyed staying with her relative, Dr Griffith, who adorned the dining-room with a 'gothic' vaulting.

In this dim room, with its three casements opening on the High, I perceive down a long vista of years, yet clearly, 'Tom Arnold' and his daughter, seated at the end of the table. 'The Arnolds' were already a kind of legend to us. My father had been devotedly attached to Dr Arnold—the real Arnold, not the clever gargoyle recently presented to the public under that label—and was in early life an intimate friend of 'Matt's.' His visits to Fox How remained delightful memories, shared with his children. 'Tom' was a familiar figure in these reminiscences; and we had heard of his wonderful daughter, who was deep in the study of Spanish at the Bodleian. He had hurried to welcome his old friend to Oxford. He was a tall, straggly man with a gentle, intellectual face, showing, in despite of strongly marked features, the weakness, whether of judgement or of character, which had made his life and that of his family so hard. Mary resembled her uncle 'Matt' more than her father. In later life, when her head acquired a certain massiveness, it showed some family likeness to that of the great Doctor, whom her gifted and attractive brother Willie strongly resembled. It was certainly

'black Tom' whom she had to thank for the abundance and the glossy black of the plaits that were coiled close to her shapely head, if not for the creamy white of her complexion. Tall—for the period—slender, and graceful, with white and charming hands, Mary Arnold, if not a regular beauty, was admittedly a handsome girl.

It was at the beginning of the æsthetic movement, when Ruskin, living at Abingdon, but teaching in Oxford, was the prophet of the place. He had decreed that yellow was the test colour. No one who did not love yellow in preference to all other colours, could hope to be saved—æsthetically speaking. There was accordingly great rapture over yellow. Some years later he, surely inconsiderately, declared purple to be the true test. It was too late. The whole cultured world was already seething with yellow. But in 1871, to wear yellow—a colour for some reason banned by early Victorian taste—was to wave a flag. It was a flag which became Mary Arnold well. That she often wore it—with black—may, however, have been not unconnected with the circumstance that black and yellow were the colours of Brasenose, for in 1872 she married Humphry Ward, a brilliant young Fellow of that College and part author of a charming little book of local fame—the 'Oxford Spectator.' It was a love-match of the simple Victorian kind, yet, had the gifted girl foreseen her future, she could hardly have made a marriage more conducive to its success. Even in Oxford, where many young dons were generously enthusiastic in the cause of the education and emancipation of women, she would have found very few so able and willing to help her in the development of her manifold powers, and still fewer so unselfishly anxious that she should have that freedom and leisure to exercise them seldom enjoyed by women in the past.

This was among the first of those marriages of Fellows which were directly and indirectly to transform Oxford, socially for the better, architecturally for the unspeakably worse. 'The Parks' had but begun to exist. It is a fixed habit—like that of making jokes about mothers-in-law—to sneer at academic society. It would have been difficult to find elsewhere brilliant and remarkable personalities so thick on the ground as they were in Oxford during the 'seventies and early

'eighties. To enumerate them all would take too long. Enough that in 1872 there were living within a square hundred yards a group of close friends, consisting of the Humphry Wards, the Mandell Creightons, and Walter Pater and his sisters. The Max Müllers were their near neighbours, at whose house interesting guests, English and foreign, abounded. In the Colleges were to be found Andrew Lang, Mark Pattison, and occasionally his wife, the future Lady Dilke. Last but not least, Jowett, the great little Master of Balliol, then at the end of his career as an heresiarch—become indeed a kind of licensed heretic—and already launched on that of host, friend, and counsellor of the Mighty; also of their wives, whether in politics, letters, or Society. Presently, in a dark-panelled old house under the shadow of New College tower, sparkled the incomparable wit of Rhoda Broughton.

During all the years that I was acquainted with it, academic society lived the much-talked-of Simple Life simply, without talking about it. There reigned in it what is called a republican equality, although I have never observed anything of the kind in a Republic. Settlers within its borders were welcomed or not, according to their personal qualities or lack of them. Not merely intellectual distinction, but any kind of interestingness, accomplishment, or charm was the 'Open, Sesame.' It is not too much to say that neither money nor birth counted. The ostentation of either excited a cheerful ridicule. Most people were poor, but their poverty was not sordid. The taste for old furniture and china was still the passion of the few, not the fashion of the many; and the small houses held beautiful things. This was particularly true of the Humphry Wards' house in Bradmore Road, where Mr Ward was already exercising, on a small scale, his afterwards well-known gift as a *connoisseur*. Its æsthetically green-blue walls and black woodwork made a becoming background to its graceful young mistress; more flattering in truth to humanity in general than the austere walls of the modern drawing-room, 'tout blanc—blanc comme une salle de bain,' as a French woman described it.

Here, besides 'keeping' the pretty, hospitable house and mothering her three children, she was still studying



and writing, and helping to organise Women's Education in Oxford. When Somerville College was founded, she became Secretary to its Council. Oxford did not fail to recognise and to honour her remarkable gifts of intellect and character; but the one gift which was to make her so widely famous it never suspected. Yet it was in Oxford that she conceived the idea of the book by which she was at a bound to achieve that wide-world celebrity which is hardly to be achieved except by an author using the English tongue. Her historical reading and the hereditary bias of her mind, had led her to the study of Christian origins; she had early come under the influence of Stanley, Jowett, and Mark Pattison, and was later among the devoted disciples of Thomas Hill Green, the philosopher. But the spark which ultimately kindled so great a fire came from the opposite religious camp, that of Pusey and Liddon. Mrs Ward has herself told how a Bampton Lecture delivered by the Reverend John Wordsworth, later Bishop of Salisbury, caused her to write a pamphlet in dialogue form, called 'Unbelief and Sin,' which was the germ of 'Robert Elsmere.' She was young and enthusiastic, she rushed to the defence of her friends. Women are usually supposed to be older than men of the same age. In some ways they are younger. The limitations of John Wordsworth were as well known to his colleagues in the University as his learning and real amiability; and his resounding pulpit smacks upon what he took to be their heads were probably received by them with equanimity and a suppressed smile.

In 1882 Mr Humphry Ward joined the staff of the 'Times,' and the household moved to London. But amid all the interests of her new life, Mrs Ward never abandoned the idea of writing a book, in the form of fiction, to explain and justify the position of the Modernist, to use a more recent but convenient term. Yet, not till 1887 did 'Robert Elsmere' see the light. She herself has related how she read parts of the book as it progressed to her old Oxford friends, and how the only one who at all foresaw its success was Mandell Creighton. Creighton rarely made a mistake in a literary appraisal, and he had by that time spent ten years in a north-country parish. I have heard her publisher, Mr George Smith, describe the astonishment with which

one morning, on arriving at his office, he heard that the first edition of 'Robert Elsmere' was sold out. Mr Gladstone's review of the book gave an impetus to this rapid sale, but was not the cause of it. It spoke well not only for Mrs Ward's talent, but also for the public, that they could be so deeply interested in a story the motive power of which was not passion but impassioned thought.

The secret lay in the religious nature of the thought. Foreigners are mistaken in regarding British religion as a thing of forms and appearances. Religion and politics are the root passions of the race. But the Oxford friends were not quite wrong in their judgement, for 'Robert Elsmere' never captured the small public in the van of contemporary movements. These knew that the real, the deepening battle was not between this or that form of Christianity, but between all spiritual religion and a rationalistic Materialism. Rationally speaking, the basis of Robert Elsmere's belief in God was hardly so strong as that of Mr Newcome in the Church. Reason, the deity of the 18th century, had been accepted by the 19th, and its position had been immensely strengthened by the advance of Science. Yet, strange to say, Science herself has contributed to the anti-rationalistic movement of the 20th century. For one thing, it has shown us a world largely if not entirely governed by powers unrelated to our reason and completely beyond its reach. We feel how far we have journeyed from Victorian Rationalism when we read in 'Robert Elsmere' such a sentence as this: 'God is not wisely trusted when declared unintelligible.' Can we, to whose reason an insect is unintelligible, demand to understand God? Besides, if Orthodoxy has shifted her ground in several places since 1887, so have Science—and Dr Harnack.

In purely literary circles, where Art for Art's sake was the reigning cult, 'Robert Elsmere' was condemned and executed summarily as a *roman à thèse*. In her preface to 'David Grieve,' Mrs Ward has very convincingly stated the case for the *roman à thèse*. It is true that no one so far has succeeded in writing a novel in this kind of permanent value, for 'Don Quixote' is not a *roman à thèse*, and 'Emile' is not read. But a writer who feels

impelled to illuminate an idea by means of a novel need not refrain on that account, because, though many good novels are written, few survive, even without a *thèse*. Enough if his rocket rushes up at the right moment and explodes beautifully. This 'Robert Elsmere' did. In her school-girl days Mrs Ward, like many other children, had written stories. These stories show the influence of the old-fashioned pious Evangelical tale; strange to say, 'Robert Elsmere' still showed traces of its awkward literary manner, while Mr Grey was the Good Minister in another dress. But there was some excellent character-drawing in it—especially that of the squire—and pictures of scenery almost if not quite as beautiful as any she afterwards drew.

If Mr Gladstone's article had not been the real cause of the book's success, it perhaps did something to call the attention of Society to its author. But Art and literature, artists and authors, were the fashion in the 'eighties and early 'nineties. The small and rigid world depicted by Thackeray—so strictly divided into compartments—had recently broken up. Society was eagerly exploring, discovering the studios, the literary circles, the East End, the Empire, America. French novels lay on every table, the painters flocked to Paris to study, and no young author felt himself complete without his circle of Parisian friends. Women were beginning to take an active part in politics, and the Woman's Question was coming to the front. Yet the old stately and beautiful framework of English life remained. I regretted then, I regret now, that no new Thackeray arose to paint the Passing Show before the millionaire and the motor-car rolled over all. To do so he would have needed to invoke amongst others all the comic muses; for there are certainly three—she who comes with 'laughter holding both his sides,' she whose sly finger is on her lips, and she whose smile is cold, yet a flame, shrivelling up hypocrisy and vice.

Mrs Ward, with her interesting and eagerly interested talk, her gracious and sympathetic personality, made many new friends in the great world which now opened its doors to her; but she never wavered in her affection and regard for the friends of her youth. Her imagination could not fail to respond to the stimulus of an

enlarged experience. Her second novel, 'David Grieve,' marked the transition from the religious to the Society novel. In it she rather groped after a new path than struck it, though she revealed her remarkable power of drawing the peasant. The picture of life at Needham Farm is grimmer than George Eliot would have made it, but worthy of her. In 'Bessie Costrell' Mrs Ward gave that power full play, and in her last book, 'Harvest,' the talk of the two old labourers is very true to life, and has that sub-shade of humour which life, when viewed with detached eyes, seldom lacks.

About this time Jowett said to me that he regretted Mary Ward going so much into Society, as no one can lead the social and the literary life at once. The kind old friend had not sufficient confidence in her remarkable power of managing that unmanageable thing, Life. Having seen much of London society and formed solid links with the world, she found herself a beautiful retreat under the rolling downs and the half-tamed beechen forest where Milton's Lady and her Brothers lost themselves. As years went on, she more and more lived in the pleasant 18th-century house, set in its delightful gardens. But the Grosvenor Place home, with all its treasures, went on. Many people, walking up Grosvenor Place, miss the three yellow Chinese vases which for so long stood in the three windows, like conscious beauties airing their charms. They lent a note of colour to its colourlessness.

'Marcella' came out of Hertfordshire, the first of the long series of Society novels which not only sustained, but spread Mrs Ward's fame through the English-speaking world. Religious controversy had played a part in the popularity of 'Robert Elsmere.' When she laid that crutch aside, she had nothing to depend upon but her power of interesting the reader in her story and characters. She came triumphantly out of the ordeal. Her popularity, especially in America, waxed instead of waned. That books so steeped in the mellow atmosphere of an old and dignified civilisation should have made so wide an appeal to classes in America which can know little of England, is really astonishing. It was just this old and dignified civilisation whose charm and beauty appealed to Mrs Ward, as it must always appeal

to the artist, the lover of beauty. A democratic world of garden-cities and flats can never provide a substitute for it. A hundred years hence, when the 'stately homes of England' stand, if at all, in the dreary nakedness of Museums or the utilitarian drabness of Institutes, a vision of their glory may be sought and found in Mrs Ward's novels. There also will be found pictures of the old English country, before it was shorn down, shaved away by machines for machines; the grey farms among the lonely fells, the great variegated garden of our Southern England, with its little wandering woods, its crazy-patchwork fields and waving hedgerows, its noble grey cathedral spires, church-towers, and red village roofs, set in the blue of immemorial elms.

As she continued writing, her art rapidly advanced. For one thing she learned to create charming heroines. I will not say the series began with Marcella, because, although I thought her well enough, Bishop Creighton frankly called her 'a detestable girl.' I wish he had lived to make the acquaintance of Lady Kitty. She is surely a creation, with her half-crazy frowardness and light irresponsibility, her charm, her gaiety, above all, her loveliness. In drawing her sad inevitable end, Mrs Ward sounded a deeper note of feeling than in any of her other books, except perhaps 'Helbeck of Bannisdale.' Most critics regard this latter novel as her best, but I must respectfully maintain my opinion that 'The Marriage of William Ashe' is a work of stronger imagination, a more delicate and perfect work of art. That the level of the novels is high is shown by the fact that there are only a few which no one has pronounced to be the best.

Mrs Ward made the Stately Home, the Great House and its inhabitants, the special field of her art. 'But,' declare competent judges, 'her picture of them is not true. Such a society does not exist.' Perhaps not; but something exists which suggested it, a something which suggested to the very different imagination of Disraeli his brilliant sketches of a society, glittering, hard, and hollow as a dragon-fly. Evidently some vital truths are left out of Mrs Ward's picture. Time alone can show whether her art has the necessary amount of truth in it to keep it alive. What she had to say she said in clear

and excellent English which fitted her strong, well-equipped intelligence like a glove. She had no mannerisms—tiresome things which many people to-day seem to mistake for style. When her sense of beauty was touched her language glowed into beauty. I recall beside her landscapes, the interlude of the Priest of Nemi in 'Eleanor,' and the description of Tintoret's Last Supper in 'The Marriage of William Ashe.'

Meantime Mrs Ward was far from losing her interest in the religious question. But, in her books—excepting 'Helbeck of Bannisdale' and 'Richard Meynell'—and in her life it became more and more merged in the social question. It seems almost a miracle that one person should within less than the allotted span have achieved so vast an amount of work in two fields—the literary and the philanthropic. In 1890, as a direct result of 'Robert Elsmere,' University Hall was founded under her auspices, as a place of religious learning in the Modernist sense. She did not wish it attached to any existing sect, knowing that Modernism is to be found in all. In later years she came more and more to value the old forms and order of the Church, and to desire that the new movement should develop within it.

Alongside of University Hall, Marchmont Hall was founded as a centre for social work, on the lines of the University Settlements originated by Arnold Toynbee. This work soon outgrew its accommodation; and in 1897, with the generous assistance of Mr Passmore Edwards and the Duke of Bedford, the splendid Passmore Edwards Settlement arose. So far the work done did not differ in kind from that being done in other Settlements. But the inspiration, the extraordinary driving-power of Mrs Ward soon opened out new and important paths of advance. One says 'new,' but in a sense neither the Children's Play Centres, nor the special Schools for Cripple Children were completely new in idea. So long ago as 1889, thanks to the initiative of Miss Ada Heather-Bigg, the Children's Happy Evening Association had been founded. It was allowed the use of certain County Councils Schools, which it opened to poor children who had no playground except the streets, and provided them with games, stories, and amusements of every kind. But, excellent as was the service done by the thousand



voluntary workers of this Association, it was evident that no unaided voluntary effort could cope with the task. It was Mrs Ward's experience of an Evening Recreation Class at the Passmore Edwards Settlement that drew her attention to the children's needs. In 1904, she formed an influential committee under her own chairmanship, by whom the Educational Committee of the L.C.C. were persuaded to give their assistance in the formation, in eight poor districts, of similar schools, called Play Centres, having paid teachers attached to them. From that time onward she worked unceasingly to get State support for Play Centres, and in 1917 her object was achieved, or very nearly so. The Board of Education and the L.C.C. between them now pay 80 per cent. of the expenses of the Centres.

Similarly, by her driving-power and personal influence, she brought about the creation of Special Schools for Cripple or Invalid Children. The needs of these children, whose minds, through lack of education, were scarcely less crippled than their bodies, had been seen and ministered to by others—Mr and Mrs Pilcher in Stepney, and Miss Sparkes of a Women's University Settlement—but necessarily on a small scale. Mrs Ward saw that the problem was too big to be solved by private effort alone, and that Government must ultimately deal with it. She applied to the London School Board, promising that the Passmore Edwards Settlement would provide rooms, a playground, an ambulance for fetching the children, and a nurse-superintendent, if the School Board would furnish the rooms and provide specially trained teachers. The Duke of Bedford promised the use of a garden. The offer was accepted, and in 1899, the school was opened. By 1918 there were thirty-seven similar schools in London, and others in the provinces. Mrs Ward had formed a committee consisting of women social workers and Members of Parliament, and calling itself the Joint Parliamentary Advisory Council. A member of the committee, Major Hills, Member for Durham, moved an amendment to the Education Bill of 1918, making the institution of such schools compulsory; and the Government accepted the amendment.

Thus, thanks to the granddaughter of Dr Arnold, two educational reforms of immense importance to tens of

thousands of children passed into law. Space fails me to tell of her minor activities—her tour in America, her Anti-Suffrage Campaign. In those years, when Jowett had feared she was losing her time, she had laid the foundations of that large circle of devoted friends and warmly admiring acquaintances, who were of so much value to her when she took up social work. In the countless letters received by her family on the occasion of her death nothing was more dwelt upon than her power of inspiring others. Few indeed could come away from a talk with her without feeling, as one writer puts it, 'stimulated to live a stronger fuller life.' 'Her energy and power were contagious,' says another. But her influence was not due alone to her 'energy and power,' nor to the wide range of knowledge and interest shown in her talk. All these were fused in the warmth of a sympathetic, enthusiastic nature, entirely unspoilt by success. True to the tradition of the 'eighties, she had her circle of Parisian friends; and among the most interesting of those letters was one from M. André Chevrillon, telling how her kindly hospitality to himself as a young man had permanently affected his attitude towards England, and that this was also true of many others among his countrymen who had been her guests.

When the war came, her friendship with Theodore Roosevelt was the means of providing her with an opportunity of serving her country with her pen. Her 'job' was to write a book—ultimately she wrote three—to explain to America that England, in spite of her incredible silence about her own doings, was doing things. 'England's Effort' was a *tour de force*. Few but Mrs Ward could have assimilated so rapidly such a mass of facts and set them forth so clearly and effectively. The sequels, 'Towards the Goal' and the 'Fields of Victory,' were good work, but of a different nature from the first. Their composition involved much physical strain. No woman with a spark of spirit would have refused herself the thrilling experience of those long motor-drives, those walks and climbs along the Front; but the fatigue and exposure were trying to one of her age, and with an hereditary weakness of the heart. Moreover, in the intervals between these rushes, she wrote not only the three books in question, but four

novels, of which the last, 'Harvest,' was of a surprising freshness and vigour. X

A sketch so brief can deal but very inadequately with all these varied activities and with the personality, at once so powerful and so lovable, behind them. But any account would be incomplete which omitted to tell how, for the last twenty-five years of Mrs Ward's life, the impossible was rendered possible for her by the devotion of a beloved friend, her elder daughter. And other helpers she had, able and devoted; for those who served her gave her the service of love.

Few women have lived a life so well worth living, so full, so beneficent, so distinguished. She died with all her powers still at their height, untouched by the long disease of age. It was for those left behind I sorrowed, not for her, as I stood beside her beautiful resting-place in the country churchyard near her home. On the downs she has so often described, the high woods were clothed with the first green mist of leaves, the meadows and single trees beyond the churchyard hedge were already deep in verdure. Close by, a tireless cuckoo was sounding his rich bell-note. She loved the life of the Earth and she believed in the Life Eternal.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

## Art. 11.—PRIMITIVE RELATIONSHIPS.

1. *Melanesian and Polynesian*. By George Brown, 1910.
2. *The Pagan Tribes of Borneo*. By Charles Hose and William McDougall, 1912.
3. *The Mafulu; Mountain People of British New Guinea*. By Robert W. Williamson, 1912.
4. *Across Australia*. By Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen, 1912.
5. *Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia*. By Baldwin Spencer, 1914.

All the foregoing books are published by Macmillan & Co.

THE student of primitive culture, if he wishes to avoid the taunt that anthropology in Greek means gossip, must be prepared to devote some of his attention to the consideration of first principles. According to the law of the division of labour, which holds in science no less strictly than in economics, he must pursue a specific object in a specific way. In other words, he needs a working definition of primitive culture as such; a working definition being one that leads to work, that is, of itself suggests a method to be fruitfully followed.

Now we cannot here go into the vexed question what exactly is to be understood by the term 'primitive.' Suffice it to say, that, like the equally unsatisfactory word 'savage,' it stands for the uncivilised in general, and must not be taken to mean the old as distinguished from the old-fashioned. On the other hand, it may be profitable to spend a moment in trying to reduce 'culture' to a tangible notion. Culture, let us suggest, is communicable intelligence. That it is a form of intelligence goes almost without saying; for clearly it consists of the sentiments, ideas, purposes, devices, and so forth, in which we share as members of society. But it must be shared or at least must be shareable; otherwise it were nothing at all. Hence its communicability is its all-important differentia. This attribute marks it off from the other form of intelligence which is represented by the contents of the individual consciousness. To express this difference some would say that culture is the content of the social consciousness. But at the level of science

we shall surely do well to eschew such language. Either the social mind is a metaphor—and it would be fatal to build up a science on such a rotten foundation; or it is a metaphysical assumption—and for science Occam's rule holds good that assumptions are not to be multiplied beyond what is needful. If we suppose, then, that individual minds exist and that communications are somehow possible between them—and so much at least will readily be conceded by common sense, the nursing mother of empirical science—culture will be simply the net result of those communications as they affect the individual minds concerned. These minds, of course, have their several aptitudes, the product of heredity; and ultimately culture depends on these aptitudes for its very existence. Nevertheless, the student of culture can afford for the time being to disregard the play of hereditary influences, even while remaining fully aware that it is the creating and sustaining force in the background. It suits his limited outlook to envisage culture as something existing on its own account between mind and mind. Thus viewed, it has a nature and development of its own. Its nature, as we have seen, is to be intelligence in a communicable form. What, then, are we to say about its development? Is it possible to conceive this in a no less specific way?

To begin with, it is clear that this development cannot be described without ambiguity as a process of evolution. The term 'evolution' has been appropriated by the biologists to describe the kind of change, bodily and mental, that is brought about in an organic series by heredity acting in conjunction with natural selection. As far, then, as the study of culture as such can be kept clear of the complicating fact that it ultimately exists for individual minds, so far must the evolution to which these minds are subject be ruled out too. Specifically regarded, the development of culture involves a different process. Let us venture to call it an elaboration. For, obviously, it is the process whereby a communicable intelligence becomes more communicable and more of an intelligence. May we not, therefore, go a step further and say that by becoming more communicable the value of culture as intelligence is increased? In other words, the elaboration of the modes and means of communicating

intelligence may be treated as the law of such development as culture considered in itself displays. Thus our working definition directly suggests a way in which we can get usefully to work. The improvement of human communications—there in a nutshell is the central theme of cultural anthropology.

With this preface, we may proceed to glance at a batch of ethnographical studies which at first sight might seem to have nothing in common except the accident of being published by the same eminent firm. One and all they have already come to be recognised as standard works; so that it would be superfluous to insist on their several merits. It will be convenient, however, to draw on their contents at random in order to illustrate our present topic, namely, how primitive communications may be treated as the groundwork of primitive culture. The subject falls naturally into two parts, inasmuch as communications may be classed as either internal or external. On the one hand, every human being normally belongs to a particular society, since, as Aristotle says, he would otherwise be either a beast or a god. On the other hand, be that society ever so isolated, it will be affected to some extent by intercourse with the outside world.

Let us, then, in the first place, consider those communications which belong to the internal or intrapolitical class. Now, under conditions of civilisation, it is often exceedingly hard to determine the true limits of one's allegiance as the member of a state. For example, even if it be agreed that such limits coincide with those of a Briton's nationality, it remains a debatable question whether the British Empire consists of many nations or of one. So too, then, at the level of savagery there occurs a similar problem. To find a man's true communion, the cradle and school of his public spirit—that is the difficulty. No doubt, just as the modern citizen is defined in relation to his nation, so in the same broad way of speaking the savage may be referred to his 'tribe.' Indeed, the notion of the tribal society may be usefully retained as providing a general description of the savage phase of political organisation. But it is notorious that, in application to particular cases, the ethnographer may find the idea in question to be a



nuisance rather than a help. Thus in a well-known passage in 'The Melanesians,' Dr Codrington protests that 'there are no tribes among the natives.' He goes on to say:

'It is probably true that in every account of Melanesian affairs given to the world tribes are spoken of; but a belief that every savage people is made up of tribes is part of the mental equipment of a civilised visitor; when one reads of the 'coast tribes' or the 'bush tribes,' nothing more is meant than the people who inhabit the coast or the inland part of some island' (pp. 21-2).

Hence the Royal Anthropological Institute, in proposing a 'terminology of social organisation' for the use of the field-worker, is careful to define 'tribe' in an elastic way. A tribe is 'a group of a simple kind, nomadic or settled in a more or less definite locality, speaking a common dialect, with a rude form of government, and capable of uniting for common action, as in warfare' ('Notes and Queries on Anthropology,' 4th edn., p. 156). In this definition we may take the words 'speaking a common dialect' as especially significant in connexion with the subject of primitive communications. So long as the people concerned can talk freely together, they form one spiritual symbiosis, and their culture will be the same. Internal (in the sense of intensive) communications proceed up to this limit. Beyond it extend the ragged edges of their external communications, as carried on by means of gesture-language, the 'silent trade,' and 'pidgin' methods of all kinds. How effective these latter methods may be is shown by the facts reported by Messrs Spencer and Gillen, who found tribes of Central Australia everywhere in touch. Not only would a corroboree find its way across the Continent—though, let us note, in the form of a dance-measure wedded to unintelligible words and thus inviting re-adaptation—but even matters of such intimate concern as marriage customs were, in the form of a code of inter-tribal hospitality, common to wide areas; so that, as Lord Avebury once put it, a man might be said to own a thousand miles of wives—of temporary wives, he might have added. Nevertheless, want of a common language is an effectual bar to complete spiritual intercourse, even at the stage at which language is relatively

undeveloped as a medium of communication. A communion of hearts and a communion of tongues—these go together.

Meanwhile, the tribe, understood as the group of speech-fellows, represents but the outer limit within which the 'warmth and intimacy' of the social life is nurtured. Just as it is fatal in the politics of civilisation to discuss the relation of the individual to the state without taking into consideration the hundred and one subordinate associations to which a man's loyalty likewise goes forth, so a savage society cannot be understood without reference to the many minor groupings within it that provide centres of communication each with its distinctive effect on the cultural life as a whole. Further, whereas in any well-developed modern state the influence of the supreme form of organisation tends to be paramount as an educative force, a primitive community on the contrary tends to be active mainly in and through its loosely co-operating parts. Thus the various authors with whom we are concerned here, present us with an instructive scale of savage politics; which in Australia, on the one hand, exhibits an approach to sheer incoherency in respect of any centralised authority, yet never, on the other hand, leads right up to the establishment of a firm rule. At most we can say that Polynesia or Borneo as compared with Melanesia or New Guinea shows a genuinely tribal government in the making.

These subordinate groupings, then, that within any form of tribal society play so important a part in promoting human communications, must be severally given their due. For our present purpose a test of their relative efficacy is to be found in the duration and intensity of the common life that they support. Duration and intensity of symbiosis, it may be observed, do not necessarily imply each other. In the cool surroundings of habitual family life, for instance, the formative agencies may work slowly; whereas in the fervid atmosphere of the religious gathering, occasional though it be, a forcing process is brought about. Unfortunately, our authorities do not afford us any very clear idea of the actual claim on the time and interest of the individual that is exercised by his various circles of association as compared one with another. One thing seems pretty

certain—that the savage enjoys no privacy, but is always in some sort of a crowd, experiencing therefore all those peculiar mental effects which mobbishness brings in its train. This mobbish or, as it may be termed, 'synnomic' character of primitive mentality is well known; but, so far, no very systematic attempt has been made either by the field-worker or by the anthropologist of the study to exhibit it as a complex resulting from gregarious communications of many and different kinds.

As regards the field-observer, indeed, we must make allowance for the extreme difficulty with which he can watch the more intimate phases of the life and intercourse of the secretive savage. His descriptions, being mostly derived from what his informants choose to tell, are thus apt to suffer from what may be characterised, without unkindness, as a tendency to nominalism. The contents of each parcel are judged by what the label declares; and, if there is no label, the parcel is rated as no better than empty. A notorious case is that of the family in Australia. It finds no mention in the system of names whereby relationships are expressed; and so, for the nominalist, the *savant d'index*, the thing is as if not there at all. Nay, worse, it would seem that our nominalist is also a stickler for grammatical form, so that he will seize on a single word while he boggles at a phrase. For it would appear that the Australian native is quite capable of distinguishing between his father in the classification or 'tribal' sense and his individual father. Only his expression for what amounts to his 'governor' (used probably without any physiological implication, such as at any rate would be quite irrelevant from his ethical point of view) happens to be somewhat cumbrous, more especially when translated into pidgin English for the benefit of the man with the note-book. Indeed, we venture to believe that the individual family is the social unit, the nucleolus of the cultural life, throughout Australia.

M. Durkheim and his school are welcome to the view that assigns this basic position to the clan. The clan-theory, together with the doctrine of a primitive sexual communism that is therewith connected, we regard as the outcome of the nominalist fallacy; and a fiction is none the less fictitious when projected upon the mists of

the unverifiable past. Yet the individual family is hard to discover in the pages of Spencer and Gillen, replete as these are with valuable facts. Dr Malinowski, however, in his excellent monograph, 'The Family among the Australian Aborigines,' has amply vindicated the claim of the individual domestic group to rank as an economic, legal, and moral institution of primary importance. Of course Dr Malinowski would be the first to admit that without the pioneer labours of Spencer and Gillen or of Howitt—and perhaps as regards Australian anthropology they are in a class by themselves—his own work, largely critical as it is, would have been impossible. But, as the poet reminds us, big fleas are so related to lesser fleas that enterprise on the part of the latter is bound to tickle their backs.

Apart from the individual family, we suspect that the local group is of chief importance in shaping the cultural life of Australia. Yet this too tends to be without distinctive name and therefore without honour. Of course the fact that this form of grouping occurs is duly noted in a general way. 'If we take any one such local group we find that it consists of men, women, and children numbering not more, as a general rule, than one hundred and often less than a score, and occupying a track of land which may extend over a hundred square miles or may be very much smaller, perhaps only a few square miles' ('Across Australia,' p. 198). Yet it is but rarely that we are given a detailed survey of a tribe according to its local divisions; this, however, is done by Sir Baldwin Spencer in regard to the groups of Melville and Bathurst Islands ('N.T. of the Northern Territory,' p. 44 *sqq.*), and, again, by Mr A. R. Brown in his description of three tribes of Western Australia (J. A. I., xliii, p. 143 f.) Given such a survey, carried out, were it possible, with some approach to the requirements of what Continental writers term a 'statistical demography,' much of the vagueness attaching to the study of social functions might be dissipated. As it is, a critical examination of the evidence, such as we get in Mr G. C. Wheeler's essay, 'The Tribe and Intertribal Relations in Australia,' shows utter confusion to prevail on the subject of the rights and duties severally associated with local group and clan. The upshot of his analysis would seem to be that, at

any rate in matters relating to government and justice, the local group decidedly has the prerogative. On the other hand, the authors whom he cites appear mostly to dismiss the local organisation in a few casual words; whereas the matrimonial organisation, with its impressive terminology, provokes them to technical disquisitions that leave the lay reader gasping.

Not but that the matrimonial organisation is likewise prolific of communications. The trouble is that the description of actual conditions is usually slurred over in the search for origins, so that the real movement of the social life is not revealed. Thus we have already spoken of the clan, taking the word to mean (for often there is reason to think that it is used vaguely) the totemic division composed of namesakes. Now did the clan in this sense coincide with the local group, as perhaps occasionally happens, all would be plain sailing. Usually, however, it would seem, each local group is heterogeneous in character, members of the same totem being distributed among these bodies, some in one and some in another. Indeed, how could it be otherwise wherever, to speak technically, patrilocal marriage occurs in conjunction with matrilineal descent? How far, then, do the particular members of a totem who cohabit in the same local group manifest 'consciousness of kind'? Do they live together more, or help each other more, than would be the case if local contiguity formed the only tie between them? Or, on the contrary, is it only at tribal gatherings, or at any rate when two or more local groups fraternise, that clan feeling has a chance of becoming intensified by intercourse? Questions such as these, though they bear so directly on the subject of primitive communications, we ask in vain of our authorities, whose preoccupation is with the formal side of the social organisation. Of course, we must gratefully acknowledge that, amid the general obscurity, a single ray of brightest light shines forth on Australian totemism, namely, in the account given by Spencer and Gillen of the totemic ceremonies of the Arunta. No more crucial instance could be found of the way in which culture is engendered by communion. But the totemic brotherhood of the Arunta is not a clan; it has nothing to do with the matrimonial organisation; its function is purely magico-religious; and being thus

unique, not to say anomalous, among totemic institutions it cannot help us in the present context.

There is one respect, however, in which the marriage organisation undoubtedly acts as a prime determinant of a man's actual relations with his fellows, namely, as it assigns him to one or the other of two intermarrying divisions, the so-called phratries of the typical Australian system. Ignoring totemic clans, matrimonial classes, and other complicating circumstances, we may think of this as a dual organisation, such as we get without the aforesaid complications in Melanesia. According to this system a man cannot take a wife from 'his own side of the house' (as they say in the Banks' Islands), but must seek her on the other side. Now our information, sparse as it is, leads us to suppose that the heterogeneous local group, so far as it does not feel itself to be one, is chiefly conscious of the two-sidedness in question. The phratries are wont to camp slightly apart, to play games against each other, and so on. Most important of all, marriage negotiations and arrangements serve to keep this duality of group-consciousness alive. We are not thinking so much of what goes on at general gatherings of the tribe, or of the even wider 'nation,' when one phratry initiates the youths of the other, but are trying to understand the daily intercourse of the folk who live in direct contact with each other. Observations made at and upon big assemblies of natives, such as we mostly get in the standard books, will not assist us here. We should like to know whether a man usually marries within his local group—except of course in the rare case in which local exogamy is practised. We suspect that he normally looks for a wife no further than across the way. It may well be that in the smaller type of local group the closest in-breeding prevails, though masked effectually by this convention of an out-breeding that works backwards and forwards—a requirement formally satisfied by reciprocity as between two individual families.

Indeed, it is because we are apt to ignore the narrow limits within which actual, as distinguished from tribally possible, relationships of consanguinity and affinity are set up, that we wonder at the native's power of employing his own classificatory apparatus; since for most of us it savours of the higher mathematics. But these



matters are apprehended by him, as the psychologists say, at the perceptual, not the conceptual, level. In the local group of average size there are perhaps not half a dozen individuals to a category; and, when he can tell off his four-class system distributively on his fingers and toes, its transcendental character is gone. For the rest, the matrimonial classes of Australia are a good deal less formidable now that Mr A. R. Brown has, in his essay mentioned above, taught us to look beyond the names to the things. Hitherto the tribes were classified as two-class, four-class, or eight-class, according as they used a like number of titles to designate certain classes between which marriage is variously prohibited or permitted. But here again nominalism has led us astray. There turn out to be actually but two systems, the distribution of which in no way corresponds with one that might be deduced from the presence or absence of descriptive titles; since two names or, again, four may go with eight classes, or two with four. Really the rules are fairly simple. In the first place, I must marry into the other phratry; in the next place, I must marry into my own generation (or at any rate not into the generation immediately above or below). Consequently, my sisters with my cousins of the same phratry as my own being barred, I must marry into the other half of my generation, that is, to use Tylor's term, among my 'cross-cousins.'

The four-class system stops here. If, however, among my cross-cousins my first-cousins on the other side of the house are barred, then we get the eight-class system. Put in general terms, as it needs must be for tribal purposes, this may sound somewhat puzzling. But in the local group I do not have to think in terms of my tribal or potential mothers and their tribal or potential brothers. My individual mother has an individual brother who perhaps swapped her with my own father for his own sister. If my mother, and not my father, is of the other phratry, I ask her to persuade her brother's family to allow his own son to swap his own sister for mine; and so under the four-class system I get, not a group-wife, but a wife of my very own. But under the eight-class system such a marriage is prohibited, presumably because it seems too 'near'; and I must then go about the matter in a rather more round-about way (compare Brown,

*l.c.* 184). But always, be it noted, it is no affair of class dealing with class as such, but a particular arrangement, involving visits, delicate negotiations, courtesies, presents, and so on, between individual families; these families being in most cases already closely related, and at any rate are probably next-door neighbours.

At this point we must cease to consider internal communications in their bearing on the cultural life; though the subject is by no means exhausted, even if attention be confined to Australia, where the social organisation presents exceptional features of interest. Thus sex solidarity counts for a great deal in Australia; and we find here the beginnings of that institution which at a slightly higher level of society is destined to prove a veritable *alma mater*. We refer to the 'men's house,' which in New Guinea and throughout Melanesia—to look no further—is as it were the hub of the social universe. Again, the age-grades doubtless imply actual no less than formal relations between coevals. Not only does this mode of grouping further organisation—as, for instance, when marriage between persons of the same generation is thereby directly suggested (*cf.* W. R. R. Rivers, 'Anthropological Essays presented to Tylor,' 321)—but the fact that age-mates are associated at initiation, often a progressive process lasting through many years, must develop in them something of that corporate feeling which belongs, say, to men of the same year at our Universities. Moreover, mention of initiation reminds us that we have but barely alluded to those opportunities for wider intercourse, none the less exciting because possibly somewhat brief, which war, trade, festivity, and especially religion afford when they cause the local groups to merge for the time being in what Mr Graham Wallas would call 'the great society'—the concrete realisation of community by means of communion. But enough has been said, perhaps, to make it plain, firstly, that the actual conditions of symbiosis provide the key to the development of culture among the ruder peoples so far as this is viewed intrapolitically as a process of social self-education; and, secondly, that for all the splendid work of explorers in the ethnographical field, the material for constructing an adequate account of these conditions is still to seek.

Passing now to the discussion of external communications, we become aware that at this point we are travelling beyond the frontiers of ethnography as such. It is quite fair to demand of the observer of a particular people that he make an intensive study of every aspect and factor of the social and cultural life. But we can hardly expect him to have searched the rest of the wide ocean of history through and through so as to discover the source of every wave of influence that at some time or other has beaten on this particular strip of country. His duty is rather to report faithfully on the facts within the purview of his coastguard station. It is for the oceanographer, a man of the study, not of the breeze-swept shore, to combine the scattered indications in some synthetic chart of generalised drifts and currents.

The methodological difficulties of the student of the transpolitical propagandist movements of culture are well known, for of late they have been discussed almost *ad nauseam*. The main question at issue is whether similarities of culture as detected by the comparison of one people with another are to be explained in terms of parallel independent invention, or on the theory of diffusion from a single centre. While enthusiasts are apt to find in one or the other principle a 'key to all mythologies,' the wise man will always believe impartially in both. At most he will acquiesce in Tylor's ruling that the *onus probandi* rests on the man who argues for an independent origin. In other words, we must employ the theory of diffusion for all that it is worth, leaving the residual element to be covered by the doctrine, as lax as it is large, that up to a certain point men tend to think and act alike in virtue of a common hereditary constitution. Thus, so long as it is treated strictly as a working hypothesis of science, and not as a dogma of 'confessional' validity, no suggestion of transmission is to be rated as far-fetched, though it range spatially from China to Peru, or in respect of time from the pleistocene to the modern. Thus Prof. Elliot Smith, in co-operation with Mr W. J. Perry, Mr J. W. Jackson and others, has lately tried to plot out the track of a supposed 'heliolithic culture,' the devious course of which can only be followed on a map of the world, or rather on a series of such maps embracing several

millennia of world-wide transformation. If faith is demanded of us—and at times Prof. Elliot Smith adopts the tone of an evangelist—we respectfully but firmly decline to be orthodox. On the other hand, a bold generalisation such as this, which speciously correlates a vast multitude of facts, and can keep the next generation busy with the amount of verification that is entailed, is all to the good; nay, is a feat of constructive imagination which, whether it lead to positive or merely to negative results, may well count among the triumphs of anthropological science. But the heliolithic doctrine as a creed—no!

As regards method, however, it is as a rule inadvisable to proceed at once to the widest generalisations. Bacon's principle of *continenter et gradatim* is both safer to follow, and, at any rate for the field-worker, far more easy to put into practice. Translated into ethnological language this means that, in order to understand how a given culture has been affected by external influences, we must first study what Dr Farnell has termed 'the adjacent anthropology.' In this respect Americanists have set us a good example. Thus such a recent book as Dr Clark Wissler's 'The American Indian,' shows how fruitfully, at any rate in relation to those parts of the American Continent that have been thoroughly investigated, it is possible to reduce a seemingly infinite diversity of cultures to a few generic kinds having each an intimate connexion with a separate geographical area. Here the anthropo-geographer can be very helpful with his classification of natural provinces according to their climate, fauna and flora, frontiers, avenues of communication, and so on. But geographical opportunity is relative to the degree of human intelligence that is directed towards its exploitation; so that the development of culture is on the whole better understood from the psychological than from the physical side. Even so, it is much to be desired that each ethnographer should prefix to his account of a primitive society a full account of the natural environment by which its life is conditioned.

Another desideratum is attention on the part of the field-worker to the somatological characters of the people under observation. Even if his ultimate interest

be in culture and the modes of its transmission, he cannot afford to neglect questions of race and racial intermixture. Thus, in prehistorics, the physical and the cultural evidences admittedly help each other out in regard to determinating the movements and migrations of the far past. It is, therefore, with great interest that we study Mr Williamson's account of the Pygmy element or strain in the population of New Guinea, and note his attempt to prove, in the light of what is recorded about the physical characters of the other Asiatic Pygmies, more especially with regard to the colour of their hair, that they constitute a stable racial type, and are not mere nondescript 'sports' thrown off by the big negroes of that region. If they be indeed so, there is a fine field opened for research into early movements and communications over a very wide area, embracing not only New Guinea but the whole of Indonesia as well; and, since the Pygmy culture is almost as distinctive as the Pygmy physique, the student of cultural anthropology can likewise take a hand in the game.

It is but fair to say, however, that hitherto the best results of the kind that we are here concerned with have been obtained from the study of culture as such—of course, including language. Dr Rivers' pioneer work, 'The History of Melanesian Society,' even if its conclusions be in the end superseded as our knowledge of the Pacific region becomes more precise, will always be deemed an anthropological classic for the sake of the method that it embodies. Unfortunately, it would take us too far afield to examine the principles on which he relies in order to exhibit Pacific culture as a complex due to a series of immigrant influences. Suffice it to say that cultural development is represented by means of a sort of stratigraphic chart. First we distinguish this layer of culture from that, and then go on to imagine the successive movements that deposited them severally there. The method, perhaps, has its drawbacks, since it lays stress chiefly on external communications, and is apt to cause us to forget the system of internal communications—in a word, the social life—which stands for the assimilative process, apart from which culture coming from without were but as bread offered to a stone. But, so long as allowance is fully made for the fact that a

people's history is in the last resort created by itself and not by strangers, the play of exterior influences is most interesting to watch. For it reveals to us great currents of communicable intelligence which sweep across the world, passing by some peoples, ruining others, yet on the whole manifestly assisting man to realise the good that is in him.

We cannot bring this rambling disquisition to a close without noticing a pleasant conceit—put forward, it is true, with all due modesty and caution—with which Messrs Hose and McDougall have embellished their otherwise sober account of the ethnography of Borneo. It is to the effect than modern Borneo and ancient Rome have a cultural tradition in common. The suggestion is based by these authors mainly on the remarkable parallelism between the Roman system of augury and the Kayan practice of taking omens, the very word for omen being *aman*, from the flight and cries of birds and notably from those of the hawk (Kayan *Laki*, Kenyah *flaki*; compare *falco*). Must similars have an identical origin? It is the familiar crux of cultural anthropology; and this might almost serve as a test case. So much struck was Mr Warde Fowler with the resemblance between these systems of divination that, without venturing to pronounce on the ethnological question, he has thought it worth while to call attention to a large number of other cultural analogies between the two peoples ('Journal of Roman Studies,' ii, 262 f. and especially ib., vi, 13 f.). But it may be thought that he proves too much. The Romans, or rather their ancient Italian forefathers as depicted by Mr Warde Fowler, were clearly once at much the same grade of social development as the Bornean tribes; so that a general similarity in their customs might be expected, if like conditions are to be credited with like effects to any extent whatever. On the other hand, Messrs Hose and McDougall are not without a plausible theory of migrations which is helpful as far as it takes us. Borneo, it appears, teems with immigrant peoples, Ibans coming from Sumatra, Muruts from the Philippines, Bugis from Celebes, and so on. But the Kayans came thither by a still longer route. So much have they in common with certain peoples of Burma and Assam, Karens, Nagas, Kakhyens and Chins, that it is



fairly certain that their former home was somewhere in or near the basin of the Irrawadi. Even so, it is a 'far cry' to Rome. Yet the Kayans and their congeners of south-eastern Asia may be partly of Caucasian origin (whatever that may exactly mean). Hence their ancestors may have come to the Irrawadi basin from Central Asia, namely, from some common point of departure whence the 'Aryan' ancestors of the Romans could have carried the same *Urkultur* into the far west. All that we can say is that, stated in so undogmatic and provisional a way, a theory of this kind can but stimulate research, more especially when, as in the present case, the clues such as they are lead on to an almost untouched field of exploration, namely, Central Asia with its vast solitudes littered with the relics of ancient peoples.

In conclusion, pardon is asked of the distinguished writers whose works have been under review if little has been said about their positive contributions to our knowledge. Stress has been laid not so much on what we know, thanks to them and to the rest of our valiant field-workers, as on that which is not known and consequently must somehow be ascertained. Like Oliver Twist, we ask for more. Science is insatiable. Hence the opportunity was taken of discussing in the light of the most recent work the possibility of even fuller investigation in the future, more especially in so far as this may be furthered by refining on our present methods. For the rest, seeing that cultural anthropology even now tends to be represented by a congeries of detached studies and interests, it has been suggested how greater unity of aim might be secured by making the separate lines of inquiry converge on the subject of primitive communications. Culture is between mind and mind, being born, nourished, and developed in the communion of mind with mind; wherefore in the study of such communion will the soul of the history of culture be revealed.

R. R. MARETT.

## Art. 12.—THE CINEMA.

WHEN introducing his daughter, Ninetta, to the notice of Nicholas Nickleby, that rhetorical showman, Mr Vincent Crummles, summed up her peculiar characteristics in terms which might be applied without undue strain to that form of popular entertainment which now threatens to drive his successors from the scene. 'This, sir,' said Mr. Crummles, 'this is the infant phenomenon. . . . I'll tell you what, sir, the talent of this child is not to be imagined. She must be seen, sir—seen—to be ever so faintly appreciated.' The picture-play is beyond all question the 'infant phenomenon' in the world of showmanship to-day—a 'phenomenon' boasting millions of admirers in every country, and one which, howsoever faintly appreciated by the critical, must certainly be reckoned with in any social survey of the times.

There is no escaping the Cinema. Its reach and grasp, its vagaries and pretensions, and what, in the technical sense, at any rate, it may justly call its triumphs and achievements, are manifest on all sides. One can hardly pick up a newspaper in these days without seeing that yet one more 'masterpiece' in the realms of fiction or the drama has been, or is about to be, filmed. The illustrated magazines and home journals are full of photographs and anecdotes of screen favourites; while the camera has lured nearly every star of the stage within its focus and even got Royalty itself to act for a moving picture. Prospectuses of new producing companies and cinema halls are almost a daily feature of the press. The pictures are being adapted to the service of education in the schools, industry in the factories, religion in the churches, and the pastimes of the private household. The clergy of all denominations preach sermons on them, for and against; 'welfare' institutions debate their moral influence, literary institutions their artistic worth, and municipal councillors their intimate connexion with the problem of housing the people who flock to see them. Society leaders do not disdain to 'walk on' in a picture-play that is to be well advertised; and the testimonials of civic dignitaries, men of letters, scientists, and doctors are eagerly sought by the film showmen to add to the mass of their less authoritative methods of

publicity. This, one may say, is undeniably an 'infant phenomenon' among our modern arts of amusement. And in the case of such a versatile and resourceful young lady it is impossible to tell what she will be 'up to' next. It must suffice, on this occasion, to look a little closely into some of the things she is 'up to' now, to analyse her artistic pretensions, and, above all, to examine the basis of her latest claim to be regarded as a serious medium of moral and educational propaganda.

It is a significant fact in connexion with the Cinema that, while its sponsors have shrieked themselves hoarse in proclaiming the 'lofty moral lessons' and 'fearless social truth' of this, that, and the other five-reel sensation, the 'phenomenon' itself has been forced on the attention of outsiders principally through the appearance of its name in the police court, and the frequent association of its influence with youthful depravity. A good deal of this, of course, can be discounted at once. The puritanic opponents of any and every type of theatrical display may always be relied upon to judge—and condemn—a show on the strength of the poster outside. The enmity of the picture-theatre manager's rivals, too, whether of the 'legitimate' or the 'variety' stage, who see a lengthening stream of patrons at the cinema doors, and only a 'beggarly array of empty benches' in their own houses, may also be allowed for. But it is difficult at times to suppress the suspicion that the atmosphere of suggestiveness, at any rate, alleged by some to cling round the flickering shadows of the screen, would have had to be invented if it did not already exist, if only to impart that fillip of excitement to an art which otherwise it can scarcely be said to possess for the adult mind, once the first novelty has died away.

A long and close consideration of the kind of appeals made by the film manufacturer to his client, and by the film exhibitor to his, leads one to the conclusion that the Trade generally has not been far behind its critics in calling attention—'obliquely and by inference'—to the salacious character of some of its goods. The Cinema is a 'great power for good,' 'a tremendous moral instrument,' and, of course, 'a strong incentive to patriotism'; one even heard that it was 'helping to win the war.' But, mingling with all these pious protestations, there is

the unmistakable undertone of desire in some quarters to be able to 'dish' the Censor and get past the Watch Committees with pictorial versions of 'Five Weeks,' 'Three Nights,' or 'Ten Minutes,' and other shady fiction of that type.

These examples are not introduced to mark any special condemnation of the pictures as such, but merely to give an idea of the unfortunate surroundings in which the 'infant phenomenon' has been brought up, and the deplorable line of championship adopted by many of her backers. Mr Chesterton remarked a little while ago that it was not science he objected to so much as the shadow of science. Similarly, one might say that it is not the pictures which are wrong, so much as the shadow of the showmen on the pictures. An attack was made upon a certain film by a church fraternity in Kent the other day for no other reason than that the posters advertising it were conceived in a style to attract the prurient. If these good people had ventured to inspect the film they would have found it to be as innocuous, and as dull, as a Sunday-school tract. Wise cinema-goers know better than to suppose that the picture outside has much bearing on the picture within. The young man who is enticed into these places by the voluptuous poses of the lady on the bills is doomed to almost the same kind of disillusionment as awaits him when he purchases from a specious hawker a copy of 'The Wide, Wide World' under the impression that he is getting 'The Maiden Tribute to Modern Babylon.' He might well ask, as the lady did at the tame French play, 'Quand l'adultère commence-t-il?' The 'naked truth' in the prefigurement of the pictures may be represented by a shapely and scantily-clothed siren. But the actual vision, as projected by the operator, is usually somewhat ambiguous as regards the 'nakedness,' though it may leave but small doubt about the 'truth.' Those who go for 'sex' have to be content with a model rather heavily draped in a corner, and a philosophic sub-title obfuscating the situation.

Lately, however, the 'infant phenomenon' has been bidding for favour in a more serious rôle than she had hitherto assumed. Having begun by filming a dozen fat gendarmes chasing a man in his nightshirt ('comic') and

the process of manufacturing clay pipes ('educational'), she is now rather ostentatiously donning the mantle of propagandist drama for the main purpose, it would seem, of revealing to our affrighted eyes the ravages of venereal disease. A trio of propaganda pictures has recently been enjoying all the sweets of advertisement which accompany an ineffectual interdict. One of these was launched with the approval of the Ministry of Health, and so could afford to put its finger boldly to its nose at its own trade censorship. The other two took the original course of appealing to the Watch Committees and Chief Constables over the heads of both Mr T. P. O'Connor and the showmen pledged to support him. The 'infant phenomenon' has all the luck. And her huge success is no doubt due, in part, to the fact that she had the foresight and audacity to stave off a State censorship by setting up one of her own, to which, when it runs counter to the enterprise of certain sections (as it does over propaganda films), she hasn't the slightest intention of deferring.

What strikes one chiefly about the films in question is the enormous disparity between their avowed moral purpose and the means adopted to achieve it. Granted that it be desirable that the adolescent should receive moral and physical instruction in regard to sexual matters, and be shown the sad results which attend evil-doing, it is questionable whether such lessons should be given in a mixed assembly of both sexes. But, even if a case could be made out for that, we cannot conceive of any methods more mischievous and perverse than those employed by the producers and hawkers of these pictures. The stories, with the printed innuendoes which accompany them on the screen, are almost directly subversive of the real warning which ought to be conveyed. For all their high-falutin' asseverations and sordid trafficking in Scriptural texts, the dominant feeling that one carries away from such films as 'The End of the Road,' 'Damaged Goods,' and 'Open your Eyes,' is that if one cannot be 'good' one should be 'careful'—a hygienic counsel of some weight perhaps, but not a lesson that one is disposed to countersign from the strictly moral point of view.

Practically the sole interest in the story of 'The End

of the Road' is concerned with who has got, and who will get, venereal disease; and who will be cured of it, and who not. The reasons for condemning sexual promiscuity are founded on the deepest moral principles, yet these are completely neglected in the film. The appeal to idealism and purity of life is never hinted at. All that is left is a crude appeal to the emotions by as silly a story as it is possible to imagine; the total effect of which on the minds of the susceptible can only be to transform illicit sexuality into a speculative adventure which may have no bad consequences (for the man) if treated in the right way.

'Open Your Eyes' sets forth some of the awful consequences of venereal disease in the most revolting manner, and then seeks to tone down the effect of these by a feeble film charade which, for drivelling inanity, can never have been beaten since the early days of this invention. We are told at the beginning that it is time the 'moralist stood aside and the Health Officer rolled up his sleeves.' If the subject were not so serious the preliminary announcement, in conjunction with the performance, would be laughable. For, truly, the spectacle of the Health Officer rolling up his sleeves for a film is as ludicrous as that of Mr Snodgrass rolling up his for a fight. We have seen the moralist 'roll up his sleeves' in many a novel and play, but the result has never been so painfully comic as in the story unfolded in 'Open Your Eyes.'

The initial thesis of this absurdity is that, if parents educated their children in the mysteries and pitfalls of sexual contact, venereal disease would be stamped out. Two girls are introduced, one of whom is 'told,' and the other allowed to grow up in ignorance. The mother of the former (a girl of eighteen, by the way) takes her daughter aside, and proceeds to inform her—on the recommendation of the family doctor—by what process she came into the world. Will it be believed that the illustration chosen, whereby to initiate the girl into the potentialities of sex, is that of a hen hatching eggs in a basket? With this knowledge the young lady is presumed to have been let into the secrets of her own physical nature, and to be henceforth secure from the temptations of man. The other girl's mother couldn't



even think of the hen, and so her daughter came to grief. Now, if there were any point in such a comparison at all, it would surely be that the 'instructed' damsel would, at some critical moment in her career, profit by the supposed lessons she had received. But that is not how Health Officers go to work when they produce a film story. The villain of the play, who has contracted syphilis (and has failed to treat it in time), ruins the ignorant girl, and then, with the full consent of her parents (who, for all their hygienic principles, make not the slightest inquiry into his past), becomes the affianced husband of the other girl. They even get as far as the altar steps, and would assuredly have consummated a second tragedy and knocked the moral of the film all to bits, if the fallen woman had not rushed up in a motor-car in the very nick of time to stop the wedding. It is with such inconsequent piffle as this that young cinema-goers are adjured to open their eyes to one of the gravest of our social evils. The whole teaching of the thing—if teaching it can be called—is that, with a moderate degree of caution, the dangers of syphilis may be overcome. Even the appeal to fear is considerably weakened by the insistence on the efficacy of timely treatment; and the only lesson enforced is not that virtue is more desirable than vice, but that, for the vicious, the services of a recognised medical practitioner are preferable to those of a quack.

A mechanical rendering of Brieux's play, 'Damaged Goods,' is another claimant for propaganda honours. This film appeared with the blessing of Father Vaughan, vouchsafed for no other reason, so far as one can see, than that it quotes Scripture at intervals and 'features' a few nuns. The story is dreary and commonplace in the extreme. The remorseless tragedy imported into it by its original author is supplanted in the film by a tedious transcript on the screen of nearly every word the characters are supposed to be uttering. Whatever moral lesson this picture set out to convey is entirely vitiated by an arbitrary happy ending, which is not Brieux's, but is apparently the only kind of ending the film-producers can think of for this or any other type of drama.

It may be said that these 'propaganda' pictures are only a side-issue of the cinema world, and that the main

body of the exhibitors regard them with disfavour. If so, good; and one would be glad to see the police equally irreproachable. But what, then, of the more approved parts in which the 'infant phenomenon' disports herself? On the more ambitious side of the cinematograph we have the 'picturisation' of novels and plays. All that can be said of this indiscriminate dishing-up of the products of study and stage in screen form is that some lend themselves well enough to the treatment, and some do not. But hardly anybody in the ranks of the producers seems to care a rap about the suitability of the selected work. All that is asked is: Has it been well boomed beforehand, or has the person—writer, composer or actor—principally connected with it a popular name? Just in the same haphazard manner in which Mr Wemmick was wont to exclaim, 'Hallo, here's a church! let's get married!' so the Los Angeles and Wardour Street people exclaim, 'Hallo, here's a big success, let's film it!' Naturally, this policy has had some amazing results, from that of a version of 'Adam Bede,' giving Hetty Sorrel a husband and a happy ending to all her woes, to one of 'The Admirable Crichton,' showing Lady Mary as a Christian slave about to be devoured by a lion!

In the world of the movies, Maurice Maeterlinck and Phillips Oppenheim are equally 'eminent.' The names of Charles Dickens and Charles Garvice are shouted with equal emphasis and the same superb impartiality from the same megaphone; and, provided the subject has made some previous appeal, the camera-man will film you anything nowadays, from the first chapter of Genesis to the latest comic song. Thousands of 'well-known' novels in the States, indeed, would appear to have anticipated their film-setting by a few days only, or even to have been issued simultaneously with the pictures. Many an author has discovered that the book for which he received next to nothing from his publisher has somehow become 'famous' at once, directly the latter has disposed of the film-rights of it. The vast majority of these adaptations are distorted out of all resemblance to their originals; and, even where a photographic likeness is discernible, nearly all the truth to human nature has been whittled away. When the producer attempts a 'psychology' on his own lines—but no; any adequate

account of that could only be given in a Humorous History of the Film.

What, then, would seem to be the legitimate rôle of the 'infant phenomenon' in the repertoire of national amusements? She must assuredly be 'seen to be ever so faintly appreciated.' But there is always the possibility—nay, certainty, as we have shown—that she will be seen too much; that she will step outside her rightful bounds and, in addition to visualising everything on the earth and under it, attempt to render on the flat canvas of the picture-hall what is only proper to the pulpit, the story-book, or the stage. It is useless to expect that she will lightly abandon the exploitation of the most primitive humours and emotions, for these have acclaimed her more than all, and her colossal fortune has been largely built up on them. Maturing immune, for the most part, from all healthy criticism, she has fattened on the adulation of a 'kept' press, and reaped if anything an increased harvest of coppers out of the strictures administered by prudes on the prowl. Can we be surprised, therefore, that with such guidance Miss Cinema has hardened into a rather impossible young lady, with vulgar habits, blatant manners, and commonplace thoughts and ideas?

And yet, with all her tawdriness, who can fail to do homage to the taking ways and truly marvellous talent of the 'infant phenomenon' when she is on her right lines—as a revealer of the wonders of Nature, the inventions of man, and the more dramatically spectacular part of the human panorama? For instance, the cinema was put to admirable use in illustrating the journeys of Captain Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton in the Antarctic regions, and in introducing untravelled mortals to the most interesting scenes of Lord Allenby's campaign in Palestine. In these revelations, whether we watched the gambols of seals and thrashers, or gazed entranced at the new Crusaders entering Jerusalem, was found what we could get in no other way, for the 'movies' alone could give the picture of motion which is essential to a full representation of life and action. But such a limitation of her performances is laughed out of court, we are only too sadly aware, by the cinema magnates who have grown rich by presenting her in the crudest

forms of melodrama and horse-play comedy. That there is a limit to the public's absorption of this trash is shown, as we have indicated, by the feverish haste exhibited at the present time to secure the screen-rights of classics in the world of fiction. What is going to happen when this rather wooden form of mimicry ceases to draw?

The late Mr Howells speculated some time back on the likelihood of the screen developing, not so much its narrowly educational side (which, as Mr Shaw has pointed out, is restricted as a rule to showing the birth and growth of a lobster), as its more fairy and fantastic elements. He hoped (faintly, it is true) to see the film 'carrying on and beautifying the functions of the pantomime,' and holding up to ridicule, maybe, within its strictly defined compass, some of the fads and foibles of society. The Film as Caricaturist opens up a new and slightly more encouraging vista—though it is hard to resist the impression that many of the more serious creations of the studio are really intended for caricatures even now. At any rate, it would not be an easy job to caricature *them*. Some one has said that the chief difference between 'dramas' and 'comedies' on the screen is that the 'dramas' do occasionally make you laugh. Their apologists do their best to complete the joke when they solemnly explain the 'message' of the film; while the Censor, appointed by the trade itself to inscribe the password on these portentous absurdities, constitutes the topmost crown of hilarity. His position has just been rendered more anomalous than ever by the action of the propaganda filmists who, knowing that he has no real authority, have not troubled to appeal to it. All censorships may be bad, but there is vastly more to be said for one that has all the King's horses and men behind it than for one that is only maintained to do the bidding of the business it is supposed to control, and, when it develops a conscience, can be defied at will.

A better thing may one day be made to shine in the rays of this magic lantern than any we have seen as yet. But several silly conventional notions will have to be dropped, and one or two inelastic facts thoroughly realised, before it can struggle into the light. The first truth to be insisted upon in regard to the aspirations of the

cinema is that it cannot, in any sense, be considered as an artistic competitor of the theatre; and the next is that it could not survive for a single week as a paying proposition without the artful aid of music. Though it borrows from the Drama, and sucks much of its life-blood from the Library, the cinema has existed, and could conceivably continue to exist, without these sources of inspiration. But it is unthinkable—certainly unbearable—when unaccompanied by the strains of piano, organ, or viol. Whatever drastic changes may come about in the 'Silent Drama,' nobody is likely to propose that it should be exhibited in the silent cinema. From the days of the one ill-tuned instrument down to these times, when not a few people go just to shut their eyes and listen to the selections performed by an elaborate orchestra, the pictures have always been closely attended by their handmaid, harmony. When the band strikes, the operator may as well down tools along with them, for the eye absolutely refuses to be strained for long while the ear is starved. Soulless though they be, the pictures can often be visited, and even enjoyed, if Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Tschaiikowsky, and Coleridge Taylor (to name four only of the great cinema favourites) are there to help them out. But, if anybody doubts their complete lifelessness when divorced from their natural mate, music, let him attend the private projection-rooms of the makers or renters, and sit out a few thousand feet of film melodrama with no sound but the buzz and clicking of the machine.

It is here perhaps that we have struck the pathway which Miss Cinema, guided by clever hands, may follow in the future to her own advantage, and our more unreserved approbation. The skilful combination of music and pictures may result in a new and delightful variation of opera, by which the eye, ear, and intellect may be equally charmed. The Russian Ballet, for instance, would lend itself admirably to such a form of reproduction. But such a revolution in the quality and outlook of the cinema presupposes something very like a revolution in the spirit animating those whom Mr Maurice Hewlett has styled the cinema 'undertakers.' And, though there are certainly a few welcome signs of that change of heart here and there, it cannot be denied that,

in the main, Miss Cinema is still in thrall to commercial adventurers with no artistic standard above that of the travelling booth, and no desire to advance a single inch until pushed by public indifference or disgust. In their hands the 'infant phenomenon' has perpetrated an immense falsification of human life and its issues, and, under the guise of 'psychology,' 'problem,' and 'propaganda,' has added enormously to the mass of sentimental or debasing rubbish which is always at hand to warp the intelligence and judgment of the crowd.

Perhaps, after all, the power of the pictures, either to teach or to suggest, is very limited. But the humbug circulated about their 'mission' in this direction is certainly unlimited, and on the increase. If it were only frankly recognised that the border-line between the decent and the indecent in this amusement is plainly marked, and that the film-play, like the Restoration play according to Lamb, represents 'only a speculative state of things, which has no relation to the world as it is,' the cinematograph might begin to work wonders in the realm of the imagination as well as in the realm of exploration and invention, where it has lately brought off so many successful *coups*. But let it attempt what it will, the business of photographic, and not psychologic, realism will always remain its rightful job.

BERTRAM CLAYTON.



## Art. 13.—HENRY JAMES IN HIS LETTERS.

*The Letters of Henry James.* Selected and Edited by Percy Lubbock. Two vols. Macmillan, 1920.

## I.—THE FRIEND.

TALENT is often like an ornamental excrescence ; but the quality loosely called genius usually irradiates the whole character. 'If he but so much as cut his nails,' was Goethe's homely phrase of Schiller, 'one saw at once that he was a greater man than any of them.' This irradiation, so abundantly basked in by the friends of Henry James, was hidden from those who knew him slightly by a peculiarity due to merely physical causes. His slow way of speech, sometimes mistaken for affectation—or, more quaintly, for an artless form of Anglomaniac—was in truth the partial victory over a stammer which in his boyhood had been thought incurable. The elaborate politeness and the involved phraseology that made off-hand intercourse with him so difficult to casual acquaintances probably sprang from the same defect. To have too much time in which to weigh each word before uttering it could not but lead—in the case of the alertest and most sensitive of minds—to self-consciousness and self-criticism ; and this fact explains the hesitating manner that often passed for a mannerism.

It is matter of rejoicing to the friends of Henry James that his letters should so largely show the least familiar side of his manifold nature. The solemn and somewhat finicking person he sometimes passed for bore no likeness to the real man. Simplicity of heart was combined in him with a brain that Mr Lubbock justly calls robust, and a sense of humour of the same fibre. This simplicity and robustness are everywhere visible in the Letters. His tender regard for his friends' feelings was equalled only by the faithfulness with which he gave them his view of their case when they asked for it—and sometimes even when they did not. But his frankness was tempered by so quick a comprehension, so warm a sympathy, that the letters glow rather than they cut, and the flourish of his blade flashes light instead of drawing blood.

Henry James's memory of the heart was unailing.

Again and again in writing to the fellow-novelists he most admired—to Stevenson, M. Paul Bourget, Mr Howells, Mr Wells—he interrupts an outburst of praise or an elaborate literary analysis to ask after the individual members of the author's family (each invariably named and characterised), or to allude with a searching precision to some small particularity of his correspondent's life. In such matters, moreover, he had a miraculous way of preserving his friends' perspective, instead of being subject to that common law of optics which situates other people's troubles or interests in the safe middle distance of our vision. He never minimised or hurried over anything that concerned them—the look of their houses, the names of their servants and dogs, the flowers in their gardens, the most private anniversaries in their lives. In all their inmost convolutions they were as real to him as the people in his books.

One of the charms of his correspondence is his habit of putting himself at once in the presence of the person addressed by means of some vivid personal allusion, some swift evocation of the habitual setting of their talks.

'This will reach you about Christmas time, and I imagine you reading it at a window that looks out upon the snow-laden pines and hemlocks of Shady Hill.'—'You flash your many-coloured lantern, over my small grey surface, from every corner of these islands . . . and I get the side-wind of the fairy-tale.'—'That dear little Chilworth Street vision of old lamplit gossiping hours . . .'

And that this is no mere artifice of the practised correspondent his reiterated yearning cries to Stevenson attest:

'You are too far away—too invisible, inaudible, inconceivable . . . you have become a beautiful myth, a kind of unnatural uncomfortable unburied *mort*. You put forth a beautiful monthly voice, with such happy notes in it; but it comes from too far away, from the other side of the globe, while I vaguely know that you are crawling like a fly on the nether surface of my chair . . . 'Your chieftains are dim to me; why shouldn't they be when you yourself are?'

Almost every letter written after the flight to Samoa contains a wistful allusion to the loss caused ('to my imagination . . . not to my affection') by the fact of not

being able to see his friend in the setting of their early friendship.

In the greater number of the letters the revelation of Henry James's yearning affection is the most striking quality. Others of course abound—flashes of brilliant portrayal, as when he says of Mrs Kemble that she is '*tout d'une pièce*, more than any one, probably, that ever lived; she moves in a mass, and if she does so little as to button her glove it is the whole of her "personality" that does it'—with the characteristic comment: 'Let us be flexible, dear Grace; let us be flexible!'—or of John Bright: 'He reminds me a good deal of a superior New Englander, but with a *fatter, damper nature* . . .' and such touches as the early impressions of Ruskin, and of the beautiful Mrs William Morris ('with a pre-Raphaelite tooth-ache'), written in the freshness of his observation, when correspondence was still an opportunity for expression.

Nevertheless, these 'bits' are perhaps fewer than the general reader will have expected, and far fewer certainly than glowed forth, for his friends, in the great swirls and floods of his talk. Some one said of the 'Letters' that 'one heard him talk in them'; but though they speak with his voice they do not approach the best that he could say. The reasons are obvious. In the first place, his manner, even in youth, was never terse. To no one more completely than to him might Coleridge's apophthegm, 'Genius is always subtle, but never keen,' have been applied. His style was not lax, but it was always ample; he took a great deal of space to turn round in. And it was in allusion and comment, above all in reminiscence, that he excelled; whereas the modern letter is usually a mere bald summary of facts. Henry James has put it on record that interesting letters should be published; but his own were certainly not written with such a view. All are intimate, improvised, and rapid; all were meant solely for the person addressed. Henry James, in dashing them off, was certainly never thinking of his attitude before an eventual public, nor of himself in any way, except in so far as he counted for his correspondent. If so many of the letters begin with an enumeration of his physical disabilities, it is only because he wants to show why he has delayed writing, or can write so little,

or is in other ways so deficient a correspondent. Once past this preliminary, he makes straight for what matters—the situation and the preoccupations of his correspondent. And whether he is writing to Stevenson or W. D. Howells or Mr Gosse on the 'métier' that so constantly engrosses them, or to some friend unable to share in any of his intellectual interests, the completeness of his self-abandonment is the same. His one effort is to identify himself with the person addressed, to commune, in an almost mystic sense, with the friend whom his passionate imagination brings so near, whether the substance shared be the food of the gods or the humblest domestic fare.

His letters, therefore, give mere hints and fragments of his talk; the talk that, to his closest friends, when his health and the surrounding conditions were favourable, poured out in a series of images so vivid and appreciations so penetrating, the whole so sunned over by irony, sympathy, and wide-flashing fun, that those who heard him at his best will probably agree in saying of him what he said of M. Paul Bourget: 'He was the first, easily, of all the talkers I ever encountered.'

It used to be one of the joys of his familiars—I had almost said, one of their sports—when they were grouped with him about some friendly fireside, in the intimacy that showed him at his realest and rarest, to say: 'And now tell us about the So-and-sos.' Leaning back in the widest armchair in reach, or standing before the fire with his hands behind him and his shoulders against the mantelsheff, he would survey his audience with a preparatory twinkle, and then, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, and padding about the room like a leisurely elephant in a cane-brake, he would throw out a series of ejaculations and disconnected sentences, of allusions, cross-references, and parenthetical rectifications and restatements, till not only his hearers' brains but the room itself seemed filled with a palpable fog. And then, suddenly, by some miracle of shifted lights and accumulated strokes, the So-and-sos would stand out in their habit as they lived: drawn with a million filament-like lines, yet as sharp as an Ingres, as dense as a Rembrandt; or, to call upon his own art for an analogy, as minute and as massive as the people of Balzac. It mattered not

if the So-and-sos were a group of Albany cousins, or the family of some world-renowned genius; that evocation immortalised them, made them for ever the property of his listeners.

Evocations so vivid are rare in the letters, and never have the richness of his spoken pictures. Since modern letters are seldom written for publication, or even for the 'handing around' which, till the end of the 18th century, placed upon the distinguished correspondent the responsibilities of a journalist and an essayist, it is obvious that their editing necessitates the elimination of needless repetitions and of allusions to matters of purely personal interest. But in this respect Mr Lubbock's task must have been beset with difficulties. Not only is it almost impossible to 'edit' paragraphs that proceed with all the tackings, returns, digressions, and surprises that marked the talk of Henry James, but such elimination is almost sure to cut out some swift aphorism or memorable picture embedded in coils of explication. Mr Lubbock has therefore undoubtedly chosen the wisest course in leaving the letters almost as they poured from the writer's pen.

But one of the things impossible to preserve because so impossible to explain, with whatever fulness of foot-notes, was the quality of fun—often of sheer abstract 'fooling'—that was the delicious surprise of his talk. The letter to Mr Walter Berry 'on the gift of a dressing-bag' is almost the only instance of this genial play that it has been possible to keep. From many of the letters to his most intimate group it has been necessary to excise long passages of chaff, and recurring references to old heaped-up pyramidal jokes, huge cairns of hoarded nonsense. Henry James's memory for a joke was prodigious; when he got hold of a good one, he not only preserved it piously, but raised upon it an intricate superstructure of kindred nonsense, into which every addition offered by a friend was skilfully incorporated. Into his nonsense-world, as fourth-dimensional as that of the Looking Glass, or the Land where the Jumbies live, the reader could hardly have groped his way without a preparatory course in each correspondent's private history and casual experience. The merest hint was usually enough to fire the train; and, as in the writing of his

tales a tiny mustard-seed of allusion spread into a many-branched 'subject,' so his best nonsense flowered out of unremembered trifles.

One of his tricks was to seize on a chance phrase and juggle with it for hours and days. I remember that once, on a motor-trip, we were overtaken by hot weather at Poitiers, and Henry James set forth to purchase a more seasonable hat. His companions naturally proposed the most fantastic head-gear that the local trade could show; and after he had indignantly rejected each suggestion, and insisted that he wanted a hat 'like everybody else's,' I said: 'Well, then, ask for the hat of *l'homme moyen sensuel*.' To his visualising mind this called up an object superlatively comic; and the shape of the hat of *l'homme moyen sensuel*, and the vision of himself in that character, applying to a Poitiers hatter for suitable head-gear, recurred in his talk for months afterward.

On another occasion we were motoring through Dymchurch, near Rye, and some one said that there ought to have been a mid-Victorian novel about the Dymmes of Dymchurch. He threw himself upon the idea, built up in a trice the genealogy of the Dymmes, and let us into all the details of their history; how one branch lived at Dulwich, how the German governess's name was Fraülein Dumm (alas, I've lost the French tutor's), and how one enterprising Dymme had married into the Sparkle family, and been blessed with a daughter called little Scintilla Dymme-Sparkle.

My third reminiscence is of still another motor-trip, among the hills of Western Massachusetts—the corner of New England that he preferred. We had motored so much together in Europe that allusions to Roman ruins and Gothic cathedrals furnished a great part of the pleasantries with which his mind played over what he has called 'the thin empty lonely American beauty;' and once, when his eye caught the fine peak that rises alone in the vale between Deerfield and Springfield, with a wooden barrack of a 'summer hotel' on its highest ledge, I told him that the hill was Mount Tom, and the building 'the famous Carthusian monastery.' 'Yes, where the monks made Moxie,' he flashed back, referring to a temperance drink that was blighting the landscape, that summer, from a thousand hoardings.



Slight and scant instances these, scarce worth recording to those whose better memories have kept richer examples of his fun; but at least they give a clue to what was going on behind that grave and impressive demeanour, and into what regions of happy fooling the twinkle of his eye and the twitch of his mouth invited one.

Mr Lubbock has justly said that only in the letters written during the war did Henry James give the full measure of his character and his genius. 'He gave us what we lacked—a voice'; and those who were with him during the autumn days of 1914 will never forget the transfiguration of the whole man. It was as if he who, as long ago as in his thirties, had definitely classified himself as an observer, now suddenly leapt into participation; as if at last the one void in him had been fulfilled.

The letter on Rheims which found so thrilling an echo in French hearts is only one of many into which he poured his whole self; broke, as it were, again and again, the precious box of ointment that he seemed to have preserved for this supreme libation. The man who so early said of himself: 'It would be hard to imagine a life with less chiaroscuro in it than mine,' had in reality depths under depths of shadowy unexplored feeling; and it may never be known by what accident it remained in bondage to his art till the great breaking-up of the foundations of the world.

## II.—THE MAN OF LETTERS.

From the early days when his brother William sternly admonished him on the 'bad business' of having introduced the supposed portrait of 'a Miss Peabody' into 'The Bostonians,' to the end of his long life, Henry James lived in the intellectual loneliness that is the lot of all originators. He once wrote of himself that it was the fate of the Cosmopolitan to be lonely; but this was a superficial diagnosis. He was not lonely because he lived in a country not his own, and at heart he knew it; he was never as lonely as in America. His sense of solitude was founded on his fundamental *differentness*; and he was different not only from the amiable great people whom he has painted in 'The Death of the Lion,' but also

from the fellow-craftsmen among whom he so yearningly sought for understanding.

It was not that Henry James was cut off from the friendship and sympathy of his kind. Of a novelist who spent his youth in the company of Flaubert, Daudet, and Turgeniev, and his old age in appreciative communion with Mr Kipling, Mr Conrad, Mr Wells, and many of the younger English novelists; who had talked with George Eliot, was the friend of George Meredith, and the lifelong correspondent of Stevenson, W. D. Howells, Sir Sidney Colvin, and Mr Edmund Gosse, it may be said that he had the best his day could give. Sympathy was never denied him, either in his affections or in his intellectual labours; and the few whose approbation he valued gave it unstintingly to his books. But the deep central loneliness persisted. His eager admiration of what others had done and were doing in their respective lines was always shadowed (though never diminished) by the feeling that even the best among them did not understand what he was trying for. It was well enough to tell himself (as he doubtless did) that the immediate success of a work of art is always in inverse ratio to its originality. He knew the penalty, he was ready to pay it; but he could never wholly overcome the longing, not to be bought by the many but at least to be understood by the few.

The evidence of this constant longing to be understood—so pathetically shown in one of his letters to Howells: 'Nothing more delightful, or that has touched me more closely, even to the spring of tears, has befallen me for years, literally, than to receive your beautiful letter, so largely and liberally anent "The Wings of the Dove." Every word of it goes to my heart.' This evidence of his craving for recognition may be as surprising to many readers as his solicitous tenderness for his friends. In truth, the two feelings are akin; Henry James was a solitary who could not live alone. Mentally and sentimentally, he needed understanding; and there are few sadder letters in the nook than the one which answers Stevenson's sick protest at the 'Portrait of a Lady'—the peevish entreaty that James should 'never do it again.' James had a deep affection for Stevenson, and an equal admiration for his genius. He could not see how so vigorous

a creative faculty, combined with so sensitive an artistic feeling, could be unsustained by any general theory of art; how it could be only a vague Planchette-like state of possession. He credited Stevenson with a critical sense equal to his creative power; and that the critic who had joyously welcomed 'Roderick Hudson,' 'Daisy Miller,' and the 'Princess Casamassima' (which he appears to have valued chiefly for its Dickens-like pictures of 'low life'!) should condemn 'The Portrait of a Lady' was incomprehensible, and heart-breaking, to James. In later years the explanation may have occurred to him—that the picture of poor Ralph Touchett was simply unendurable to Ralph Touchett's fellow-victim. But to an artist of Henry James's quality it can never be comprehensible that a fellow-artist should form his æsthetic judgments emotionally, should 'hate' anything in a work of art but its intrinsic worthlessness, whether of subject or of execution.

The recurring wonder at this state of mental confusion finds expression in a letter to Mr Gosse on the Letters of Meredith, whose literary judgments were a perpetual perplexity to Henry James.

'Meredith speaks a couple of times of greatly admiring a novel of Daudet's, "Numa Roumestan," with the remark, twice over, that he has never "liked" any of the others; he only "likes" this one! The tone is of the oddest, coming from a man of the craft—even though the terms on which he himself was of the craft remain so peculiar, and such as there would be so much more to say about. To a fellow-novelist who could read Daudet at all (and I can't imagine his not, in such a relation, being read with curiosity, with critical appetite), "Numa" might very well appear to stand out from the others as the finest flower of the same method; but not to take it as one of them, or to take them as of its family and general complexion, is to reduce "liking" and not-liking to the sort of use that a spelling-out schoolgirl might make of them.'

From his youthful protest to his brother William (in reply to fraternal strictures on the exquisite tale of 'The Europeans'), 'I think you take these things too rigidly and unimaginatively—too much as if an artistic experiment were a piece of conduct,' to the passages inspired, years later, by George Meredith's correspondence, Henry

James continually stated and restated his theory of composition. The writing of fiction was still, when his career began, an unformulated art in English-speaking countries. Only in France, and among men but slightly his elders, had an attempt been made to define the storyteller's main purpose and guiding principles, to enlarge and to define his field. Henry James applauded, in this French group, 'the infernal intelligence of their art, form, manner,' but at once perceived their scheme to be too narrow and superficial. Yet the 'floods of tepid soap and water which under the name of novels are being vomited forth in England' seemed to him infinitely less 'an honour to our race.'

From the first, he had an unshaken faith in his conception of the novelist's art. In 1876, when as a young and untried author he meets Flaubert, crowned with achievement, he writes: 'I think I easily—more than easily—see all round him intellectually.' This implied no depreciation of Flaubert's art, which he then deeply admired, but an instant perception of the narrowness of his philosophy of life. Henry James was always insisting on this point. For him every great novel must first of all be based on a profound sense of moral values ('importance of subject'), and then constructed with a classical unity and economy of means. That these two requisites should not be regarded as the measure of every work of fiction worth measuring was unintelligible; it was the inability of many of his most appreciative readers to apply the test either to his own books, or to those of others, that so bewildered and discouraged him. Subject and form—these are the fundamentals to which he perpetually reverts; and of the two (though he would hardly have admitted that they could be considered separately) subject most concerned him.

There is an inveterate tendency on the part of the Anglo-Saxon reader to regard 'feeling' and 'art' as antithetical. A higher sensibility is supposed by the inartistic to inhere in artless effort; and every creative writer preoccupied with the technique of his trade—from grammar and syntax to construction—is assumed to be indifferent to 'subject.' Even the French public, because Flaubert so overflowed to his correspondents on the importance of form and the difficulties of style, seems

not yet to have discovered that he also wrote: 'Plus l'idée est belle, plus la phrase est sonore.' Still, in France careful execution is not regarded as the direct antithesis of deep feeling. Among English-speaking readers it too commonly is; and James is still looked upon by many as a super-subtle carver of cherry-stones, whereas in fact the vital matter for him was always *subject*, and the criterion of subject the extent of its moral register.

I remember his once saying, after we had seen, in Paris, a play by a brilliant young dramatist, consummate master of *la scène à faire*, but whose characters, whatever their origin or education, all wallowed in a common *muflerie*: 'The trouble with eliminating the moral values is that almost all the dramatic opportunities go with them,' since, where there is no revolt against the general baseness, the story, however scenic, remains on the level of what the French call a *fait divers*.

But Henry James had as keen an eye for the plastic value of 'subjects' as for their moral importance. In this connexion, I remember once getting an enlightening glimpse of his ideas. We were discussing Flaubert, for whom his early admiration had cooled, and for whose inner resonance I accused him of having lost his ear. James objected that Flaubert's subjects were not worth the labour spent on them; to which I returned: 'But why isn't *Madame Bovary* as good a subject as *Anna Karénine*? Both novels turn upon a woman's love-affairs.' 'Ah,' he said, 'but one paints the fierce passions of a luxurious aristocracy, the other deals with the petty miseries of a little *bourgeoise* in a provincial town.'

In spite of the violent fore-shortening of the retort I understood what he meant, and was glad to come upon an interesting development of the idea in one of the letters to Howells, who had been pleading the boundless artistic possibilities of the local American subject, as containing 'the whole of human life.'

'It is on manners, customs, usages, habits, forms,' James replied, 'upon all these things matured and established, that a novelist lives—they are the very stuff his work is made of; and in saying that in the absence of those "dreary and worn-out paraphernalia" which I enumerate as being wanting in American society, "we have simply the whole of

human life left," you beg (to my sense) the question. I should say we had just so much less of it as these same "paraphernalia" represent, and I think they represent an enormous quantity of it. I shall feel refuted only when we have produced (setting the present high company—yourself and me—for obvious reasons apart) a gentleman who strikes me, as a novelist, as belonging to the company of Balzac and Thackeray.'

It would be a mistake to think that Henry James valued the said paraphernalia for their scenic qualities, as a kind of Wardour Street setting for his situations. His meaning is best given by that penetrating phrase in 'The American Scene': 'It takes a great deal of history to make a little tradition, a great deal of tradition to make a little taste, and a great deal of taste to make a little art.' In other words, the successive superpositions of experience that time brings to an old and stable society seemed to him as great an asset to the novelist as to the society itself. Yet he never ceased to preach that the novelist should deal only with his own 'scene,' whether American or other; and there is as much sincerity as irony in the close of the same letter to Howells:

'I must add, however, that I applaud and esteem you highly for not feeling it; i.e. the want of paraphernalia. You are certainly right—magnificently and heroically right—to do so, and on the day you make your readers—I mean the readers who know and appreciate the paraphernalia—do the same, you will be the American Balzac.'

Next to subject, and conterminous with it, is the great question of form. When Henry James began to write, it had not yet dawned upon English-speaking novelists that a novel might be anything other than a string of successive episodes—a 'sum in addition,' as he called it. It was one of his profound originalities to feel, and to illustrate in his own books, the three-dimensional qualities of that rich art which had hitherto, even in the great pages of Balzac and Thackeray, been practised only in the flat.

For the application of the new method two things were essential: the choice of a central situation, and of what might be called centripetal incidents. To put it in



another way: the tale must be treated as a stellar system, with all its episodes revolving like 'the army of unalterable law' round a central *Reason Why*.

'There is, to my vision,' he writes to Mr Wells, 'no authentic and no really interesting and no *beautiful* report of things on the novelist's, the painter's part, unless a particular detachment has operated, unless the great stewpot or crucible of the imagination, of the observant and recording and interpreting mind, in short, has intervened and played its part.'

The way of attaining this centralised vision is, as he tells Mrs Humphry Ward, to select, among the characters of a projected novel, a reflecting consciousness, and to

"make that consciousness full, rich, universally prehensile, and *stick* to it—don't shift—and don't shift *arbitrarily*—how, otherwise, do you get your unity of subject or keep up your reader's sense of it?" To which, if you say: "How then do I get Lucy's consciousness?" I impudently retort: "By that magnificent and masterly *indirectness* which means the *only* dramatic straightness and intensity. You get it, in other words, by Eleanor." "And how does Eleanor get it?" "By everything! By Lucy, by Manisty, by every pulse of the action in which she is engaged and of which she is the fullest—an exquisite—register. Go behind *her*—miles and miles; don't go behind the others, or the subject—i.e. the unity of impression—goes to smash."

And when his seemingly bewildered correspondent objects that Tolstoi and Balzac do not keep to one 'consciousness,' he patiently explains:

'The promiscuous shiftings of standpoint and centre of Tolstoi and Balzac for instance (which come, to my eye, from their being not so much big dramatists as big painters, as Loti is a painter,) are the inevitable result of the *quantity* of *presenting* their genius launches them in. With the complexity they pile up they *can* get no clearness without trying again and again for new centres.'

The rule of composition is, in short, never to be applied from the outside, but to be found in germ in each subject, as every vital principle of art must be; the one preliminary requisite being that the novelist should

have the eye to find, and the hand to extract. From this stand Henry James never swerved.

"What I said above," he goes on, "about the 'rule' of presentation being, in each case, hard and fast, *that* I will go to the stake and burn with slow fire for—the slowest that will burn at all. I hold the artist must (infinitely!) know how he is doing it, or he is not doing it at all. I hold he must have a perception of the interests of his subject that grasps him as in a vice, and that (the subject being of course formulated in his mind) he sees *as* sharply the way that most presents it, and presents most of it, as against the ways that comparatively give it away. And he must there choose and stick and be consistent—and that is the hard-and-fastness and the vice. I am afraid I *do* differ with you if you mean that the picture can get any *objective* unity from any other source than that."

Again and again, to Mr Wells in particular, he reiterates his horror of 'that accursed autobiographic form which puts a premium on the loose, the improvised, the cheap, and the easy.' And again, in developing the same argument to Mr Compton Mackenzie:

'In presence of any suchlike intention I find I want a subject to be able quite definitely to state and declare itself—as a subject; and when the thing is communicated to me (in advance) in the form of So-and-So's doing this, that or the other, or Something-else's "happening," and so on, I kind of yearn for the expressible idea or motive, what the thing is to be done *for*, to have been presented to me; which you may say perhaps is asking a good deal. I don't think so, if any cognisance at all is vouchsafed one; it is the only thing I in the least care to ask.'

The prefaces to the Definitive Edition deal exhaustively with subject and construction, but they do so with a scattered magnificence. They were the work of an ill and weary man, whose pen wanders disconcertingly from personal reminiscence to the theory of composition, and all but the most patient are left more bewildered than enlightened. I had often urged Henry James to let one of his friends—the task was meant for Mr Lubbock—detach from those packed pages, and place in proper sequence, the chief passages on the art of fiction. The idea interested him, and should still be carried out;

but meanwhile those for whom the mining of the prefaces is too arduous will find in the Letters a clearer and more accessible, if less deeply reasoned, compendium of his theory.

Henry James, as his years advanced, and his technical ability became more brilliant, fell increasingly under the spell of his formula. From being a law almost unconsciously operative it became an inexorable convention; and to turn the difficulty created by his growing reluctance to 'shift the consciousness' he invented the 'chorus' of unnaturally inquisitive and ubiquitous hangers-on, the Assinghams and others, who, oddly resuscitated from the classic drama (*via* Racine and Dumas *filis*) snoop and pry and report in 'The Wings of the Dove,' 'The Sacred Fount,' and 'The Golden Bowl.' These pages are not concerned with the ultimate results of his art, but only with a summary of its principles as set forth in his letters; but it should at least be borne in mind that no reader who takes the theories of a great artist too literally is ever likely to surprise his secret.

One thing is certain: however much Henry James, toward the end of his life, formalised his observance and disciplined his impulses, in the service of the Genius he once so movingly invoked, he continued, to the end, to take the freest, eagerest interest in whatever was living and spontaneous in the work of his contemporaries. 'I do delight in Wells; everything that he does is so alive and kicking,' he once said to me; and on another occasion, speaking of Loti: 'Oh, well, you see, I love Loti's books so, even when I don't like them.' So his rich nature comes full circle, the intellectual and the 'affective' sympathies meeting in a common glow of human kindness and human understanding.

If every one of his books should perish, and their memory be wiped out, this great man of letters would live always in the hearts that knew him as a great character and as a great friend.

EDITH WHARTON.

Art. 14.—THE PROBLEM OF THE AUSTRIAN REPUBLIC.

To understand the present situation of the Austrian Republic, it is necessary not only to go back to those critical days of 1918 when it arose as an independent state out of the collapse of the Dual Monarchy, but also to review briefly the principal forces which, long before the war broke out, had prepared, in a slow but continual process of political dissolution, the final catastrophe by which one of the oldest and most powerful empires of Europe came to an end.

The whole domestic history of the Habsburg Empire in modern times is nothing else than an uninterrupted effort of the principle of national or racial self-determination, proclaimed by almost all nationalities of the Empire, to assert itself against the historic Central Government. The revolution of 1848, the first outbreak of this struggle, shook the very foundations on which the dynasty had built up its absolutist power during more than two centuries. But it was not till nineteen years later that the efforts of one of these nationalities, the Magyar, were crowned with success, when, after Austria's expulsion from Germany, Francis Joseph accepted, in the 'Ausgleich' (or Compromise) of 1867, the system of a 'Dual Monarchy.' This arrangement rested on the fundamental hypothesis of a lasting predominance of the Germans in Austria proper, and of the Magyars in Hungary, as the privileged nationalities of the Empire. But, whereas this principle was at once established and permanently upheld in regard to Hungary, it broke down in Austria, when, in the year 1878, the artificial German majority in the Austrian Reichstag, and with it the first pillar of the dual system, disappeared.

Fifteen years of Count Taaffe's administration gave the Slav nations, in particular the Poles and the Czechs, such an increase of political and economic power, and strengthened their national development so much, that in this way the second pillar of the Ausgleich and of German hegemony in Austria—the purely German character of the central bureaucracy and its ramification in the provinces—was perceptibly weakened. The introduction of the principle of universal manhood suffrage for elections to

the Reichsrat was the last attempt of the Crown and the Viennese bureaucracy to overcome the endless war of nationalities and its deadly effects on constitutional life and administration; by calling the masses into the political arena it was hoped to bring social and economic questions to the front and to suppress the rampant nationalism of the middle-classes and the intellectuals. This hope soon proved to be vain. Slav Social Democracy, formerly resting on an international basis, quickly became nationalised; and only the German Social-Democrats in Austria tried to keep alive their old ideal of an international Marxist brotherhood.

On the other hand, the political parties of the 'bourgeoisie,' the peasants, and the middle-class Austro-Germans, fighting incessantly against almost all other races of the Empire, became more and more outspoken nationalists. Curiously enough, they were at the same time the warmest and most faithful supporters of the dual character of the Empire, though the broad masses of the Austro-Germans, both the urban and the agrarian elements, disliked the Compromise of 1867, not only as inflicting a heavy financial burden but also as conferring upon eight millions of Magyars the direction of the whole foreign and commercial policy of the Empire.

These seemingly contradictory features of the policy of the Austro-Germans are easily explained by the fact that the anti-Slav character of Magyar rule in Hungary corresponded to their fundamental feelings and tendencies. Germans and Magyars regarded themselves—notwithstanding all temporary economic and financial collisions of interests—as natural allies against Slavism and Panslavism. The dualistic monarchy guaranteed to the Austro-Germans the continuance of that German bureaucratic and military centralisation without which Austria could not, in their opinion, be maintained at all. The endeavours of far-seeing Austro-German patriots, who condemned the dualistic system of 1867, with its intolerable injustice towards the Slav and Latin races of the Empire, and who advised their people to accept a large constitutional reform, giving to the whole Empire a truly federative character, were persistently frustrated by the German national parties of Austria and by their ally, the governing bureaucracy of Vienna. On the

contrary, German national feeling, and with it the dislike of all other nationalities in the Empire, became incessantly stronger under the pressure of the visible political and economic progress of the Slav nations.

In consequence of the endless conflict between these national forces, the whole mechanism of legislation and public administration grew more and more inefficient. Gradually the authority of the Central Government and its subordinate officials in the provinces and districts began to give way; and when, in the last years of the 19th century, democratic tendencies advanced rapidly throughout Austria, socialist and nationalist agitation began to undermine the very foundation on which rested the traditional supremacy of the Crown, the army, and the German bureaucracy. In the year before the war, constitutional life in the Reichstag and the provincial Diets had been brought to a complete standstill all over Austria. The Central Government, led by Count Stürgkh as Prime Minister, now avowedly took a purely absolutist course, with the full approbation of all non-socialist German political parties; for these, owing to the endless national struggle, had become imbued with a stubborn nationalism, rendering them alike insensible to the great economic and moral drawbacks of a bureaucratic absolutism which sterilised all efforts after a new and better realisation of the Austrian idea.

Moreover, the effects of the foreign policy of the Empire and of the serious economic and political dangers in which the European situation of the monarchy had become involved since the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, worked in much the same way on German public opinion in Austria. The policy of the Emperor William II, who donned his 'shining armour' in support of Austria at the height of the first Balkan crisis (1909), no doubt ripened among the Austro-Germans the conviction that only by absolute subordination to advice and directions from Berlin could Austria-Hungary hope to survive. Long before the terrible events of July 1914, the strictest adherence to the alliance with Germany had become the unchangeable basis of the programme and action of the National-Liberal and the Catholic parties among the Germans in Austria, as well for domestic affairs as for the foreign policy of the Dual Monarchy.



This development of a Pan-German nationalism in Austria was naturally stimulated by the war itself, into which the German Empire apparently entered as a loyal ally of the Dual Monarchy, and as the guardian of German and Magyar preponderance therein. From the beginning of the war the political leaders of the Austro-Germans supported both the annexationist tendencies of Germany and their own absolutist government in its military form, which was now created by the Supreme Command of the army, and entirely superseded the civil power. The great national parties of German Austria, Liberals and Christian Socialists alike, tolerated quietly the wholesale suppression of the constitutional rights of the Austrian citizen and the abolition of all parliamentary institutions. The military leaders were indeed the sole and irresponsible rulers of Austria from the first day of the war till the death of Francis Joseph, and even beyond. A slight change began to take place when the young Emperor, Charles, deeply impressed by the revolution in Russia, resolved, in the spring of 1917, to summon parliament, against the wishes of the German parties therein. Such a return to constitutional methods could not, of course, repair the bitter wrong and misery that had been caused by three years of absolutist misrule and martial law; but it contributed to accentuate the deadly conflict which the war had started between the Austro-Germans and almost all other races within the Empire. The sittings of the Vienna House of Deputies now became the public stage on which all the progress of internal decomposition, and the nature of the civil war waged by the military rulers chiefly against the Czech, Croat, Ruthenian, and Italian intellectual leaders, were mercilessly revealed. The debates, in which the terrible miscarriage of justice in the military courts of law was exposed, were, above all else, influential in shattering the very foundations of public authority in the unhappy Empire. The Ministry, supported only by the German nationalist parties, was practically helpless.

When the young Emperor, deeply moved by the moral and political ruin into which the whole inner structure of Austria appeared to have sunk, proclaimed a general pardon for all victims of military 'justice,' this measure, which does honour to his personal character,

was accompanied by grave political consequences. At one stroke he lost thereby all the popularity which he had till then enjoyed in Vienna and the German provinces of Austria. Here, public opinion condemned this Imperial amnesty most bitterly, as a proof of the Emperor's desire to reconcile his Slav subjects with the dynasty, to the detriment of the Germans; he was openly accused even of disloyal feelings towards his German ally. When, in the spring of 1918, Count Czernin, in his unfortunate diplomatic duel with M. Clemenceau, disclosed the efforts by which the Emperor had secretly tried to come to terms with the Entente Powers, the last shred of confidence felt in that unhappy ruler, whether in Germany or in German Austria, was gone. From that moment he was doomed.

Long before public opinion in German Austria had come under the full sway of the military dictators of Germany and the propagandist influence of their annexationist policy, the Austro-Germans had grown accustomed to repose unlimited trust in its final success; and so strong had their nationalist feeling become that any compromise with the other nations living in the Empire, and consequently the continued existence of those nations, seemed impossible. The agitation for a scheme like that put forward by Dr Naumann in his 'Mittel-europa' shows clearly the direction in which the Austro-Germans were led by their brethren in the German Empire. And not only educated men and women, but also the working classes and the peasantry, were more and more brought to look forward to a coming Greater Germany, in which Austria would be included. Thus they had all become ready to forsake Austria as an independent State, and to expect the speedy return of the Austrian branch of the German race into the Pan-German confederation from which Austria had been expelled by the Prussian Imperialism of Bismarck.

In this way national, psychic, and political forces achieved during the war, in the German element in Austria, the same result as that which hatred of the war and of the Pan-German tendencies fostered by the military leaders of the Central Powers produced simultaneously in the hearts of all non-Magyar and non-German elements in the Habsburg Empire. When

finally the latter crumbled away, German Austria, seemingly left alone, naturally found in an immediate and complete union with Germany the political idea, to the realisation of which all parties among the Austro-Germans have from that moment devoted themselves. Consequently, when the dissolution of the Empire, unwillingly initiated by the Emperor's manifesto of Oct. 11, 1918, took place, it was a matter of course to almost all Austro-Germans that their provisional constitution should solemnly declare that 'German Austria is a part of the German Republic.' This declaration was honestly regarded by them as a logical consequence of that right of national self-determination, which, in response to President Wilson's Fourteen Points, was considered to represent the essential basis of the Armistice.

It is hardly necessary to state here that neither the practical denial of that conception of his ideas by President Wilson himself and consequently by the Peace Conference, nor the formal veto placed by the Entente Powers on the union of German Austria with Germany, was able to root out this fundamental idea from the hearts of the Austrian-Germans. On the contrary, it was and is still the only clear political aim which they can follow, now that the independent Austrian Republic has been established. Two of the three political parties—the Social-Democrats and the National or 'Greater Germany' party—consider a junction with Germany as the chief principle of their political programme. The Christian Socialists, whose leaders at the outset refrained from accepting or declining union with Germany, are not formally bound to any policy of that kind; but the first year of the independent Republic has been sufficient to create in the masses of their electors, among the peasantry of Upper-Austria, Tirol, Styria, and Salzburg, a strong current of feeling for the incorporation of those provinces in Germany.

I have thus far analysed only those moral and political forces which have brought about a progressive dissolution of the inner bonds that so long held together the body of the Habsburg Empire. I have now to examine the vast economic changes, produced by the war, which tended in the same direction. To begin with,

that much-contested bond of economic union between the Austrian and Hungarian States, which consisted in free trade between them, was snapped a few days after the commencement of the war; and, with that measure, starvation set in, immediately for Vienna and later for most of the towns in Austria. This led directly to the establishment of a system of 'scientific war economy,' introduced in accordance with elaborate schemes of defence against the blockade, and consisting primarily in the subjection of the production of all kinds of articles, raw materials and food-stuffs as well as manufactured goods, to the control of the State, that is, of its military rulers and its civil bureaucracy. This necessarily involved, in addition, the fixing of prices for every article by decree of Government. This policy proved in the long run to be the worst remedy against the effects of the blockade, especially so far as the supply of victuals was concerned. The official maximum prices for cereals, flour, meat, and milk were from the first much too low; and therefore the production of these articles began inevitably to diminish. On the other hand, the plans of the bureaucracy for a just distribution of all available food-stuffs were quickly frustrated by the growing unwillingness of the peasantry in all parts of the Empire to deliver the percentages of their production prescribed to them by official order. Consequently, there set in a system of illicit trade in victuals, and later in all other commodities, against which all administrative measures proved ineffective. Moreover, the official ration of bread, flour, and fat or meat, to which each citizen was entitled, had to be continually reduced because of the insufficiency of the stocks in the hands of the Government. The result was that the illicit sale of all necessities of life at prices in excess of the legal limits, and constantly rising, grew up like a fungus, poisoning all economic and social life.

This system of artificially produced starvation, built up, in fact, upon prices far under the cost of production, was naturally answered by the adoption, on the part of the agrarian districts, of an attitude of hostility towards all urban districts in the country, and especially towards Vienna. The metropolis, giving shelter to more than two and a half millions of inhabitants during the war,

appeared to the provinces as an odious, insatiable ogre, devouring the scanty reserves of food-stuffs hoarded by the peasantry; and the pressure of the starved population in the provinces became so heavy, that even the leading administrative officers of the Central Government had to take into account these strong provincial and local feelings. The Imperial governors of Bohemia, Galicia, and Moravia first closed the frontiers of their administrative areas against the export of victuals. In the Czech provinces the rising political and national movement incited the peasantry methodically to diminish the quantity which they were bound to deliver to the State. Sabotage against the military absolutism became, from this standpoint, a sacred national duty. The whole system of the 'State,' the structure of that great body of centralised administration, on which the Austrian State had rested for two centuries, was thereby sapped and slowly destroyed. Long before the collapse of the monarchy, central authority in Austria had practically vanished in consequence of the economic chaos created by the abolition of all interior free trade in favour of an impotent sort of military state socialism.

I have described this process of decomposition at some length, because out of it arose not only that social revolution which followed the collapse of the Empire, in Vienna as well as in Budapest, but also the characteristic political and economic despair, which has dominated the life of the new Austrian Republic from its first day. The present condition of this Republic is due, in the main, to two results which have flowed from the economic policy of the former military rulers of the Empire. Firstly, this policy annihilated all the social traditions of the Austrian people; it paralysed that large body of the middle class, which in this country was the principal supporter of economic progress and traditional culture; finally, it drove the working classes into utter misery, hopelessness, and blank despair. Therewith it prepared everything for that outbreak of radical socialism and communistic ideas which, in Russia and the Central Empires, appeared as the ripe fruit of military defeat.

Secondly, the administrative decomposition of the old Austrian State during the war found its immediate continuation in the new Republic of German Austria.

For its new socialist Government took over, unchanged and undiminished, the whole economic legislation of the military absolutism which it succeeded; and, just as had been the case in the old Empire, there followed in the new Republic, from the outset, a strong centrifugal movement in the different provinces of which Austria was composed—Upper Austria, Salzburg, Tirol, Styria, etc.—against the central authority of that democratic Republic which had been created by the coalition of the three political parties, the Social Democrats, the Christian Socialists, and the Pan-Germans. Curiously enough, that bitter fight against Vienna which has been waged, as long as the Empire existed, by Magyars, Czechs, Poles, and Jugo-Slavs, was now continued in this purely German Republic by a majority of the citizens of its several provinces, chiefly but not exclusively by the peasantry.

The principal cause of this seemingly absurd phenomenon is not difficult to explain. Vienna, no longer the metropolis of an Empire of 52 millions of people, was now the capital of a small state of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  millions, a third of which total is accounted for by Vienna alone. The complete control of economic life by the Central Government is resented by the agrarian population, which embraces four-fifths of the people outside Vienna, not less than before. But this resentment has now been strengthened by the sharp political opposition between the two partners, 'red' Vienna and its Central Government, administered by a Social-Democratic majority, and the different provinces, governing themselves through their own assemblies—in all of which, except Lower Austria, there is a Christian-Socialist majority—and through governors elected from that party. The industrial working classes of Vienna, united with the vast army of public servants and a certain section of the intellectual class, who have been specially hard hit by the depreciation of the currency, stand in fierce opposition to the conservative freeholding peasants of the alpine districts, allied with the majority of the urban bourgeoisie and the nationalist elements of the middle class, who uphold the Pan-German idea.

This opposition was at first veiled by the tendency, common to all classes and parties in Austria, to get rid of the Empire and to form in future a part of Greater Germany. It is an error to think that the conservative



peasant or shopkeeper of Tirol or Upper Austria is anti-republican in his political creed. On the contrary, the great majority of the peasants, like their parliamentary leaders in 1918, had calmly abandoned the monarchical idea and had consented to all those measures of the Viennese Social Democrats which led to the resignation of the Emperor. On this basis, first a parliamentary coalition of all three parties, and, since the spring of 1919, a combination of Social Democrats and Christian Socialists, has been formed in support of the government led by Dr Renner. But very soon the implacable contrast, which necessarily existed between the two allies, came to light; and the deep gulf became visible which separated their social and economical aims. Dr Renner, on one side, and the official leaders of the Christian Socialists on the other, had continually to quell conflicts arising between the two parties in the National Assembly, in the Cabinet, and in all public life.

The principal cause of these conflicts was and is the pressure put on the regular Social Democrats, who control the government, by their left wing, which corresponds to the 'Independent Social Democrats' of Germany, but has remained here within the old party. Their leaders, Dr Bauer and Dr Frederic Adler, very prominent, both as theorists and as active politicians, in the ranks of orthodox Marxism, form the link between those Independents and the 'official' Social Democrats, whose government they supported in critical moments. By their help Dr Renner, partly by clever tactics, partly in consequence of the defeat of Bolshevism in Munich, Berlin, and Budapest, has been able to steer the ship of his Coalition clear of many obstacles. This result was largely due to the desperate situation in regard to food from which Vienna has suffered throughout. The certainty that all foreign help and credits for provisions would be stopped immediately, should a Soviet Government be forcibly imposed in Vienna, has effectively cooled all hot-headed believers in communism, who denounced the Coalition Government as a set of traitors to truly revolutionary principles.

For all that, the Coalition Government can boast of having spared Vienna a repetition of the fearful bloodshed which took place in Munich; it has taken on its shoulders

the moral burden of signing the peace-treaty; and, by allowing concessions to both the Left and the Right, it has maintained the existing administrative machinery, though at the same time it did not hinder the Radicals from setting up a semi-Bolshevist system of soldiers' and workmen's councils as a 'revolutionary' organ for controlling the administration. With that organisation of the radical element in the unified socialist party was linked from the beginning the special army, called 'Volkswehr,' as a body-guard of the Republic against any reactionary movements—a military corps which serves the 'official' socialists and the radicals in turn.

Such are the main lines of the political structure of the new Republic, and they have—as a whole—remained unaltered during the last fifteen months. Undeniably, government by coalition has become increasingly difficult, owing to the rapid growth of differences between the partners. Two great issues have been shaped by the progress of events: first the scheme of a levy on capital, secondly the reconstitution of the unitary Republic in a loose federation of its different provinces.

The demand for reconstruction has been adopted, as mentioned above, chiefly by the peasantry and the provincial middle-class under the cry of 'Los von Wien' ('Away from Vienna'). Now it has become the party-cry of the Christian Socialists, with the result that Dr Renner and the regular Socialists have consented to hasten the work of constitutional reform, which, although the principal task of the Constituent Assembly elected in March 1919, has not yet been begun. Meanwhile the Greater-Germany nationalists of Tirol, united with the Catholic Conservatives, have prepared the draft of a federal constitution, which makes Vienna a province by itself and tries to checkmate the metropolitan Social Democracy by subordinating the Central Government to a Federal Council, the majority of which would consist of the delegates of the provincial assemblies, dominated, as they are, by Christian Socialists.

The question of a levy on capital, on the other hand, has been pushed by the radical wing of the Social Democrats, and is now backed by the whole party. The great obstacle to its introduction is that, while the present Government is anxious to use the product of

the levy for covering the immense deficit in the current budget, the middle class, the peasantry, and the capitalists reasonably repudiate such a financial policy, and oppose the whole scheme as a piece of outrageous confiscation.

But all these fights between the parties have more and more lost, in these later days, their reality, and appear to a scrutinising student of Austrian affairs as almost visionary and fantastic. For around that whole world of political and economic conflicts, party-fights and mutual attacks in public assemblies, in parliament, and in the newspapers, there is spreading, slowly but inevitably, an oppressive atmosphere of bitter despair, enveloping them all together, bourgeoisie and working-class, Social Democrats and Christian Socialists alike. This universal feeling paralyses the most serious and honest efforts towards reconstruction; and the only hope of better days, and that a faint one, appears in the desire for a speedy ending of the independent life of the Republic, the vitality of which is more and more doubted, even by those who held optimistic views. After what has been said above, nobody can doubt to what goal this hope is tending; it is the junction of Austria with that larger unit to which it obviously belongs by race and language—the merging of Austria in Germany. A short glance at the general conditions of life prevailing in the Republic, created an independent State but fettered, hand and foot, from the outset, will explain why Austria sees no other way of escape from ruin.

In the last resort, the despair prevalent throughout German-Austria is firmly rooted in the consciousness of the absurdity of its separate existence. A country almost without coal, but with an industrial metropolis as large as Berlin; a country of pronounced alpine character, unable to feed its population from its own harvest for more than a few months of the year; an independent State composed of provinces which do not acknowledge the unity of this State because they know that this unity is no guarantee of prosperity, either political or economic; a nation, one-third of which lives in Vienna and its industrial environs, whereas the rest are peasants living on small freeholds, cultivating their fields and meadows by antiquated methods, people of that real old-world type of German ploughmen which

long ago disappeared in commercialised and imperialist Germany—such are the natural conditions under which Austrian life has to be lived. And the drawbacks of these conditions are aggravated on all sides by those seemingly temporary but in fact lasting circumstances which have been created, not only by the war and the defeat, but also, in equal measure, by the disruption of the old Empire and by the Peace.

Look, first of all, at the utter destruction of its currency. This country has, instead of money, an immense mass of bank-notes, issued by the Austro-Hungarian Bank, which still enjoys the privilege accorded to it by a Government now dead and gone. This country has a budget, showing an income of 6 milliards against an expenditure of 17 milliards; and each month the deficit grows in consequence of a steady rise in the wages and salaries of the many thousands of public employees and pensioners. Observe, next, the hopeless position of the big industries in and around Vienna, which have neither coal nor raw material, foreign credit not being available on account of the depreciation of the Austrian exchange. Last, but not least, the lamentable condition of the railways, with their absolute lack of fuel, their scanty and worn-out engines and carriages, makes transport almost impossible. I shall refrain from describing in detail the distress of Vienna and its population, for it is already well known to the world at large. I only refer to it, because, I think, this distress makes any further explanation of that feeling of despair unnecessary. All is told if one remembers that this city has, during the last two years, been forced to obtain all the necessities of life on credit from abroad. What remains to be discussed is, how a speedy way out of this unique disaster may be found.

As I have already remarked, the popular conclusion drawn from the above-mentioned facts is simply the necessity of fusion with Germany. This process now appears to almost all political parties, to the masses and to the classes, to be the only effective way of salvation. It is noteworthy that such a view has not been universal from the beginning. It has become so more and more in consequence of the Peace of St Germain, which fixed the

frontiers of the Republic and laid upon it an unbearable burden of reparation and indemnity, based on the assumption that the Austro-Germans are the moral and legal successors of the old monarchy, and have to atone for the war started by its former government. This sentence extinguished the last glimmering hope of any possible resurrection of Austria by its own forces. Those old Austrian patriots who were averse from a merging of Austria in Germany, and clung to the great idea of Austria-Hungary reconstituted as a special league of nations, have had perforce to surrender their ideal. Every one who tries to arrive at a fair judgment of things Austrian must come to the same result. These seven little provinces which form German-Austria cannot stand alone in Europe, in the economic world at large; they must be parts of a much larger unit. Only thus can they revive their national life and production, and thereby become able to bear their just share of the indemnities.

If it is true that Austria cannot retain its independent existence by its own resources, the real question to be asked is this: How can it become again what it always was, an equal partner in a large economic unit? We know the answer to this question given by Austrian public opinion, by its political, spiritual, and economic leaders. We know too that the Treaty of Versailles solemnly rejected this answer, and thereby increased the desire for 'union with Germany.' Every one will allow that the decision in Paris offers no final solution of the problem; and few will expect Austria to acquiesce in it. There remains, however, another solution, which has been repeatedly proposed by the statesmen and the Press of the Allied Powers. Austria, they say, should restore itself by its own forces, but on the basis of free-trade with all the other successor-states formed out of the old monarchy. Many of those foreign well-wishers go even a step further, and speak openly of the necessity of a 'Danubian Federation,' in which Austria shall take its proper place and find the means of future prosperity. Indeed, these two alternatives—a fusion with Germany, or the conclusion of at least an economic federation with Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, and Jugoslavia—contain the whole Austrian problem. The adoption of one or the other will affect not only the vital interests of Austria

but also those of the whole continent. The present problem of the Austrian Republic is in truth as much an European problem as was the old monarchy, though this scarcely seems to be the view of the Western Powers. In view of the rule laid down in the Peace Treaty, only the second alternative needs examination here.

One must ask first what are the practical conditions for the establishment of a federation between the former parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy on a new and chiefly economic basis? The simplest answer would be furnished by a journey from Vienna to the capitals of the successor-states. The regime of passports, the difficulties and costs of getting the prescribed visas for the journey each way, the endless delays at the frontier-stations and the searching scrutiny of luggage and persons, would form a very instructive first lesson for any student intent on examining such a plan of federation. The second lesson would be given by an experience of the different money-systems of which all the successor-states boast, the difficulties of changing money and the losses caused thereby, the prohibitive measures strictly regulating imports and exports, and the whole elaborate system of state-control of all money remittances sent abroad. In fact, our student of the present connexions between these States will soon find out that, a year after the signing of the Peace Treaty, their mutual relations are not those of peaceful neighbours but rather those of political and economic adversaries, all suspicious of each other. Indeed, nothing seems more unlikely than that these States should voluntarily organise, within a short time, a system of mutual free traffic or, what is much more, of free trade.

How things have come to this pass is easy to understand. In Czecho-Slovakia, as well as in Yugoslavia, the satisfaction of being an independent State is so great as to overrule all other views and feelings. None of the many political parties of the Czechs and the Yugoslavs has the faintest wish to form—if only in an economic sense—a 'Danubian Federation'; for this would appear to them as the first step towards the restoration of the old 'profligate' monarchy, the destruction of which by the Allied Powers has been hailed by all those nations as the greatest benefit they could have received. The



formation of a new free-trade unit, in which Austria would take part together with Czechs, Magyars, and Jugoslavs, would be considered by them all as a curtailment of their previous political independence and a serious danger to their economic progress, for which they hope everything from their own fiscal policies. That fierce nationalism, which has destroyed the Habsburg Monarchy and has created these new States, is always and everywhere a bad economic adviser; Protectionism and Nationalism at all times go hand in hand. And, one is tempted to ask, why should the leading statesmen of those nations burden themselves with such an unpopular and thankless task, risking thereby the loss of their political power? Only in order to save Austria, or rather to save Vienna, that is to say, a town which appears to them as the embodiment of all the wrongs inflicted on their nations by the centralism and absolutism of the Habsburg Monarchy.

These arguments taken together will be enough to convince any one, that the voluntary establishment of a Danubian Federation must be considered for the present and for many years to come as an unattainable goal. Even a mere policy of economic *rapprochement* towards free-trade between the 'victorious' and the 'scape-goat' successor-states appears highly improbable in the near future. It is true that economic necessities are tough and incorruptible teachers of politicians, and especially of that breed of demagogic statesmen which is the inevitable outgrowth of modern nationalist democracy in young States. No doubt the painful lessons, which in the near future will be taught to all the successor-states of the Old Empire, will go far to popularise a perception of what they have lost by the destruction of an economic unit embracing 52 millions of people. But even the quickest development of any sincere and general tendency towards a renewal of economic union between these states would, I am afraid, come too late for the salvation of Austria.

For these reasons, there remains only one eventuality, namely, that the Great Powers, convinced of the fact that Austria cannot possibly continue an isolated existence without suffering industrial and commercial ruin and the loss of all hope of being able to pay indemnities, may

spontaneously take into their own hands the solution of the Austrian problem. In the Treaty of St Germain, and subsequently in the Peace Treaty with Hungary, signs are to be found of an increasing grasp of the absurd position in which Austria has been placed. Certain clauses guaranteeing a supply of coal for Austria from Czecho-Slovakia and Silesia, and of provisions from Hungary, may be quoted as proofs. But everybody knows that these clauses have not been complied with to their full extent; and only the praiseworthy energy of British and American officers has made them even partially effective. Therefore, much more than mere declarations or diplomatic routine work will be needed to ensure to Austria that minimum of Free Trade with the former partners of the old Empire, by which it might gain the means of bare subsistence.

The only effective means of solving the Austrian problem will be to summon a fresh conference of all the Powers recently at war, for the purpose of carrying out that revision of the treaty which appears every day more indispensable for the pacification and reconstruction of Europe. Nor is there any time to waste. The Austrian question should be dealt with first, and in such a manner that, after hearing Austria as well as the other States concerned, a fair judgment, based on full knowledge of actual facts, may be given. At such a conference, the Great Powers would be obliged either unanimously to accept a sound scheme of Free Trade between all the successor-states and to back such a scheme with the full weight of their authority, or else they should consent to such a change of the Treaty of Versailles as to permit the fusion of Austria with Germany. If neither of these alternatives is adopted, the Paris Treaties will share the same fate as has befallen so many of the solemn European engagements that preceded them. They will be overthrown by a new grouping of Powers and by the irresistible force of facts.

All that has been said tends to show that only by speedy and energetic action on the part of the Great Powers in the direction of free trade for Central Europe can the fundamental idea be realised, on which their policy hitherto seems to be founded. I am fully aware of the great obstacles which already encompass any such action

on the part of the Allied Powers; and those obstacles will rather be multiplied than diminished in time to come. On the other hand, I have no wish to conceal my personal opinion, that the scheme of an economic federation, if unanimously supported by the Great Powers, would overcome the strong forces arrayed against it both in Austria and Hungary and in the Slav States. The fulfilment of such a programme would mean much more than a solution of the Austrian problem in its narrower sense. It would restore to the world-policy of the Allied Powers that element of an ideal conception of European order which, after its proclamation by President Wilson and its endorsement by the Allied Governments, was so lamentably lost sight of in Paris. The old Empire of Austria-Hungary was nothing else than a league of many nations, though in the antiquated form of a close combination under the rules of an hereditary dynasty and two dominant nationalities. A new federation of a great part of Central Europe, based on the mutual understanding and free-will of democratic national States, would mean nothing less than the first instalment of what has been justly called the greatest idea that has grown out of the last terrible crisis of mankind—the idea of a lasting and effective league of all nations of the world for preserving general peace.

JOSEPH REDLICH.

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CORRIGENDUM.

In the last number of the 'Q. R.' (April 1920), p. 411, line 11 from foot, *for* 'Falkenhayn' *read* 'Ludendorff.'

